



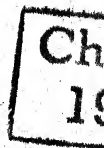
CHESTER, THE ROWS. BISHOP LLOYD'S HOUSE

12

HISTORIC HAUNTS OF ENGLAND

BY
GWEN WOODCOCK

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With 62 illustrations

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G. W.

April 1938.

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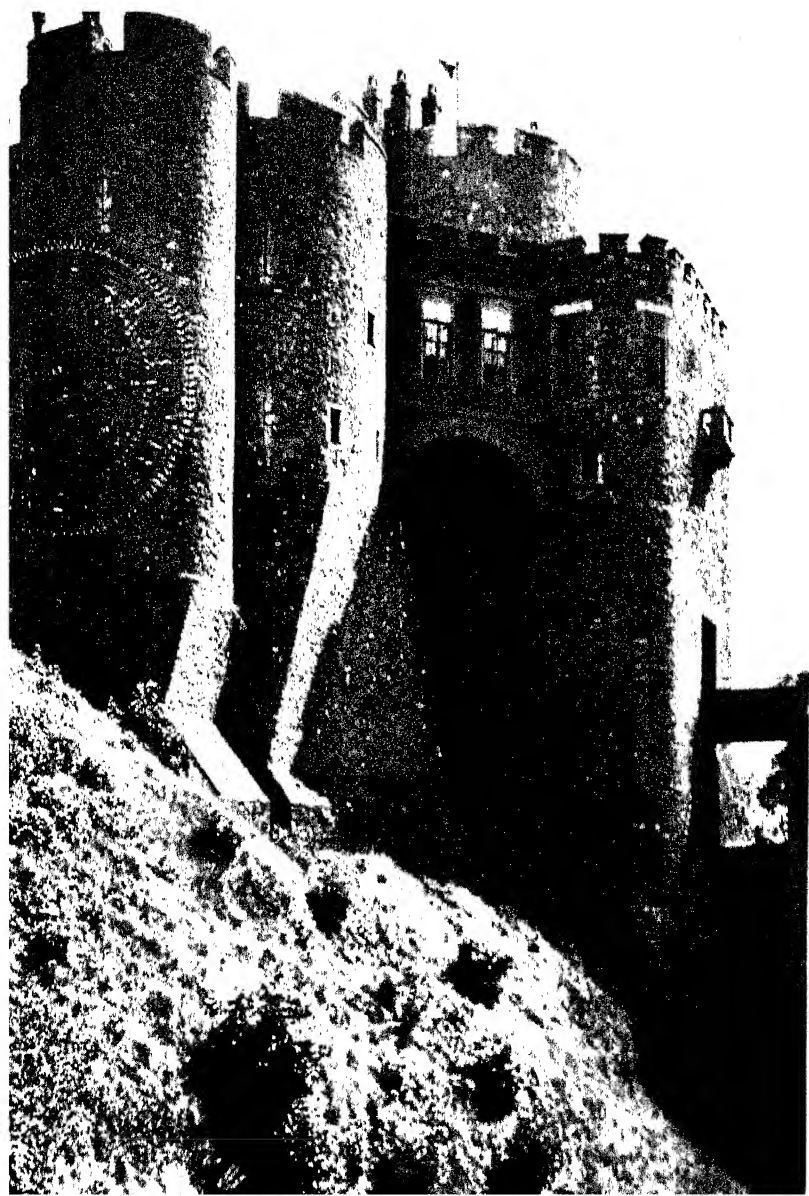
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DOVER

Dover is inevitably associated in the mind with arrivals and departures. To write of all the famous landings which have taken place there would almost be to write the history of England. But Dover's history is not only the tale of arrival and departure, for this port was the Key to England from the days when the Romans built Watling Street, running straight from Dover to London, to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with their naval battles off the Downs for the command of the Narrow Seas. And as the Downs were the strategic spot for naval battles, so Dover Castle, commanding the road to London, was of equal importance on land. Alone of the south-eastern towns under the Count of the Saxon Shore, Dover became a Cinque Port; her Constable became head Warden of the Cinque Ports, and by the reign of Edward III, when the capture of Calais had increased her importance, she had the monopoly of the passenger traffic to the Continent. The Tudor sovereigns, who viewed with comparative indifference the decay of the ports of Rye and Winchelsea, could not afford to allow Dover harbour to suffer a similar fate. Henry VIII, out of the spoil of the monasteries, spent £68,000 on harbour works and the building of two forts, and even Queen Elizabeth, after a six days visit to the Castle, was induced to make considerable grants to the town. And

DOVER

so the channel steamers still go to and fro from Dover to Calais though it is a long time since ships have sailed from Sandwich or Rye to France.

The first person of importance in the history of Dover was Earl Godwin of Wessex, the father of King Harold, and his departure from England was the result of a typically English riot caused by dislike of foreigners and their ways. In 1051, Count Eustace of Boulogne, returning with his followers from a visit to the court of Edward the Confessor, fell foul of the Dover citizens over the matter of quartering of his men. In the ensuing riot twenty of the French were killed and Count Eustace complained to King Edward. Lambarde tells the story of what followed.

The King, hearing the complaint, meant to make correction of the fault; but the townsmen also had complained themselves to Godwin, who, determining inadvisedly to defend his clients and servants, opposed himself violently against the King his Liege Lord and Master. To be short, the matter was so hot between them that either side, for the maintenance of their cause, allied and conducted a great army into the field; and in the end Godwin was banished the realme by the sentence of the King and nobilitie, whereupon he and his sons fled over the seas and never ceased to unquiet the King and spoil his subjects, till they were reconciled to his favour and restored to their ancient estate and dignity.

When Harold was wrecked in Normandy, the oath which he took to Duke William included the handing over of the Castle of Dover. After Hastings, therefore, William obtained the surrender of Dover and handed it over to Odo of Bayeux, whom he created Earl of Kent and Keeper of Dover Castle. Dover then passed through stormy times. She revolted against

DOVER

the misrule of Odo and even called on Sweyn, King of Denmark, to help her ; she underwent a siege in 1138 when Stephen's wife, Matilda, blockaded the town from the sea ; but the most stirring events in her history occurred in the reign of John, when Hubert de Burgh held the town for the King. In 1216, the Pope, having failed to reduce John by spiritual thunders, called on Louis of France to depose him. Louis landed with a French army and engines of war to join the Barons against John, and laid siege to Dover Castle. This Castle, with its magnificent Tower Keep and curtain walls twenty feet thick, had just been completed by Henry II. It was now to stand a siege of fifteen weeks and the assaults of a siege engine called a ' malvoisine '. The death of John, however, altered the situation in England, the tide turned against Louis the Frenchman and he was forced to raise the siege. Meantime a naval fight took place off Dover in 1217 in which the English destroyed the fleet, which under the command of a notorious pirate, Eustace the Monk, was bringing reinforcements to Louis. This is the first naval fight in which the English are known to have manoeuvred for position, for they kept their wind as though they were going to Calais and as soon as they had gained the wind of the French, they bore down on their rear, threw out grapnels and began to fight hand to hand. The cross-bowmen under Sir Philip D'Albini poured their arrows on the French ; unslaked lime was cast in their faces ; finally the ships were boarded, the rigging cut so that it fell ' like a net upon ensnared birds '. Eustace was found in hiding and was beheaded. The men of Dover

DOVER

returned in triumph, having won for England command of the Narrow Seas.

Hubert de Burgh was rewarded for his loyalty with the title of Earl of Kent and Governor of Dover Castle. The town now entered upon a period of prosperity, broken only by its sack by the French in 1295. Its prosperity was chiefly derived from passenger traffic, in particular that of pilgrims, for whom Hubert de Burgh built a *Maison Dieu*. By the fifteenth century the number of pilgrims began to decline, but Dover, which had become the chief port for the continent, became increasingly the scene of royal visits. In 1415 Dover welcomed Henry V, fresh from his victory of Agincourt, on which occasion he gave the position of Lord Warden to 'the good old knight,' Sir Thomas Erpingham, 'who contributed greatly to the glorious victory by giving the signal to and leading on the archers'. In 1421, Henry V was again at Dover, this time to welcome his bride, Katherine of France, and to be carried with her through the water by the enthusiastic Barons of the Cinque Ports. But the following year his widowed queen brought back his dead body from France to Dover to be met by the Archbishop of Canterbury and mourning crowds of clergy and townsfolk.

In Henry VIII's reign Dover was twice the scene of splendid pageantry, when the King and Wolsey rode down to welcome the Emperor Charles V. The first visit took place when Henry was on his way to meet Francis I of France at the field of the Cloth of Gold, an occasion famed for the fabulous magnificence of the two sovereigns and their escorts. On the

DOVER

second visit Henry and Charles V inspected the new battle-ship, the *Harry Grâce à Dieu*, at the launching of which Henry had acted as pilot, wearing 'a sailor's coat and trousers with a gold chain to which was suspended a whistle, which he blew nearly as loud as a trumpet'. Queen Elizabeth, who was much concerned with the amount of piracy in the straits, spent six days in Dover. When, however, in 1589, Drake set sail from Dover and seized sixty Dutch merchantmen on their way to the Netherlands, that form of piracy seemed to her quite commendable. By now the great days of the Cinque Ports were over though Dover had been able to contribute one ship, *The Elizabeth* of 120 tons, to fight the Armada.

In 1625, Dover was the scene of a charming meeting between the young King Charles and his fifteen year old French bride, Henrietta Maria. The King was to have awaited her at Canterbury but such was his impatience that he rode to Dover to greet her. Henrietta Maria knelt and kissed his hand; then 'the King took her up in his arms, kissed her, and talking with her, cast down his eyes at her feet (she seeming higher than report was, reaching to his shoulders), which she soon perceiving, discovered and showed him her shoes, saying to this effect, "Sir, I stand upon my own feet. I have no helps by art; thus high I am, and I am neither higher nor lower." She is nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and in a word,—a brave lady.' With far different feelings the King parted from his Queen and their daughter at Dover in 1642, when the threat of Civil War and the Queen's unpopularity made him fear for their safety. Throughout the Civil War,

DOVER

Dover was held for Parliament but this did not prevent the town from giving Charles II a very enthusiastic welcome on his return from exile on 28th May, 1660.

Pepys, who had been with the King on board his ship, describes the landing at Dover.

I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite, the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him, from the town, a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked a while with General Monk and others and so into a stately Coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination.

Ten years later Charles II was in Dover again to meet his sister, Henriette d'Orleans, his ' dearest Minette '. It was nine years since he had seen this sister with whom he corresponded so lovingly, for she was married to a disagreeable and jealous husband, who was with difficulty persuaded to let her out of his sight. For six days brother and sister enjoyed their reunion, while the players and musicians of the Court entertained them. But under cover of this innocent gaiety a less innocent design was accomplished—the Secret Treaty of Dover was signed, by which Charles, in return for French money which would make him independent of Parliament, promised to ally with Louis against the Dutch and to declare himself a

DOVER

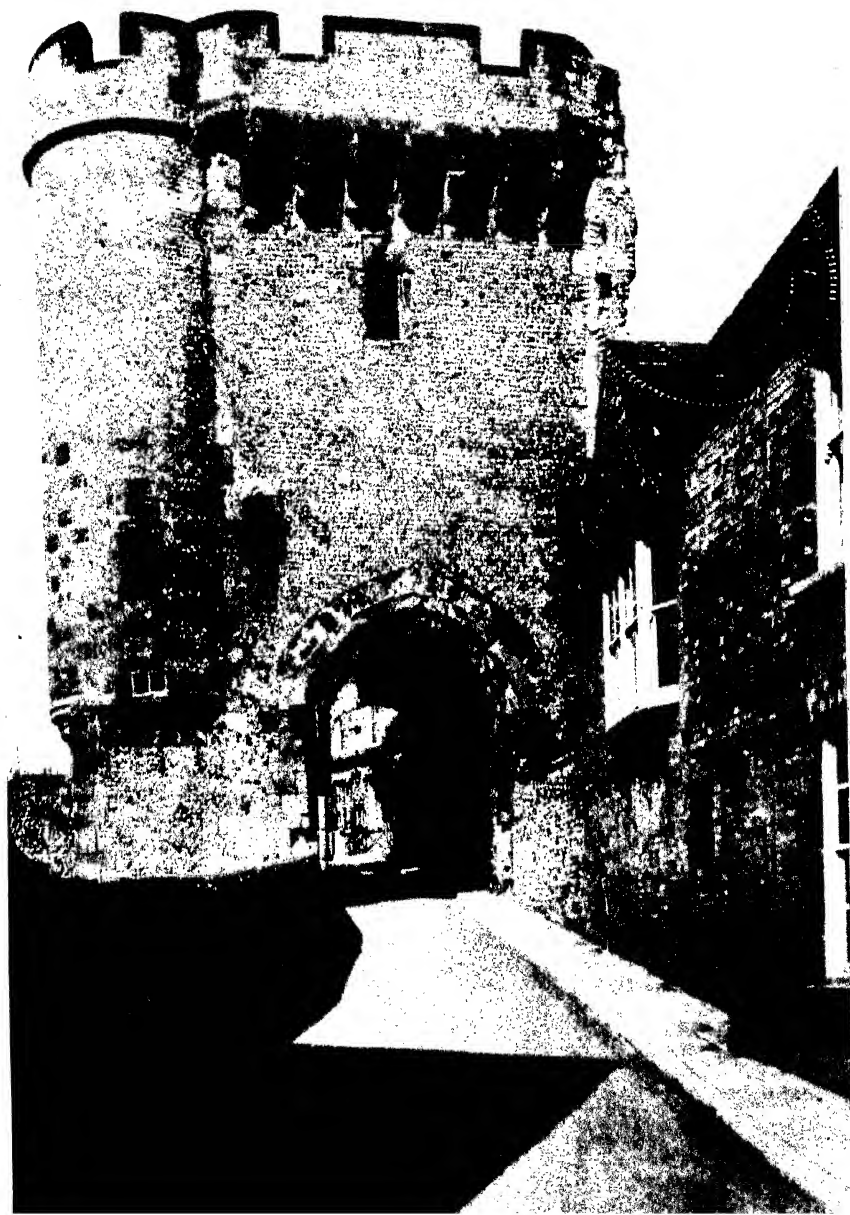
Catholic. Minette carried the paper back to Louis, happy in the accomplishment of the 'grand design'. Three weeks later she was dead, to Charles' bitter grief, but the Secret Treaty of Dover remained to render England subservient to the French influence in politics.

Still through the centuries the tale of arrival and departure continues ; whether it is Marlborough, returning from his victories ; French prisoners to be confined in the Castle ; Louis XVIII, gouty and middle-aged, restored to the French throne in 1814 from his exile in England ; George IV's wife Caroline, angrily returning to claim her rights at his coronation ; Tzars and Emperors coming to visit Queen Victoria ; the ships of the Dover patrol setting out silently for Zeebrugge. Still the passengers arrive, still the address of welcome is delivered to the distinguished, and ' the white cliffs of Dover ' have become the symbol of the exile's longing for home.

LEWES

The situation of Lewes has been described as that of 'a little Rome, belted with the Eternal hills'.* Built on one hill and protected by the heights of Saxon Down and Mount Caburn, with its narrow lanes of red-roofed, tile-hung houses climbing sharply up from the river to the Castle which crowns the summit, Lewes still preserves the character and plan of a medieval town. The names of the streets heighten the illusion—Pipes' Passage, Watergate Lane, Rotten Row and Juggs' Borstal (the street of the fisherwomen or juggs as they were called). The ruins of the Castle with its two mounds and fine Barbican gateway still command a magnificent view across the valley to the long line of the Downs. When William de Warenne, companion of the Conqueror, came to take over the lordship of Lewes, his first act was to build this castle, to take its place with Pevensey, Hastings, Bramber, Arundel and Chichester in the solid defence of the Sussex sea-board. Having taken thought for temporal security, he reflected on his latter end, and built in the green valley of the Winterbourne the Priory of St. Pancras, for the monks of Cluny, which was to be the parent house of that Order in England. There de Warenne was buried with his pious wife Gundrada, whose beautiful grave-slab of black marble, invoking St. Pancras to

* Massingham, *The English Downland*.



LEWES

witness to her virtues, is to be seen in the Church of St. John, Southover.

In 1264 the Priory was the scene of warlike activity, for Henry III made it his headquarters in the war with the barons who had revolted against his misgovernment. Simon de Montfort, who had encamped at Fletching, marched from there to Lewes on 14th May. The rival forces, all mounted except for the London citizen band, met on the slopes of the downs below Mount Harry and in spite of the valour of the young Prince Edward the royal troops were put to flight, the King being captured. The fight spread to the town where the King's brother, Richard, King of the Romans, was captured in a windmill on the site of the present Church of St. Anne. The Castle held out, though its Lord had fled from the field of battle to France, but the barons, with the King in their hands, were able to force him to agree to the 'Mise of Lewes'. This was actually sealed in the Priory and was negotiated by two monks of St. Pancras on behalf of the King and two Grey Friars for the barons. The sequel to this was the famous Parliament of January 1265, to which, for the first time, two knights from each shire and two burgesses from each borough were summoned.

The end of the Priory came in 1537 when, on the Dissolution of the Monasteries, it was surrendered to Thomas Cromwell, who determined on its thorough destruction. For this purpose he engaged an Italian engineer who seems, from the sad ruins that remain, to have done his work very successfully. The Prior's house alone was left, but that too

LEWES

was destroyed later and the stone was used in building the lovely manor house known as Shotover Grange, where John Evelyn stayed as a boy when attending Lewes Grammar School. 'This old school, which had been connected with the Priory in the thirteenth century, was moved in the eighteenth century to Westout, as the schoolmaster had become 'unequal to the task of breasting Keere Hill twice a day'.

Lewes appears to have been Protestant in temper from the Reformation onwards. In the Marian persecution seventeen Sussex men and women were burnt to death for their faith outside the old Star Inn in Lewes. Possibly it is the memory of the Protestant martyrs, even more than joy at the failure of the Gunpowder Plot, that gives such a special character to Lewes' present-day celebrations of the 5th of November. Puritan in sympathy during the Civil War, Lewes citizens presented Sir William Waller with £50 in appreciation of his capture of Royalist Arundel. In Charles II's reign the town was still reckoned as 'perverse' and it soon became the refuge for those ministers who refused to obey the Act of Uniformity. The Westgate Chapel, a seventeenth century building in the High Street on the site of the Bull Inn, has been a place of Nonconformist worship since 1687. If Lewes was Puritan in religion, it was also Whig in politics in the eighteenth century, for the great Whig magnate the Duke of Newcastle, who lived at Halland, founded a political club there called 'the New Coffee House', while a more revolutionary club, called appropriately 'The Headstrong Club', was presided over by Tom Paine. The author of *The Rights of Man*, which so

LEWES

shocked eighteenth century opinion, was a Lewes exciseman and tobacconist, who lived at Bull House, the corner of which, adorned with grinning satyrs, still stands at the top of Bull Lane.

In the days of the Regency, Lewes became infected with the gaiety of its fashionable neighbour Brighton. The Prince Regent appears on the scene, attending the Lewes race-meetings, taking a wager to drive a coach down the impossibly steep slope of Keere Hill and visiting his friend, Sir John Lade, who lived in Lewes. Sir John, who had the appearance and tastes of a jockey, rode the Prince's horses in the races, acted as coachman on his barouche and had charge of the royal stables. With the death of George IV Lewes returned once more to its sober life as a county town. Cobbett visiting Lewes in 1852 praised the town as 'a model of solidity and neatness. The buildings all substantial to the very outskirts ; the shops nice and clean ; the people well-dressed ; and, though last not least, the girls remarkably pretty, as indeed they are in most parts of Sussex ; round faces, features small, little hands and wrists, plump arms and bright eyes.'

RYE AND WINCHELSEA

The two western Cinque Ports of Rye and Winchelsea are inevitably bracketed together in the mind, both because of their close historical association and because of their situation, confronting each other from their respective hills across two miles of Romney marshland. In both, nature and man have for once worked together in perfect harmony and produced beauty that must be seen and not read about in cold print. Yet in character the towns are quite distinct.

Rye, with its narrow cobbled streets climbing uphill to the magnificent church at the summit of its rock, is essentially the town of the medieval burgher. One's mind turns instinctively for comparison to the hill-towns of Italy, such as Assisi, where the church and not the feudal castle is the apex of the town. And in fact Rye grew up under the wing of the great abbey of Fécamp in France, to whom Canute, 'by the grace of God, King of the Angles, in the hope of a reward in heaven,' made over 'the land which is known as Rammesleah, together with its port and all things pertaining to it'. By the reign of Henry II, however, Rye was freed from any overlordship save that of the King. The Ypres Tower, her defence to the south-west, bears witness to the look-out kept by a community of prosperous merchants for their jealous enemy the French, not to the dominance of a feudal lord.



WINCHELSEA, THE OLD MILL.



RYE, MERMAID STREET

RYE AND WINCHELSEA

Nor is Winchelsea a feudal town though it has a more aristocratic and spacious air about it, due possibly to the wider streets and the careful town-planning of Edward I. For the first Winchelsea was destroyed in 1287, in a great inundation, when ' the sea, forced contrary to its natural courses, flowed twice without ebbing and appeared in the dark of the night as it had been on fire and the waves to strive together after a marvellous sort, so that mariners could not devise how to save their ships when they lay at anchor, by any cunning or slight '. After this disaster Edward I granted Winchelsea the present hill site and laid it out on most modern lines, dividing the 150 acres into thirty-nine squares with roads at right angles, the Church of St. Thomas and the Court House being the centre of the town. By 1288 the town with its three gates was completed and the Holy Rood was planted outside the New Gate as a landmark to travellers. By the end of the century there were four thousand inhabitants who derived their livelihood from shipbuilding, the wine trade and the traffic of pilgrims on their way to St. James of Compostella. The magnificent unfinished church is a proof both of the greatness of Winchelsea in the early fourteenth century and of her swift decline, for only the chancel and two side chapels of the original plan were carried out. The beautiful Decorated tombs of the Alards, especially that of Gervase Alard, first Admiral of the Cinque Ports' fleet, bear witness to the importance of that noble family in the history of Winchelsea. The names famous in Rye history are those of burgher not aristocratic families.

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In both towns there are lovely houses of every style from fifteenth century to late Georgian, but whereas in Rye, beauty crowds upon one, in Winchelsea one can step back and observe it. Both were once great seaports and in both their glory has departed with the sea, but while Winchelsea as a port is completely dead, Rye harbour can still be reached by flat-bottomed boats and still an occasional ship is built there, keeping alive the memory of its maritime past.

From the time of Henry II onwards the Cinque Ports (which were actually seven in number) enjoyed great privileges in return for equally great obligations on their part to provide for the naval defence of England. They were exempt from many royal exactions and from customs duties ; they had their own courts ; from Edward I's reign onwards they sent two members to Parliament ; their Barons bore the royal canopies at coronations. But their record of service is also considerable ; in Henry III's reign, Rye and Winchelsea supplied fifty-seven ships and one thousand, three hundred and sixty-eight men ; in Edward I's reign their ships helped to bridge the Menai Straits in the Welsh wars and accompanied the King to the Solway against the Scots ; at Sluys they provided fifty out of 200 ships and at Calais 105 out of 710 ships. In the days of their pride the Ports expected all ships to dip their flags to them and they took summary vengeance on their private, no less than their national, enemies. They even attacked the Yarmouth squadron under the astonished eyes of the King himself on his way to France, and sank twenty of their ships, while more justifiably they fought a fierce battle in 1293 with the

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Norman sailors who had taken to sailing past the Ports with dogs and Englishmen hanging from their yards.

The most famous battle in their history is that of Rye Bay with the Spaniards in 1350, of which a vivid account is given by Froissart. The Spaniards, forty in number, 'knew they should meet the English but they were indifferent about it, for they had marvellously provided themselves with all sorts of war-like ammunition, such as bolts for crossbows, cannons and bars of forged iron to throw on the enemy in hopes, with the assistance of great stones, to sink him'. Edward III in the *Salle du Roi* was that day 'as joyous as he ever was in his life and ordered his minstrels to play before him a German dance'. Meantime a watch was being kept for the Spaniards; suddenly there was a cry, 'Ho! I see a ship and it appears to be a Spaniard;' and then again, 'I see two, three, four and so many that, God help us, I cannot count them.' The King ordered the trumpets to be blown and bade the master of his ship to lay him alongside a Spaniard, 'for I will have a tilt at him.' The ships met in a great shock 'like the crash of a torrent or tempest'. 'Grapple me with that ship, for I will have her,' cried the King. But his knights persuaded him that he would have better ships than that. Meantime the Black Prince on his ship was being hard pressed in hand-to-hand fighting till the Duke of Lancaster came to his aid with the cry, 'Derby to the rescue.' The battle was furious, 'not in one place but in ten or twelve at a time' and the defeated were thrown overboard. The *Salle du Roi*, though without the King on board, was grappled by a Spaniard, which set sail and towed her out

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of the fight. She was only saved by the quick wit of one of the English servants who leapt on board the enemy ship and cut the cable which held the mainsail and the other principal ropes and so brought the sails to the deck. At length, as evening drew on, 'victory declared for the English; fourteen Spanish ships were taken, the others saving themselves by flight.' Whereupon the King gave orders to anchor at Rye and Winchelsea and a little after nightfall he rode off with his son and his knights to Udimore, where the Queen had been anxiously awaiting news. And there, 'the King, with those knights who attended him, passed the night in revelry with the ladies, conversing of arms and amours.'

As may be imagined the French revenged themselves on the Ports during the wars of Edward III. In 1359, on the Ides of March, the French attacked Winchelsea when the inhabitants were in church, fired the town and massacred many of the townsfolk. In 1377, it was the turn of Rye to suffer, the French took the town after a feeble resistance, gutted the church and departed with much spoil, including forty-two hogsheads of wine, the church bells and four of the richest men as hostages. Thanks to the courage of Hamo of Oflington, Abbot of Battle, Winchelsea successfully repelled the French on this occasion and the two towns combined in revenging 'the Frenchmen's displeasure done to them' by the burning of a Norman village, the capture of the Isle of Caux and a triumphant return with Rye church bells in their possession once more. Both towns were attacked again later and though Rye church was rebuilt it is generally believed that it does not

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compare in beauty with the one that perished. That Rye had suffered severely can be seen from the deed of 1449 by which Tenterden was incorporated with Rye on account of her impoverished condition due to ' the burnings thereof by such our enemies '.

But the men of the Ports did not spend all their time in sea fights. A great source of their prosperity was the fishing trade. It was one of their obligations to provide the fish for the royal household—quite a large order in those days, involving the daily despatch of a chain of pack horses to London. Queen Elizabeth, it seems, had to address some severe words to Rye on this subject as they had actually been selling their fish in the open market to London fishmongers, giving them the preference over the royal household. Throughout the Middle Ages, Rye controlled the small island in the mouth of the Yare, which was the scene of the great Yarmouth Herring Fair. It can easily be imagined that when Yarmouth grew to be a borough she strongly resented the privileges of the Barons of the Cinque Ports ; but by the seventeenth century the tables were turned, for Rye and Winchelsea were of so little importance that her Barons no longer attended the Fair, where they could be snubbed with impunity by the rich grandees of Yarmouth.

The deep vaults beneath many houses and inns in both towns are a reminder of the importance of the wine trade with Bordeaux and the same vaults were equally useful in the eighteenth century when smuggling had become the ' favourite sin ' of the townspeople. Wesley, who preached there several

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times, said that he found 'abundance of people willing to hear the good word ; at Rye in particular and they do many things gladly ; but they will not part with the accursed thing smuggling, so I fear, with regard to these, our labour will be in vain '. But by the time that Rye and Winchelsea had taken to smuggling, the days of their greatness were gone. The decline began, as far as Winchelsea was concerned, by the end of the fourteenth century when her harbour was silted up and ships were unloading at Camber and Rye ; in the sixteenth century both towns lost their monastic population and pilgrim traffic, and though Queen Elizabeth visited them and praised ' Rye Royal ' and ' Little London ', Winchelsea had in fact dwindled to sixty households, and Rye, though in better case, was addressing desperate appeals to the Queen for money to save the harbour from extinction.

John Evelyn, who visited Winchelsea in 1652, writes in his diary, ' I walked over to survey the ruins of Winchelsea, that ancient Cinq-port, which by the remains and ruins of ancient streets and public structures, discovers itself to have been formerly a considerable and large city. There are to be seen vast caves and vaults and towers, ruins of monasteries and a sumptuous church, in which are some handsome monuments, especially of the Templars. . . . This place, being now all in rubbish, and a few despicable hovels and cottages only standing, hath yet a Mayor. The sea, which formerly rendered it a rich and commodious port, has now forsaken it.'

However, the influx of Huguenot exiles, many of them weavers, did much to revive both towns, as did their less

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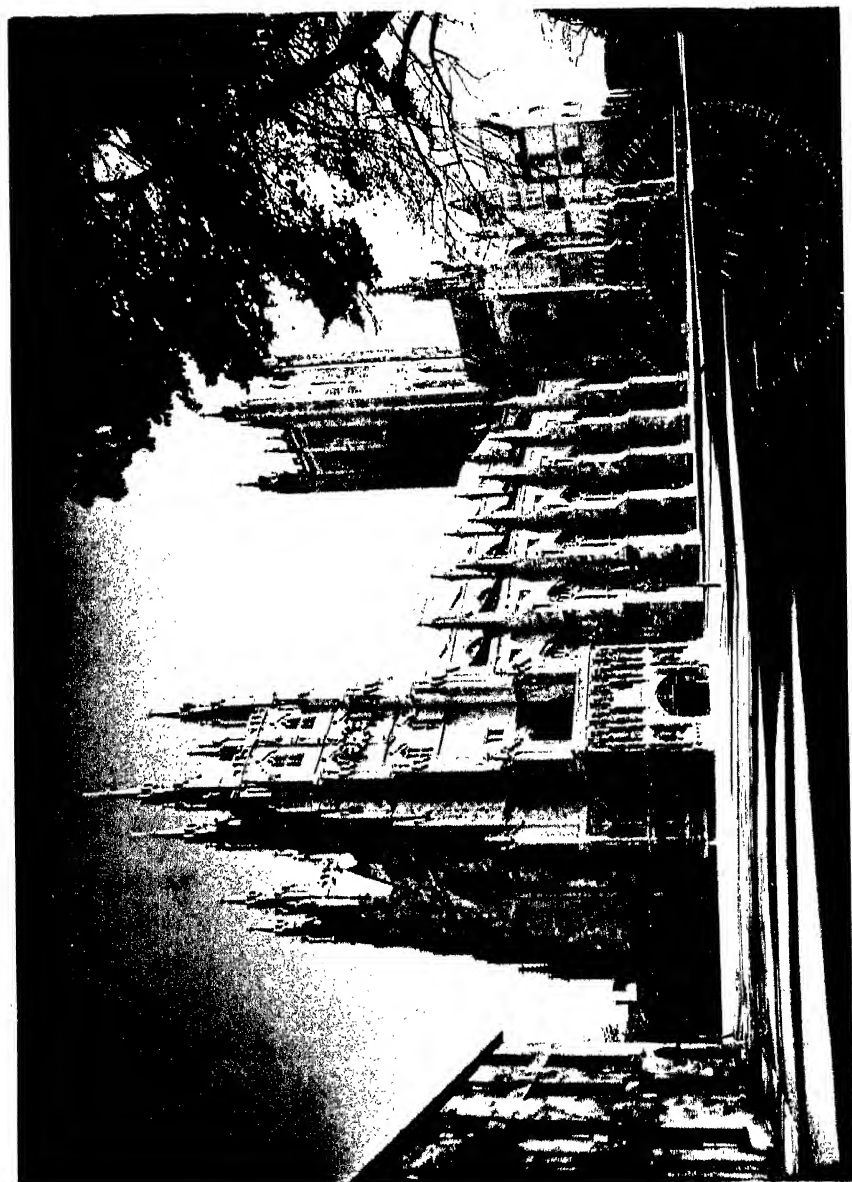
laudable activities in the eighteenth century. To judge from the lovely Georgian houses in both towns there must have been prosperity. In that century Rye had an unexpected royal visitor in the person of George I, whose ship was driven ashore on that coast. He stayed in the mayor's house, was suitably gracious, stood godfather to the mayor's newly arrived son and departed amid the acclamations of the town. Both towns continued to send two members to Parliament, but Rye was by now a 'rotten' and Winchelsea a 'pocket' borough and in both the town government had been absorbed by a small family group to the exclusion of the rights of the townspeople. A spirited struggle took place in Rye in the nineteenth century for the recovery of these rights from the oligarchy, but it only ended with the Reform Bill of 1832, which disfranchised Winchelsea and reduced Rye to one member on a reformed franchise.

But politics have nothing to do with the charm of these two towns, in which, if greatness has departed, beauty remains mercifully preserved from modern industrialism or suburban development.

CANTERBURY

Although Canterbury, situated at the junction of Watling Street and Stane Street, was a Roman town, it is with the coming of Christianity to the Saxons that its historical importance dates. In 560 Cantwarsbyrig, the city of the men of Kent, became the capital of King Ethelbert. While the heathen King still worshipped his gods on the site where later rose the Abbey of St. Augustine, his Christian Queen Bertha used to leave the palace by the Queningate and walk the half mile across the fields to the little Church of St. Martin where her Frankish chaplain, Bishop Luithard, celebrated Mass for her. Then, in 597, came the mission of St. Augustine, which had such momentous consequences for Canterbury and for the whole country.

Augustine, with forty followers, landed in the island of Thanet and sent word to Ethelbert that he brought a joyful message of 'a kingdom that would never end, with the living and true God'. After a few days Ethelbert came to the island to hear Augustine in the open air, lest if he heard him indoors a spell might be put upon him. After listening attentively to Augustine, he gave him permission to live in Canterbury and continue his preaching. Accordingly, with the Cross carried before them, the missionaries entered the city chanting a litany. Until after the conversion of the king their services



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were held in St. Martin's Church, and there Ethelbert was baptised. Within a short time Augustine, now consecrated as Bishop, had laid the foundations of the Monastery of Christ Church and the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, later renamed after its founder. The zeal of the Saxons for their new faith is seen by the number of churches in Canterbury which are of Saxon origin. In 604 Augustine died and was buried in the Abbey in a tomb which bore the inscription : ' Here rests the Lord Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury, who being formerly sent hither by the blessed Gregory, bishop of the city of Rome, and by God's assistance supported by miracles, reduced King Ethelbert and his nation from the worship of idols to the faith of Christ, and having ended the days of his office in peace, died the 26th day of May in the reign of the same King.'

After many years of peaceful development Canterbury suffered the full fury of the Danes in 1011. The saintly Archbishop Alphege encouraged the citizens to resist for twenty days, but a traitor then admitted the enemy. A terrible slaughter followed in the city and in the Cathedral itself, which was subsequently burnt down. St. Alphege was taken prisoner and after being dragged round the country in chains for seven months was martyred at Greenwich. Later his body was sent with all honour in the royal barge of King Canute to be buried in Canterbury. The Cathedral, barely recovered from the Danish sack, suffered a second fire in 1067 and thus Lanfranc, the first Norman Archbishop, found himself without a cathedral. Within seven years he had built a new cathedral and monastery of which little now remains, for under his successor,

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Anselm, the East end was rebuilt in a grander style. The Norman crypt with its wonderfully carved pillars is the best memorial of this period of building but only a few traces of 'the many coloured pictures which led the wandering eyes to the very summit of the ceiling' now survive. After another fire, William of Sens, followed by English William, built the Great Choir and the Trinity Chapel; in the fourteenth century the nave and transepts were rebuilt with their massive clustered pillars which carry the eye to the fan-vaulted roof, while in the following century the lovely Angel Steeple (later called the Bell Harry Tower) was added.

Long before the building of the Cathedral was completed the most important event in its history had taken place within its walls. In 1170 Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, returned to England from exile after his long quarrel with Henry II. Landing at Sandwich amid great rejoicings he made his way to Canterbury where he was reconciled to his Chapter and a service of thanksgiving was held. Four weeks later Becket was murdered in the Cathedral. The story has been handed down from the account of the Cambridge clerk, Edward Grim, whose arm was almost severed in his efforts to protect his master. The four knights, acting on some hasty words of the king, made their way to Canterbury on 29th December, 1170. After a stormy interview with Becket they retired, to return shortly after, fully armed. Within the darkening Cathedral Vespers were being sung, but the Archbishop was still in his own palace. The terrified monks forced him against his will along the Cloisters to the safety of the Cathedral. As they entered

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the knights were heard following hard behind ; the monks hastened to bar the door, but Becket forbade them to make the House of God into a fortress. With unsheathed swords the knights rushed in shouting, ' Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the King and Realm ? ' Becket, advancing from the steps (now called The Martyrdom) answered, ' Here I am, no traitor to the King, but a priest. What do you seek of me ? ' The knights demanded that he should absolve those whom he had excommunicated and on his refusal they attempted to drag him from the Cathedral. As Becket clung to the pillar near the Altar of the Virgin the knights attacked him with their swords. After the first blow Becket fell on his knees saying, ' For the name of Jesus and for the protection of the Church, I am prepared to die.' After several more blows one of the knights placed his foot on Becket's neck saying, ' Let us go thence. This fellow will not rise any more.' So the knights fled through the streets of the city while the grief-stricken monks laid the body before the High Altar, lamenting and crying, ' St. Thomas ! '

For a year the desecrated church lay desolate with no services, then, with the canonisation of Becket began the pilgrimages to his tomb which were to make Canterbury famous throughout Christendom. First came Henry II, stripped of his royal robes at the Chapel of St. Dunstan on the London road, walking barefoot through the streets to lay his head on the tomb in the crypt and be scourged by the monks. Then, in 1220, the body of the saint was translated to the magnificent shrine in the Trinity Chapel which had been built to give it a

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worthy setting. There the lovely glass of the windows of Becket's Crown told the story of his miracles while a wall-painting depicted his martyrdom. Kings and commoners from all countries came to lay their gifts on the shrine, which was covered with plates of gold encrusted with precious stones. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, no less than the many pilgrim inns and hospitals in the city, speak of the devotion of the Middle Ages to 'the holy blissful martyr'. The greatest honour that could be paid to the well-loved Black Prince was that his tomb should be placed in the Trinity Chapel and not, as he had requested, in his chantry in the undercroft. The whole life of the city seemed to revolve round the Feasts and Jubilees of the Saint, whose story was acted annually in the Pageant of St. Thomas. Then came the Dissolution of the Monasteries; the Saint was declared a traitor and the treasures of his shrine were carried away in two great chests, while the spoil of the Cathedral filled twenty-six carts. The Abbey of St. Augustine was also destroyed except for the part retained by the king for a palace.

City and Cathedral alike recovered from the loss of what had been their greatest treasure. Part of the former monastery of Christ Church became the King's School; Elizabeth held court on the site of St. Augustine's Abbey; Flemish and Huguenot weavers settled in the city and held their services in the cathedral crypt; the Archbishops continued to play a great part in the history of the country, even adding, in the person of Laud, to the number of the martyrs. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries laid heavy hands on Cathedral and

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City ; all the gates except the Westgate were pulled down ; Chaucer's Chequer of the Hope and many other old houses disappeared ; the Abbey became a public house and pleasure garden until rescued and transformed into a missionary college ; the Castle was for a long time an adjunct to the gas-works. But in spite of this Canterbury remains a medieval city. The view of the Angel Steeple seen from Mercery Lane with Christ Church in the foreground, the Close with Meister Omer's house, the Dark Entry, the Green Court with the Norman stairway leading to the Pilgrim's Hall, the perfection of the Great Cloister, all prepare the mind for the beauty of the Cathedral itself.

ARUNDEL

Arundel, climbing up the hill to the castle, suggests at once the typical feudal town of the Middle Ages. The long connection of the town, first with the Earls of Arundel and then with the Howard Dukes of Norfolk, confirms that impression. Yet, in fact, the borough of Arundel has almost as long a history as the Castle and its records tell more often of a tenacious defence of the town's rights than of feudal subservience. It is true, however, that Arundel owes most of its importance in the past and its interest in the present to the Castle.

This stronghold, looking down from its plateau upon the river Arun, looks like a child's ideal of a castle. The fact that a large part of it is eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Gothic restoration fails to detract from its impressive appearance. It has everything that a castle should have-- a commanding situation, massive curtain walls with bastion towers, a moat, a great gate-house with portcullis and drawbridge and a shell-keep. Apart from the later restorations the two most important epochs in the building of the Castle were the Norman period of Roger de Montgomery to which belong the shell-keep, the gate-house and Bevis' Tower, and the Edwardian period when extensive additions were made which encircled the inner Castle with defensive works and added a great hall. The

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completion of the Fitz-Alan Chapel, with its beautiful tombs, belongs to the fifteenth century.

It is only possible here to mention a very few of the owners of Arundel. Roger de Montgomery, one of the greatest of the followers of the Conqueror, was here, as at Shrewsbury, the real founder of the castle. But Arundel owes more than the Castle to him for he endowed two religious foundations in the town and it was at his request that the King granted it the rights of a borough. Arundel did not remain long in his family for, as a result of the rebellion of his son, Robert de Belesme, it reverted to the Crown. Henry I left Arundel to his widow who gave it to her second husband, William d'Albini of Norfolk ; in the thirteenth century it passed by marriage to the Fitz-Alans, who, with many changes of fortune, held it until 1580. In that year, on the death of the twenty-second Earl of Arundel without a son, it passed to Philip Howard, Earl of Surrey and son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, from which time descent has been unbroken to the present.

Two of the Fitz-Alan earls suffered the confiscation of the property ; Edmund the twelfth earl was attainted and executed by Edward II, his lands, however, being restored by Edward III to his son Richard, who played an important part in the French wars. Not only was he Admiral-in-chief of the fleet, but he was equally distinguished for his military ability. At the battle of Crécy he commanded the second division, which by breaking the French line contributed greatly to the English victory. His son inherited his father's military ability, but he associated himself with the Lords Appellant in opposition to Richard II

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and in 1397 he was seized and summarily executed. He was buried in Austin Friars Church, Bread Street, but his tomb immediately became a centre of popular pilgrimage. It was asserted that his head had miraculously rejoined his body and Richard, therefore, had the tomb destroyed. Two years later Richard II, a prisoner in the hands of Henry IV, was committed to the joint custody of Earl Richard's son and Gloucester's son with the significant hint, 'He was the murderer of your fathers. I expect you to be answerable for his safety.'

When in 1580 Arundel passed to the Howards, the Reformation had already divided England in religion. The Howards were to be distinguished by their adhesion to the Catholic faith and Philip Howard spent eleven years of his life in prison, charged with complicity in plots to place Mary, Queen of Scots, on the English throne. During this time Elizabeth took Arundel into her own hand and was pleased to grant a Charter to the town which increased its privileges at the expense of the Earl. James I, however, restored Arundel and the Dukedom of Norfolk to Thomas Howard, who held the office of Earl Marshal in his reign. He seems to have been distinguished for his haughty manner, whether dealing with the Mayor of Arundel, whose rod of office he plucked from his hand saying, 'I will teach you to know yourself and attend peers of the realm,' or with his fellow peers. It was of him that the story of a famous retort is told. Speaking in the Lords he said contemptuously to Lord Spencer, 'When the things you speak of were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep.' To this Spencer replied, 'And when my ancestors as you say were

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keeping sheep, yours were plotting treason.' The Duke, who was a great collector and a patron of Inigo Jones, was also noted for his indifference to dress. Of him it was said, 'Here comes the Earl of Arundel in his plain stuff and trunk-hose and his beard in his teeth, that looks more like a nobleman than any of us.'

In the Civil War Arundel changed hands three times. In 1642, Waller detached a hundred men from his army at Chichester to take the Castle for Parliament. They took the town by surprise and, 'finding the Castle gate shut fast, they set a petard to the gate and blew it open and most resolutely entered the Castle, surprising all therein.' Arundel remained in Parliament's hands until the following December when it surrendered to the Royalist general Hopton. Clarendon, referring to this, says that though the Castle was well-nigh impregnable, yet 'the provision of victual or ammunition was not sufficient to have any long restraint and the officer who commanded had not been accustomed to the prospect of an enemy.' Evidently he had reckoned that the Sussex mud would render any attack impossible in winter.

Hopton left behind a garrison of 200, which shortly after was attacked by Waller who entered the town with a considerable force and invested the Castle on 19th December. He placed two small cannon on the tower of St. Nicholas' Church which did some damage to the defence, but it was starvation that forced the garrison to surrender on 6th January. After this the Castle remained in the hands of Parliament. Its Governor, in 1651, missed a chance of capturing Charles II on

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his escape from Worcester to the Sussex coast. Charles was crossing the downs from Hambledon on horseback with his escort when they saw the governor out hunting. They dismounted and escaped notice, Charles remarking cheerfully, 'I did not much like his starched mouchates.'

Parliament ordered the demolition of the Castle and as a result it was left almost a ruin. Even after the Restoration the Howards did not at once return to Arundel. It was not until the eighteenth century that the twenty-ninth Earl began the restoration which was completed by his successors. Even as late as 1749 Horace Walpole visiting Arundel writes as though he were visiting Ultima Thule. 'If you love good roads, conveniences, good inns, plenty of postillions and horses, be so kind as never to go into Sussex. We thought ourselves in the northest part of England; the whole county has a Saxon air, and the inhabitants are savage as if King George II was the first monarch of the east Angles. . . . We journeyed over Alpine mountains, drenched in clouds. . . . At last we got to Arundel Castle, which was visibly built for defence in an impracticable country. It is now only a heap of ruins, with a new indifferent apartment clapt up for the Norfolks, when they reside there for a week or a fortnight in the year.'

The return of the Howards later in the century brought a revival of prosperity to Arundel. Harbour works had made the river navigable as far as Arundel Bridge which had been rebuilt. The town now enjoyed a 'winter season' when the local gentry stayed there in their town houses and were entertained by a theatre. Royalty, however, did not visit Arundel until

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1846, when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert came to stay at the Castle. Her Majesty, 'who looked remarkably well and who wore a black velvet vesite trimmed with sable fur, an ermine muff, white silk bonnet and a lilac dress,' entered the town through a triumphal arch. As the royal carriage entered the Castle gates, 'a most brilliant illumination in gas, extending entirely across the keep, burst forth in great brilliancy, exhibiting in colossal letters the words "Welcome Victoria and Albert."' Finally, we are told, the day closed with 'a grand display of fireworks in the meadow and at the foot of the Castle hill and the streets were crowded with a gay and well behaved population.'

SANDWICH

While Rye has the appearance of a medieval hill-town, Sandwich, one of the eastern Cinque Ports, has more the character of a Flemish or Dutch port of the sixteenth century. This is due, in part, to its situation—low lying, set in a landscape whose tall poplars, windmills, and embanked marshes are reminiscent of Hobbema. The Tudor barbican, seen from across the river, might well be the gateway into a Flemish town. Within the illusion still persists—twisted streets, names like Delft Street, and Knightrider Street, glimpses of gardens seen through the doorways of houses, Flemish gables and house fronts, the view up the cobbled street from the Fisher gate. The old walls, as in many towns in the continent, form a promenade half way round the town from which there is a lovely view of red tiled roofs, cherry trees, the sail of an occasional barge and the fine Norman tower of St. Clement's Church.

Sandwich, a great medieval port, was in Roman times overshadowed by its near neighbour Richborough (Rutupiae), the remains of whose gigantic walls can still be seen. Rutupiae was the gateway through which Roman civilisation passed into Britain; in its harbour lay the Roman fleet; its streets were full of merchants, sailors or Roman officers on their way



SANDWICH, THE OLD CUSTOMS HOUSE

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to and from Gaul or Rome. Even in Saxon times Richborough, as they renamed it, was more important than Sandwich, though the latter had the unenviable distinction of becoming the headquarters of the Danes, who visited it yearly on their Kentish raids. Canute, however, when he became King gave Sandwich to the monastery of Christ Church at Canterbury, as compensation for the Danes' destruction of churches and monasteries. By the reign of Edward the Confessor, Sandwich had become one of the chief ports in the country ; the Domesday survey gives the number of its burgesses as 383, which would make it one of the largest towns in England.

After the Conquest, when Sandwich became a Cinque Port, it grew in importance. Like Dover it was the scene of notable landings and departures. In 1171 Thomas à Becket landed there on his return from exile, a return which was to end in his murder in Canterbury Cathedral. He was met by a great crowd ' some humbly prostrating themselves to the ground, some cheering, some weeping and all crying with one accord, " Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, pater orphanorum et iudex viduarum." ' In 1191 Richard I, ransomed from captivity to the Emperor, landed at Sandwich and walked from there, barefoot, to Canterbury, which had already become a centre of pilgrimage.

Like the other Cinque Ports, Sandwich suffered from the attacks of the French. The town was burnt in 1216, by Louis of France, just before the signal defeat of his fleet under Eustace the Monk by the men of Dover. In thankfulness for

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the death of this dangerous enemy, the men of Sandwich gave handsome contributions to the hospital of St. Bartholomew, for it was largely due to this saint's intervention that the victory had been won. Further, an annual dinner was held on St. Bartholomew's day, when the male and female pensioners at the hospital were feasted. Sandwich played a large part in the sea fights of the fourteenth century. Edward III and Queen Philippa frequently visited the town on their way to France, and it was here that King John of France came as a prisoner after Poitiers. In 1377 Sandwich was created a wool Staple, its wine trade was of equal importance, while the fine half timbered Guildhall is a witness of the town's prosperity. But, like all the other Cinque Ports, its decline began in the fifteenth century with the silting up of the harbour. In the case of Sandwich, however, this was partly due to the seizure of land adjoining the harbour for experiments with salt-pans by ' the most greedy and insatiable covetousness of one Cardinal Morton, some-time Bishop of Canterbury, who, having most part of the lands environing the said haven appropriated to his archbishopric, stopped up the said haven at a place called Sarre '.

By the reign of Elizabeth the town had shrunk to a third of its former population, but this did not prevent it from giving her a wonderful reception on the occasion of her state visit. Sandwich records give a full account of the elaborate preparations for her welcome. ' At the Sandowne gate way were a lion and a dragon all gilt set up upon three posts at the bridge end and her arms were hanged up upon the gate. All the towne

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was graveled and strewed with rushes, herbs, flags and such lyke, every howse having a number of greene boughs standing against the doors and walls, every howse painted white and black.' There were the usual learned orations, the presentation of a cup of gold and a New Testament in Greek. On the following day a mock assault on Stonor Fort was staged and the Jurats' wives gave her a 'bankett of 160 dishes on a table 28 feet long in the Scolehowse'. The Queen praised the cooking and some of her favourite dishes were sent round to her lodging. There is some doubt as to which was 'Mr. Manwood's house' where she stayed, but her host, a Sandwich draper, ennobled to Sir Roger Manwood, was the founder of the Grammar School. Nay more—he laid down an exact syllabus of what the pupils were to study on each day of the week and arranged for an annual examination on the Tuesday after Michaelmas and the adjudging of the prize winners by the local clergy and those of the laity whose Latin was equal to the task.

Before Elizabeth departed from the town, with salvoes of guns from Canterbury gate, she saw a great number of English and Dutch children at work, spinning for the black bay cloth which was the chief industry of the town. For though Sandwich harbour had declined, the prosperity of the town was being revived by the steady influx of the Flemish and Dutch Protestants fleeing from the fury of Alva in the Netherlands. These refugees were not only weavers, but also market gardeners who found the rich soil of the flats well suited to the growing of fruit and vegetables which they sent by water to

SANDWICH

London. It is said that they brought with them the stock of the actual plum trees which now bloom between Sandwich and Canterbury. The church registers show many Flemish and Dutch names and by 1643 there were a sufficient number of them to hold a separate service in St. Clement's Church for which they paid 40s. a year. This community was assisted by the Dutch Church of St. Austin Friars in London.

As might be expected Sandwich became very Puritan in tone and during the reign of Charles I, two shiploads of Puritan emigrants left Sandwich for New England. The town, however, was not sufficiently important to play much part in the Civil War, though it sent a troop of horse to fight for Parliament. It was off Sandwich that Blake won the Battle of the Downs in 1652, against the Dutch, but Sandwich ships no longer fought in the navy. The last royal visit to the town was that of Charles II and Catherine of Braganza, an occasion which is commemorated by portraits of the King, Queen and the Duke of York, and also very interesting panels depicting the royal processions, which now hang on the walls of the Court House.

The eighteenth century left little mark upon the town. Most of its trades had now declined, save that of smuggling and the only sign of the former importance of the wine trade of the town was the exceptional number of its inns. Sandwich to-day still retains the appearance of a medieval town although to the south and west the landscape is marred by recent building. Until after the war it also preserved a certain

S A N D W I C H

exclusiveness which was a feature of town life in the middle ages. Post-war conditions, however, have altered this and there are now few families living in Sandwich directly descended from its old burghers.

BATTLE

brothers Gurth and Leofwine and the bodyguard of housecarls. Along the ridge the infantry were ranged shoulder to shoulder and shield to shield ; behind were the lightly armed peasants with clubs and stones ; in front were the skirmishers. William now put on his armour. It is said that his suit of mail was given to him inside out, but before anyone could predict ill-fortune from this, William said it was a sign that a duke was to be turned to a king. He placed round his neck as a talisman the sacred relics on which Harold had sworn his ill-advised oath in Normandy and said, ' If we win, and God send we may, I will found an abbey here for the salvation of the souls of all who fall in the battle.' Then the Normans moved into battle with William in the centre on a Spanish war-horse, armed, as was the warrior bishop of Bayeux, with an iron mace. Taillefer, the minstrel, rode forward singing of the deeds of Roland and Oliver, and by his bravado exciting the valour of the Normans. But though the Norman archers drove back the skirmishers, the shield wall held and the English right with cries of ' Holy Cross ' and ' God Almighty ' attacked, breaking the Norman ranks. William, however, tearing off his helmet shouted, ' Madmen, behold me. Why flee ye? Death is behind you. Victory is before you. I live and by God's grace I will conquer.' The Normans rallied and William hurled himself at the centre, where Harold was doing great execution with his two handed battle-axe. Twice the Duke's horse was killed under him and the attack was repulsed.

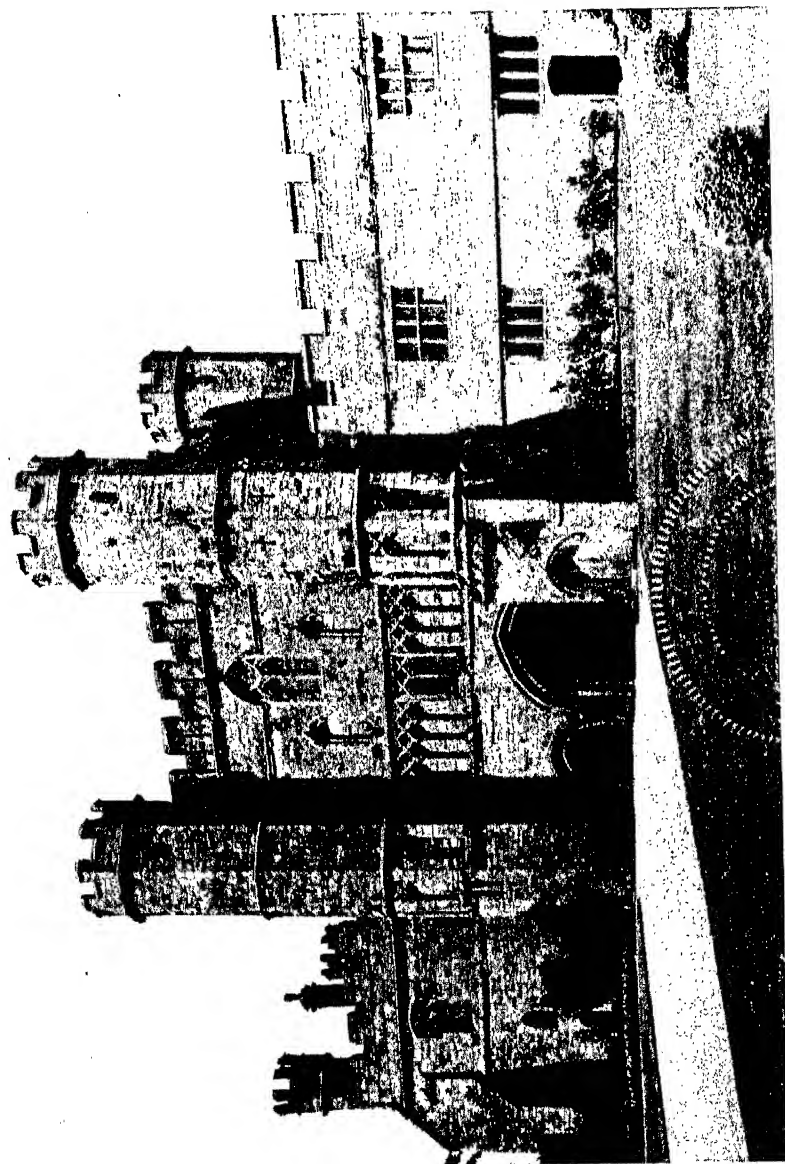
Then it was that William employed the device of the feigned retreat. The Saxon infantry left the cover of their shield wall

BATTLE

The Abbey of St. Martin at the place of Battle

On Friday, 13th October, 1066, Harold, King of the English, took up his position on a ridge called Telham Hill seven miles north-west of Hastings, where now stands the Abbey of St. Martin at the place of Battle. Then, the hill was only marked by an apple tree. At the base of the hill Harold ordered his men to dig a fosse and set up a palisade. This done, the Saxon troops gave themselves up to feasting and drinking with cries of 'wassail' and 'drinkheil' while their minstrels sang of their deeds in battle. The Saxons might well have felt elated for they were fresh from the victory of Stamford Bridge and their celebrations had been cut short by the news that Duke William of Normandy had landed at Pevensey to claim the throne of England.

Meantime the Norman army, having marched from Hastings, was encamped opposite Telham Hill. A spirit of almost religious fervour prevailed among them and that night Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and Geoffrey de Coutance went through the host administering the Sacrament. When morning dawned William could see the English drawn up on their hill with the Dragon of Wessex and Harold's standard of the Fighting Man waving in the centre, where stood Harold, his



BATTLE ABBEY

BATTLE

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Then it was that William employed the device of the feigned retreat. The Saxon infantry left the cover of their shield wall

B A T T L E

and rushed forward in pursuit to find themselves cut off by the Norman cavalry. But still the centre stood firm, the shield wall contracting as their numbers grew less. At last, in the uncertain light of dusk, the Normans directed a shower of vertically-falling arrows upon them. Harold fell and though not one of his bodyguard fled or was taken captive, the Saxon force was routed.

Harold was slain as he lay on the ground and his body, well-nigh unrecognisable, was found there the next day by his mistress, Edith of the Swan-neck. William had set up his tent and, surrounded by the dead, had spent the night on the field of victory. The next day was spent in burying the Norman dead, while the Saxon women came to find the bodies of their men and carry them away. Harold's body, wrapped in purple linen, was buried under a heap of stones on the Hastings coast, though later William relented and gave it Christian burial at Waltham Abbey.

Among those who had heard William's vow on 'Telham hill was a monk, William of Marmoutier. He now reminded the Conqueror of his promise. 'To him William entrusted the building of the Abbey of St. Martin. He accordingly brought over Benedictine monks from his monastery and they began work on the lower ground to the west of the hill. William, however, angrily insisted that the foundations must rest on the actual spot where Harold was slain. 'The monks pleaded that there was no water supply. William replied, 'If God spare us life, I will so amply provide for this place that wine shall be more abundant here than water is in any other great abbey.'

BATTLE

In fulfilment of his vow William gave the Abbey all the land within a radius of one and a half miles as well as much property in other parts of England. When the consecration of the first Abbot took place, William insisted that the Bishop of Chichester was not to be lodged at the abbey, so that its complete independence from episcopal control might be made clear. Further the Abbot was granted a house in London and in Winchester with an allowance of food, wine and wax candles for himself and two monks whenever he was summoned to the King's court. Even more remarkable when one remembers the ferocity of William's Forest Laws, the Abbot, when passing through the royal forests, might take one or two beasts with his dogs. When William died he left his cloak and sword and a portable altar containing sacred relics to the Abbey. He did not live to see the consecration of the Abbey, which took place in 1095, when Rufus added to its property nine churches and twelve lesser chapels. By this time the Abbey was a great quadrangular building with a fine church surrounded by gardens, vineyards and stew ponds; later, walls and a gate house were added.

The Abbey was often visited by kings. John came there no less than four times, making a pious offering of a piece of the Holy Sepulchre brought back from Palestine by his brother Richard. Henry III's visit was less propitious as he came to collect funds before the battle of Lewes. Its most famous Abbot was Hamo of Offington, who played such a gallant part in defending Winchelsea against the French. He was described at his death as 'sub habitu monachio, belliger insignis'.

BATTLE

By the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries, Battle Abbey seems to have declined both in prosperity and in moral repute. The King's visitor gives a gloomy report of the place adding, ' the black sort of devilish monks, I am sorry to say, are past amendment.' Without accepting such a prejudiced view of the Abbey there is little doubt that its great days were over. When Sir John Gage reported on its contents to Thomas Cromwell he said, ' So beggary a house I never see, nor so filthy stuff. I will not 20s. for all the hangings in this house, as the hearer can tell you. The revestry is the worst and the poorest that is . . . 'The stuff is like the persons.' The Abbey was given to Sir Anthony Browne (whose son built Cowdray) on whom the curse that his line should perish by fire and water was pronounced by one of the evicted monks. But in spite of the Abbey's dole of bread and herrings and silver ' at divers times of the year ' its dissolution does not seem to have been mourned by the village.

PENSHURST AND KNOLE

If one were given the difficult task of choosing two great country houses as 'typically English', Penshurst and Knole, both in the county of Kent, might well be one's choice. Neither Blenheim nor Chatsworth, the ambitious creations of great architects, nor the many Palladian houses of the eighteenth century, are so distinctively English as these two houses whose architecture speaks of centuries of growth. Both are homes rather than palaces ; both are, as Miss Sackville-West says of Knole, ' the greater relation of those many small manor houses which hide themselves so innumera- bly among the counties.' On both is ' the spell of unbroken ownership ', by the Sidneys at Penshurst and by the Sackvilles at Knole, whose portraits and furniture still adorn their homes.

Penshurst, the older of the two, is the smaller and the less imposing. Sir Philip Sidney in his *Arcadia* wrote, with his father's house in mind : ' The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary fineness, as an honourable representing of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer ; and yet as the one chiefly needed so the other not neglected ; each place handsome without curiosity and homely without loathsomeness ; not so dainty as not to be trodden on, nor yet slobbered up with

PENSHURST

good fellowship ; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful.'

The house was begun in the fourteenth century by Sir John Pulteney, four times Lord Mayor of London, who also obtained from Edward III the licence to fortify. 'The most remarkable feature of the house its Great Hall was built at this time. 'This hall with its magnificent open-timbered roof, its central hearth whence the smoke escaped by a louvre in the roof, its old trestle tables, its minstrels' gallery, its dais from which a broad stone stair leads to the solar, gives a perfect picture of the domestic arrangements of a baronial establishment. 'Tradition says that the Black Prince and Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, ate a Christmas dinner in this hall.

Though additions were made to the house in the fifteenth century its main character is of the Tudor period, when it was granted by Edward VI to Sir William Sidney, who had served him, 'from the time of his Byrth unto his Coronation, in the offices of Chamberlayne and Steward of his Household.' With the Sidneys the great days of Penshurst began. Sir Henry Sidney, though his duties as President of the Council of the Marches took him away to Ludlow, yet found time to add the west wing and the front of the courtyard with its fine gatehouse. His son Robert built the long gallery which contains some of the most famous of the portraits, including the curious one of Queen Elizabeth, dancing 'high and disposedly' with the Earl of Leicester. Since that time little change has taken place in the house.

PENSHURST

Even more than the house, the gardens of Penshurst have been the inspiration of poets. Ben Jonson, who visited Penshurst in the train of James I, wrote :

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble ; nor can'st boast a row
Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold ;
Thou hast no lantern, wherof tales are told,
Or stairs, or courts ; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And—these grudg'd at—art revered the while
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, or air,
Of wood, or water ; therein thou art fair.

Jonson then praises the birds, the fish, the gardens and the orchards, where,

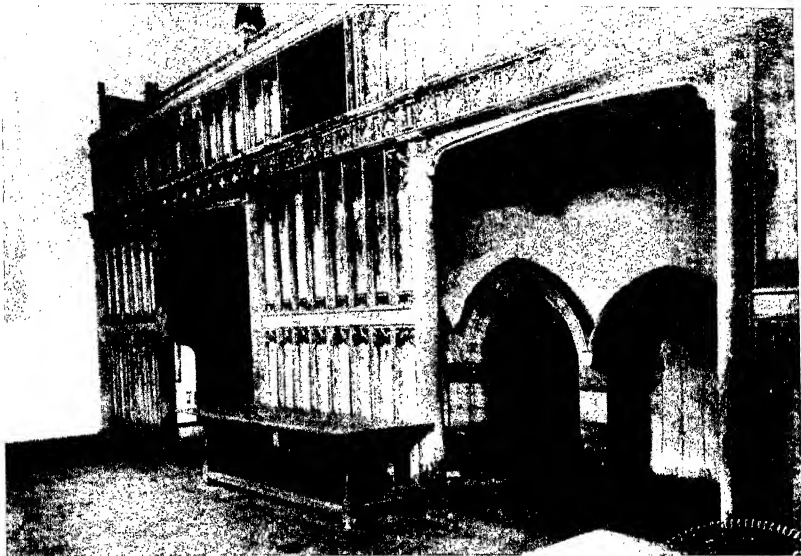
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape and quince, each in his time doth come ;
The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on the walls that every child may reach.

Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, brother of the poet, Philip Sidney, was the friend and patron of poets and men of letters and it was to his daughter, 'Sacharissa,' that Edmund Waller addressed his verses. But this happy scholarly existence was broken by the Civil War which divided the family, for Sacharissa's husband was killed at the battle of Newbury on the Royalist side, while her brother Algernon was an ardent Republican. Too sincere to compromise after the Restoration, Algernon Sidney met his death on Tower Hill in 1682 for alleged complicity in the Rye House plot. After the execution of the King in 1649, Parliament placed his children, Princess

KNOLE

Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, in the care of Lady Leicester at Penshurst, instructing her to treat them as ordinary children of the nobility. Lady Leicester, however, told the Speaker that she had too much respect for the children of her sovereign to treat them as other than royal. Both children were heartbroken when later they were removed from the lovely gardens of Penshurst and their too kind gaoler and sent to ill-omened Carisbrooke Castle.

While the Sidneys were living at Penshurst, Knole had become the home of the Sackvilles. Built in the fifteenth century as a palace for the Archbishops of Canterbury, Knole was given by Cranmer to Henry VIII. After a brief ownership by Elizabeth's favourite, the first Earl of Leicester, it was granted by her to the poet-statesman, Sir Thomas Sackville, who transformed the medieval palace into a Jacobean mansion. Knole, whose buildings cover four acres, is far more complicated in plan than Penshurst. Viewed from the north side across the park it presents the appearance of a medieval village rather than a house, but when the Stone Court is entered, its likeness to one of the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge is striking. For Knole is built on the quadrangular plan and has a court for every day of the week, a staircase for every week and a room for every day in the year. The beeches and sycamores of the park on one side or the flowers of the garden side form equally perfect settings for the house with its many roofs, its fine gate-houses, its mellow courtyards and its curiously shaped gables. Within, its many rooms and galleries with their heraldic windows and elaborate carvings are full of furniture



PENSHURST PLACE, THE BARONIAL HALL



KNOLE FROM THE AIR

K N O L E

which Horace Walpole described as, ' ancient magnificence . . . ebony cabinets, embossed silver in vases and dishes, embroidered beds, stiff chairs and sweet bags lying on velvet tables, richly worked in silver and gold.' On the walls are the portraits of the Sackvilles, their relations and the sovereigns whom they served.

These pictures tell not only the history of the family, but also the history of their times. The first Earl of Dorset, who put aside his poetry to serve Elizabeth as Lord High Treasurer, is seen seated at the Council table. The fourth Earl, painted by Vandyke in a flame-coloured doublet, looks the typical ' roystering Cavalier ', yet his sorrow for his King's death was so deep that he never again left his house. The very spirit of the Restoration is embodied in the sixth Earl, the friend of Rochester and Sedley, the lover of Nell Gwynn, the patron of Dryden and the author of the charming lyric, ' To all you ladies now at land.' Reynolds painted the seventh Earl, who became the first Duke of Dorset. His Duchess had the task of conveying to the Prince of Wales at Kew the news of the death abroad of his detested father, George I. Hardly able to credit the good news, George II exclaimed, ' That is one damned lie, I do not believe one word of it.' At the end of the eighteenth century a Duke of Dorset was ambassador in Paris and when the Revolution broke out Knole became a home for many émigrés. This Duke, however, seems to have scandalised society by installing at Knole an Italian dancer, whose mischievous face now looks down from its walls. In 1843 the dukedom was extinct and Knole passed through a sister to the Sackville-West family.

K N O L E

Knole is to-day, as it has been since the seventeenth century, one of the most famous and most visited houses in England. It has often been described under its own name and disguised in novels. It is therefore amusing to read in a guide to Kent, written in 1818, that in the author's opinion, 'the house, though spacious, wants elevation and design and even with all due allowances for the acknowledged bad taste of the times in which it was built, must be viewed to great disadvantage after having lately viewed the august remains of Penshurst.' Mercifully Knole remains in 'the acknowledged bad taste' of the seventeenth century and has escaped the hand of the Gothic revivalists of the nineteenth century.

WINCHESTER

Few towns have enjoyed greater historical importance than Winchester. The *Caer Gwent* of the Celts, the *Venta Belgarum* of the Romans, *Wintoncaester* became under the Saxons the capital of England, and under the Normans and Angevins it remained the rival of London. It was a centre of learning under Alfred and became, in the fourteenth century, the cradle of the public school system in England ; it was a fortified town, with royal and episcopal castles in which Parliaments met, trials were held and sieges withstood ; it was the scene of one of the most famous annual fairs of the Middle Ages ; it was a Cathedral city from the seventh century to the present day.

It is probable that some time elapsed between the destruction of *Venta Belgarum* and the occupation of the site by the Saxons, for it is not until the seventh century that there is any mention of Winchester, and it was *Dorchester* which became the first Bishopric of converted Wessex. By 676, however, Winchester had become a royal residence, a Cathedral had been built and the see transferred there. Finally in 876 Egbert, after his victory over the Mercians, was crowned King of the English at Winchester, which from this time became the capital of England. Though, in the years which followed, Winchester suffered severely from Danish raids, its fame was

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not eclipsed, thanks to two men, St. Swithin and Alfred the Great. Swithin, who had been tutor to the princes of the House of Wessex, became Prior of the Monastery of Winchester and subsequently Bishop of the diocese. It was his foresight in building a wall of flint rubble round the monastery which saved it from the Danes, while his learning laid the foundations of a school which, fostered by his pupil Alfred, was famous for its beautiful illuminated manuscripts. Such was the humility of St. Swithin that he asked to be buried, not in the Cathedral, but in the open where men might walk over his head and the rains of heaven might fall upon him. His wish was respected until after his canonisation, when his body was moved to a shrine in the Cathedral, where it was the object of pilgrimage throughout the Middle Ages.

But Winchester is known above all as the City of Alfred. Here he was crowned in 871 at the age of 22 ; here, after his wars with the Danes were triumphantly ended, he spent the rest of his life in his palace of Wolvesey ; here he planned the fleet which was to protect the coast of England ; here the *Codex Wintoniensis* was compiled and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle written ; and here in 901 he died and was buried in the old Minster. The New Minster, planned by Alfred, was built by his son, Edward the Elder, who interred his father's remains there, to be moved again 200 years later to Ilyde Abbey, where they were lost at the Dissolution of the Monasteries. The building of the New Minster was accompanied by a period of vigorous monastic reform under Bishop Athelwold, appointed by St. Dunstan. There is a story that the new

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Bishop entered the Minster on his appointment, accompanied by a monk carrying an armful of Benedictine cowls. The secular canons were then asked to choose between assuming the monastic habit and abandoning their wives, or leaving the Minster, their stalls being filled by monks from Faringdon.

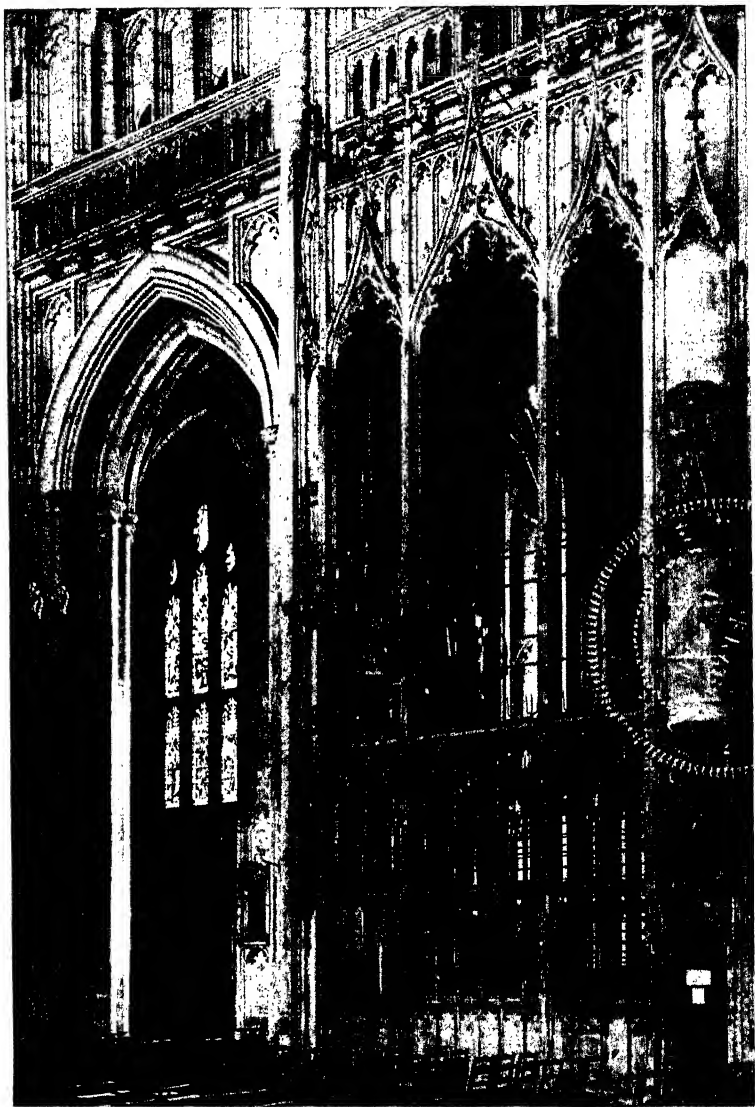
After the wars caused by Ethelred's massacre of the Danes on St. Brice's Day, Canute made Winchester his capital, London refusing to acknowledge him as King. The Danish King gave generously to the Minster, where he is buried, while his wife Emma lived after his death in the Nunnaminster. The Tudor house called God Begot is on the site of her manor which she bequeathed to the Minster. Though Edward the Confessor preferred Westminster, William the Conqueror recognised the importance of Winchester by his second and more ceremonial crowning there in 1068. Its situation en route for Normandy and close to the New Forest made it his favourite residence. Every Easter he 'wore his crown' at Winchester, where he built a strong castle to the west of the city and set up his Mint and his Treasury. Here the Domesday Survey was compiled and here the curfew was first rung by William's orders. Outside the walls of Winchester in 1075 Waltheof, last of the Saxon Earls, was executed. The executioner, anxious lest there should be a riot, cut short his prayer, but the spectators heard the severed head conclude it with 'Libera nos a malo'.

Meantime the Norman Bishop Walkelin had begun the rebuilding of the Cathedral, which was completed in 1093 when the monks came in procession from the old minster to

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the new, after which the old minster was demolished. A few years later the Norman tower fell in ruins on the tomb of William Rufus who had been buried there in 1100. Winchester had no cause to lament the Red King's death, but in one of his rare fits of remorse occasioned by illness he had granted to the Bishop a very valuable privilege—the right to hold a three-days' fair every year. From this time, St. Giles' Fair became one of the most important international fairs of the Middle Ages, though the Bishop's right to suspend all other trade within seven leagues for sixteen days was much resented by the town. This Fair, the growth of the wool trade and the fact that it was the starting point of the pilgrimage from St. Swithin's tomb to that of St. Thomas of Canterbury made the town very prosperous. The beautiful Hospital of St. Cross, founded by Henry of Blois, is evidence of the extent of the pilgrim traffic. The Brethren of the Hospital to this day wear the eight-pointed star of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the protectors of pilgrims.

Winchester, with its warlike Bishop, Henry of Blois, played an important part in the wars of Stephen's reign, but it was gradually ceasing to be a capital. None the less, successive kings spent much time there; Richard I came to be recrowned after his captivity; John received absolution there from the Papal Legate; Henry III, who was born in Winchester, greatly strengthened the castle, in whose Great Hall Edward I held two Parliaments; Edward III made the town a wool staple. But of more lasting consequence was Edward III's appointment of William of Wykeham as Bishop of Winchester.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL
William of Wykeham's Chantry

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Wykeham owed his rise in royal favour to his skill as an architect, having been Clerk of Works at Windsor and other royal castles. When he became Bishop, he first repaired the episcopal castles at Farnham, Wolvesey, Waltham and Southwark and transformed most of the Norman part of Winchester Cathedral into the Perpendicular Gothic style, replacing the wooden ceilings with stone vaulting. But Wykeham's fame rests above all on his great scheme for the advancement of learning—the twin foundations of New College, Oxford, and 'Seinte Marie College of Wynchestre'. The building of the college began in 1382, and on the morning of 28th March, 1393, Wykeham received the first Warden and seventy scholars at his palace of Wolvesey, whence they went in procession to their new college. Wykeham's foundation, which inspired Henry VI to found Eton and King's College, was the starting point of what is now called the public school system of education in England, and for generations Wykehamists held the highest positions in Church and State.

Many famous bishops followed Wykeham, among them the soldier-statesman, Cardinal Beaufort, whose lovely chantry is in the Cathedral with those of his successors, Bishops Fox and Gardiner. It was during Gardiner's episcopate that the marriage of Philip II of Spain to Mary Tudor took place in the Cathedral. Philip landed in Southampton and made his way in pouring rain to Winchester, where he was received first by the aldermen and then by the clergy, who led him in procession to the High Altar. Two days later the wedding took place with great splendour, the Queen wearing black velvet covered with

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jewels and a mantle of cloth of gold. But after Mary's reign, the Puritans gained the upper hand in Winchester and much destruction took place in the Cathedral. Even more disastrous was the Civil War. In 1642 Sir William Waller took the town by assault; his troops plundered the citizens' houses and carried off 'great store of Popish books, pictures and crucifixes which the soldiers carried up and down the streets and the market place in triumph to make themselves merry.' The next day the castle was taken, after which the soldiers entered the Cathedral in full equipment, with drums beating and some even on horseback, 'as if they meant to invade God himself as well as His Profession.' Many tombs were violated, the bones being used to destroy the glass of windows. But the chantry chapel of Wykeham was spared, for at its door stood an old Wykehamist, Colonel Fiennes, drawn sword in hand. The College also escaped their fury though the priceless manuscripts of the Cathedral library were thrown out into the streets as rubbish. The following year Winchester was re-occupied by the Royalists, but in 1645 the castle was reduced by Cromwell in person after a nine days cannonade. In 1651 the work of 'sighting' was begun, only the Great Hall, where Henry VIII had received Charles V and where Raleigh had stood his trial, being left standing. There, in 1685, took place the disgraceful trial of Dame Alice Lisle by Judge Jeffreys.

With the Restoration, much rebuilding took place. Sir Christopher Wren was employed to rebuild the episcopal palace and some of the houses of the Close, while for Charles II he planned a magnificent palace in the French style on the site

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of the ruined castle. Charles, however, died shortly after, and the palace remained uncompleted and after serving as a prison in the Napoleonic Wars has become a barracks. The eighteenth century added many charming houses both to the Close and the town, notably the house in College Street where Jane Austen died.

Of the Winchester of Alfred, little remains, and even his bones were scattered by indifferent hands at the Dissolution of Hyde Abbey ; there is not much more of the Winchester of the Conqueror, whose palace has been absorbed into the tangle of shops and of whose castle only the Great Hall is standing. But the Middle Ages still survive in Winchester : in the Close, whose precinct wall calls on one to remember the Bishop Walkelin whose Cathedral it encloses ; in the College, where William of Wykeham's scholars still doff their caps to the statue of the Virgin over the gateway of the Middle Court ; and in the Hospital of St. Cross, where the pilgrim's dole is still given to travellers by Brethren in black or mulberry gowns bearing either the star of St. John of Jerusalem or the rose of Cardinal Beaufort. And still the curfew is rung in Winchester.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

A vision of St. Michael, vouchsafed to a bishop of Avranches in the eighth century, was responsible for the dedication to the Archangel of two rocky islands, Mont St. Michel off the Normandy coast and St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. Both islands are crowned with a group of ecclesiastical and secular buildings which seem part of the rock itself whose beauty they enhance. The English Mount, which rises 250 feet from the sea, has been in turn a port in the earliest days of the tin trade, a refuge for the hermit saints of Cornwall, a fortified monastery and an impregnable castle.

In the first century A.D. Diodorus the Greek, writing of the tin trade of the west of Britain, described how the inhabitants 'beat the metal into masses, shaped like astragali (knuckle-bones), and carry it to a certain island lying off the coast of Britain called Ictis. During the ebb of the tide the ground between is left dry, and they carry over into the island the tin in abundance in their waggons. . . . Here, then, the merchants buy the tin from the natives and carry it to Gaul.' Archaeologists are now generally agreed in identifying Ictis with St. Michael's Mount which is thus seen to have been a famous port in prehistoric and Roman times.

The early Christian history of the island is legendary and is variously associated with such Cornish saints as St. Cadoc and



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

St. Keyne. Certainly a shrine existed there when Edward the Confessor, inspired no doubt by the monastery already established at Mont St. Michel, founded the Benedictine Priory of St. Michael Juxta Mare. After the Conquest the Priory was annexed to the Abbey of Mont St. Michel and it remained an alien Priory for 350 years, its Priors being usually Frenchmen. The twelfth-century rebuilding of the church was the work of Abbot Bernard of Bec. But though the island was monastic its position soon made it of military importance. When Richard I was absent on the Crusades, Henry de Pomeroy, a supporter of John, seized the island and threw up defensive works to guard the narrow pathway which was then the only approach to the Priory. Richard on his return ordered the sheriff to besiege the island, which surrendered in 1194. Thereupon the King, while restoring the monks, put in a Castellan in charge of the defences of the Mount, which was now regarded as a royal fortress. By the fifteenth century the buildings had assumed the shape of a quadrangle, consisting of the Church, a smaller chapel for the garrison and lodgings for the captain and priests, while the rest of the monastic buildings were in the lower ward. The Church of St. Michael and in particular the lantern tower known as St. Michael's Chair were much frequented by pilgrims, whose offerings enabled the Church to be rebuilt throughout in the Perpendicular style.

Twice in the fifteenth century the Mount was the scene of a desperate enterprise. In 1472, John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, a Lancastrian exile, appeared in Mount's Bay with two French

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

ships and 80 followers. Disguised as pilgrims, with their swords concealed by their cloaks, they obtained admission to the Priory. Then, casting off their cloaks they drew their swords and expelled the monks and the garrison. For twenty-six weeks this small company withstood the local levies under the sheriff, Sir John Arundell, who was killed in an assault on the steps. The king sent reinforcements and at last famine forced Oxford to surrender in February, 1473. Again, in 1497, the island was taken by surprise. Perkin Warbeck, Pretender to the English crown, landed with 130 men from Ireland. He proclaimed himself king as Richard IV and, leaving his wife to guard the Mount, crossed to the mainland where he was joined by a considerable force. Defeated at Exeter, Warbeck fled to sanctuary at Beaulieu and later yielded to the king's mercy. The Mount was given up without any fighting and Warbeck's wife went to Henry VII's court where, after her first husband's execution, she married successively three other husbands.

After the dissolution of the monasteries the island was placed in charge of a Captain on the Mount appointed by the king. The first of these Captains, Humphrey Arundell, threw in his lot with the Cornish rebels in 1549 and was executed at Tyburn. By the seventeenth century the greater part of the monastic buildings had been cleared away in order to strengthen the defences of the castle. In the Civil War Sir Francis Bassett held the Mount for the King until 1646, when he heard of the king's surrender at Newark. Parliament then appointed Colonel St. Aubyn to the command of the Mount, which has

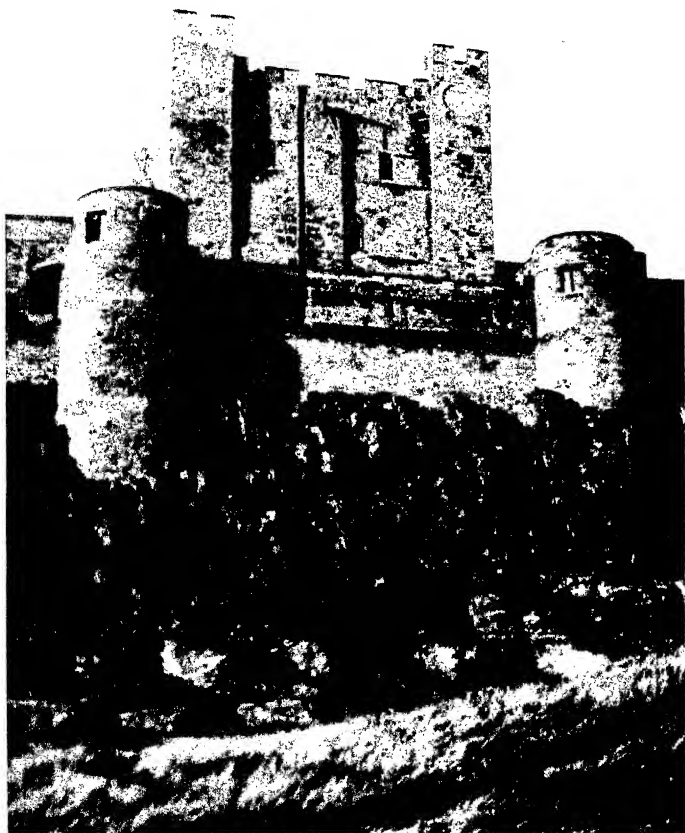
THE SCENERY

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THE KEEP OF BAMBURGH CASTLE

OF ENGLAND

The Scenery of England

A Study of Harmonious Grouping in
Town and Country

By VAUGHAN CORNISH, D.Sc.

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ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

been in the hands of his family ever since. Considerable alterations to the castle were made in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but the silhouette of the island and its towers against the sunset sky is still as beautiful as ever.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE

In A.D. 530 the Jutes defeated the Romano-British inhabitants of the Isle of Wight in a great battle fought on the site of Carisbrooke Castle. When, in the seventh century, the Jutes were conquered by the West Saxons, Carisbrooke, which had once been a Roman fort, became a Saxon stronghold. At the Conquest, the island, which was of great importance as a connecting link with Normandy, was given by the Conqueror to William FitzOsborne, who built the Norman shell-keep of the Castle. After being forfeited to the Crown, Carisbrooke was granted to the family of the de Redvers, the last of whom, Isabella de Fortibus, made very considerable additions to the Castle. The impressive twin-towered gatehouse was added in the fourteenth century and finally, in Elizabeth's reign, the Castle was fortified in the Italian manner with an escarp, ditch, ravelin and redan, as a defence against a possible Spanish landing. These outworks, however, were destined not to repel an invader, but to provide the daily walk for a King in captivity.

Charles I's flight to Carisbrooke in 1647 and his attempted escape from the castle are the best known episodes in its history. On 11th November, 1647, King Charles escaped from the Army Headquarters at Hampton Court and made his way to Titchfield House, the home of the Earl of Southampton.



CARISBROOKE CASTLE

From there he sent Mr. Ashburnham and Sir John Berkeley to Carisbrooke to sound Colonel Hammond, the Governor of the island, as to his attitude to the King. In his letter the King informed Hammond that he had fled from Hampton Court because he feared assassination and that he proposed to confide his safety to his keeping. By some strange error of judgment, Ashburnham and Berkeley, though not convinced of Hammond's integrity, allowed him to accompany them to the King at Titchfield. When the King was told that Hammond was waiting to see him, he said to Ashburnham, 'What! Have you brought Hammond with you? O Jack, you have undone me; for I am by this means made fast from stirring.' To which Ashburnham said that 'if he mistrusted Hammond he would undertake to remove him.' The King refused, saying, 'No, it is too late to think of anything but going through the way you have forced upon me and to leave the issue to God.' Accordingly Hammond was admitted to the King's presence, where he solemnly declared that 'he tendered His Majesty's person above his own life and would not fail in doing his utmost in fulfilling His Majesty's just desires'.

The next day the King, accompanied by some of his friends, reached Carisbrooke. On his way through Newport 'a gentlewoman presented him with a damask rose . . . and prayed for him, which His Majesty heartily thanked her for'. The King was lodged in three rooms of the Governor's house which Hammond endeavoured to make comfortable for him. At first the gentry of the island were allowed to visit the King and he went out hunting, but soon Hammond, who had reported the

CARISBROOKE CASTLE

whole affair to Parliament, received instructions which led to the King being treated definitely as a prisoner. When the King's servants were sent away, he reproached Hammond bitterly and asked him whether he was also to be denied his chaplains. 'You pretend for liberty of conscience, shall I have none?' When Hammond replied that he was not allowed any chaplain, the King said, 'You use me neither like a gentleman nor a Christian.' An unsuccessful royalist rising in Newport led to still further restrictions on the King's liberty. Now his only recreation was a walk along the castle walls and a game of bowls in the old 'place of arms'.

Meantime the King's friends were making efforts to enable him to escape from Carisbrooke. On the first occasion the attempt failed because the King was unable to force himself out between the iron bars of his window. Later, with the help of instruments smuggled into the castle, the King sawed through the iron bar, but as he was about to escape he saw that he was being watched. The plan had been betrayed by a Major Rolfe who, it is thought, intended to shoot the King as he descended from the window. In the autumn of 1648 negotiations were in progress between King and Parliament which resulted in the signature of the Treaty of Newport on 2nd October. As a result of this, the King had been allowed in September to leave the castle and take up his residence in Mr. Hopkins' house in Newport. His friends, who were allowed to rejoin him, were sad to see that the King's hair had become grey and his beard was unkempt. There, for sixty-one days, the King kept up the pathetic pretence of a Court.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE

On 29th November, however, Charles was seized by orders of the army and taken first to Hurst Castle and finally to London for trial. His friends were full of apprehension at this sudden arrest of the King, but by then the island was a garrison of Parliamentary troops and resistance would have been useless. The King's flight to Carisbrooke had been but one more link in the chain of misfortunes and errors of judgment, which was to end on the scaffold at Whitehall on January 30th, 1649.

With a singular lack of imagination, Parliament chose after the King's execution to remove Prince Henry and his sister, Princess Elizabeth, from the kind care of Lady Leicester at Penshurst and to send them to Carisbrooke. There, shortly afterwards, Princess Elizabeth was found dead, her face resting on the Bible which had been her father's last present to her.

It is with sad memories of the House of Stuart that the history of Carisbrooke closes. For though it is still the residence of the Governor of the Isle of Wight, no other events of historical importance have been associated with it.

BEAULIEU & THE RUFUS STONE

The New Forest, the creation of William the Conqueror, is peculiarly associated with the Norman and Angevin Kings who delighted to take their sport there and who preserved that sport by ferocious Forest Laws. The superstitious saw in the fact that three members of the Royal House met their deaths in the Forest, a fitting judgment on the cruelty and injustice in which it had its beginning. William I had 'loved the tall deer as a father' and William Rufus had to the full his father's passion for hunting. The familiar story of his death, which is commemorated by a stone in the New Forest near Ringwood, is told by medieval historians in various forms. The generally accepted version is that on Lámmas Day, 1110, William II, who had spent the previous night in revelry at Malwood Castle, went hunting with his court in the Forest. Towards sunset he was killed by an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrell at a stag, which glanced off an oak tree and struck the King. Tyrell without any delay escaped to Normandy, various places such as 'Tyrell's Ford' across the Avon marking the route of his flight. In later years, Tyrell took a solemn oath that he had not been in the same part of the Forest as the King on the fatal occasion, but the fact



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THE RUFUS STONE

of his flight, followed by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, was regarded as proof of guilt.

William's younger brother, Henry, with rather suspicious promptitude hastened to Winchester to seize the royal treasure, what time the body of Rufus was brought there on a charcoal-burner's cart. The next day, 'attended by many of the nobility but lamented by few', Rufus was buried beneath the Tower of the Cathedral. When some years later the Tower fell in ruins on the tomb, it was attributed to the presence in the Cathedral of one 'who all his life had been profane and sensual and had expired without the Christian viaticum'. William of Malmesbury, however, with surprising scepticism remarks that the Tower might have fallen in any case through defective construction. The oak tree where the King met his death was railed round in Charles II's reign and in the eighteenth century the present stone was erected.

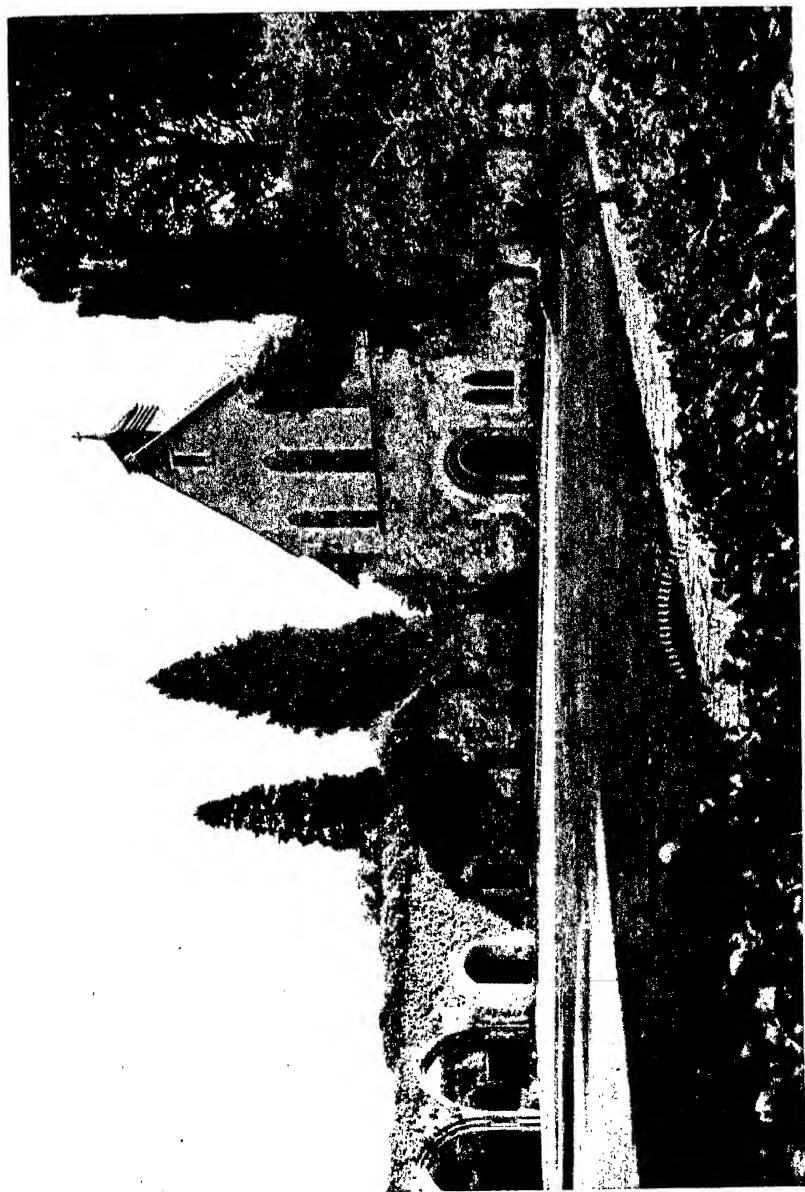
While the Rufus Stone commemorates the death of one of the worst of the Norman Kings, Beaulieu Abbey to the south-east of the Forest commemorates one of the few good deeds of another equally notorious King. In 1204 King John founded the Monastery of St. Mary in 'Bello loco Regis' for monks of Cîteaux, endowing it handsomely with money, lands and gifts of cattle and wine. But even this good deed was explained by some as the fruits of repentance for previous ill-treatment of the Cistercians. John is supposed to have summoned the Cistercian Abbots to Lincoln and then given orders to his horsemen to ride them down. The soldiers refused to obey him and the monks escaped. That night, John dreamt that he was arraigned

BEAULIEU

before the Judgment Seat in the presence of the Abbots, who were ordered to scourge him. He awoke, still feeling the effects of the castigation, and set about making amends to the Order.

During the years 1208-1213, when England was under an Interdict, it was the Abbot of Beaulieu who acted as mediator between John and the Pope, and on his return from Rome he was rewarded by the King. When the Interdict was lifted, building was resumed at Beaulieu and by 1227 the Church, which was the largest Cistercian church in England, was completed. Henry III gave lavishly to the Abbey and was present with his Queen at the dedication of the whole building in 1246. His son, Prince Edward, who was also present, was taken ill and had to be nursed in the Abbey by the Queen, somewhat to the scandal of the monks. Throughout the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the monastery grew in size and wealth. Daughter houses at Netley, Newenham and Hales were colonised by Beaulieu monks. To the 'great Close of Beaulieu' was accorded the right of sanctuary and this fact, in conjunction with its proximity to the Forest, made it a resort of all sorts of 'masterless men', felons and debtors. At the time of the Dissolution, there were thirty-two families living in the Sanctuary for whom the ex-abbot craved the protection of the new owner, Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

The Abbey was surrendered to Henry VIII in 1540 and the greater part of it was demolished. The inner gate-house, however, was converted into part of the palace of the new lords of Beaulieu, while the refectory became the Parish Church. From the considerable remains of the Abbey, which was almost



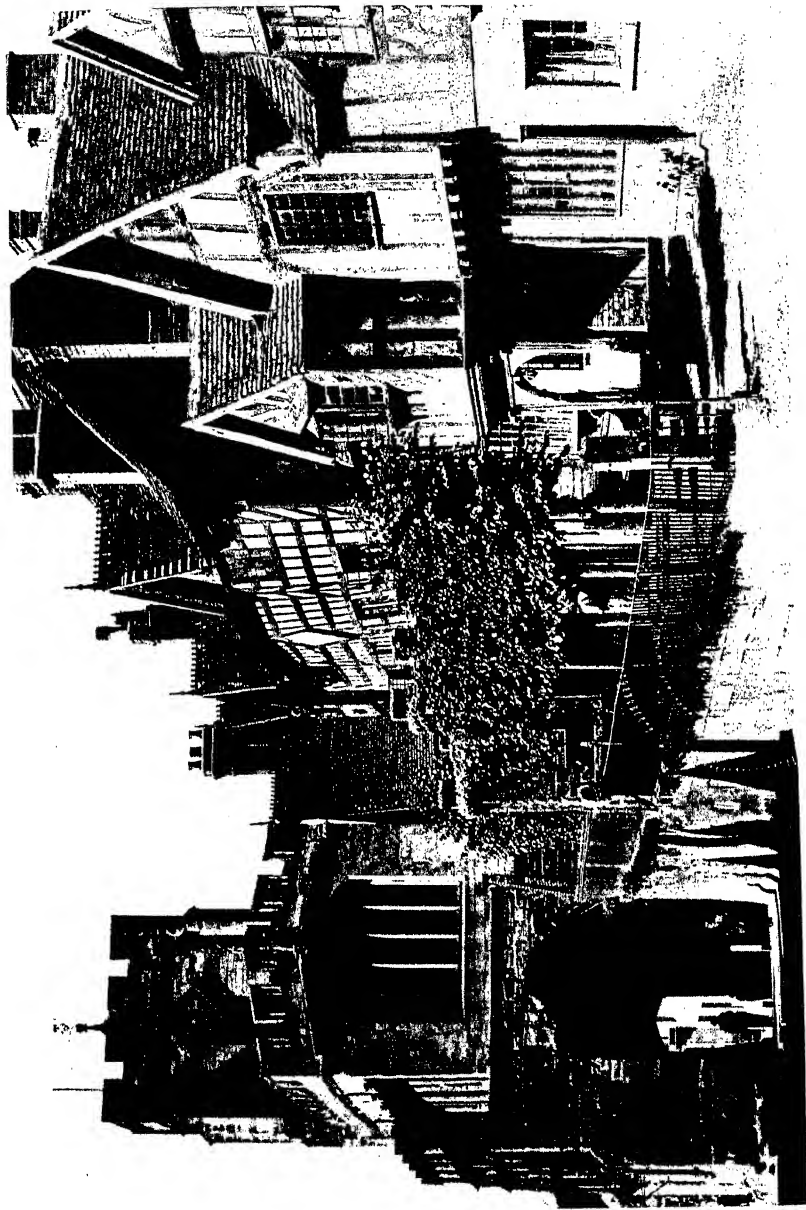
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BEAULIEU

wholly of the thirteenth century, it is possible to appreciate its former beauty. The situation of Beaulieu on the River Exe with the forest behind it gives the place a peculiar charm. W. H. Hudson, in *Hampshire Days* says : ' The village itself with its ancient water-mill, its palace of the Montagues and the Abbey of Beaulieu, a grey ivied ruin, has a distinction above all Hampshire villages and is unlike all others in its austere beauty and atmosphere of old-world seclusion and quietude.'

WARWICK

Sir Walter Scott called Warwick Castle ' the fairest monument of ancient chivalrous splendour which yet remained uninjured by time ', and certainly to write its history adequately would be to write the feudal and military history of the Middle Ages. Nor has the growth of the Castle stopped short at the period when its military usefulness ceased, for successive generations of its owners have adapted it to their requirements without destroying its ancient character. Thus it developed from a fortress into what Dugdale calls ' the most princely seat within the midland parts of this realm '. Beginning with the choice of its site by Aethelflaeda, Lady of the Mercians, followed by the erection of a moat and Norman keep, the Castle has extended itself with curtain walls, towers and gatehouses to the eighteenth century domestic apartments which are built on the edge of the rock which rises from the banks of the River Avon. Looking up at the Castle from the bridge across the Avon it is easy to understand the wealth of legend and history which is connected with it. Added to this, the Earls of Warwick have played such an important part in English history that it would be true to say of some of them—notably Warwick the Kingmaker—that their history was the history of England. Here it is only possible to write of those Earls whose history is closely connected with the town and Castle of Warwick.



WARWICK, THE LEYCESTER HOSPITAL AND WEST GATE

WARWICK

Of these, the legendary Guy of Warwick must not be omitted although he had no real existence and his relics which are preserved at Warwick all date from different periods. His legend, which exists in various versions in both French and English, makes him a hero of the Arthurian type. Guy was a young man noted for his strength and valour but of humble birth, being the son of the Earl's steward. In order to win the hand of the Earl's daughter Felice, he went abroad in pursuit of adventure. After performing astonishing deeds of valour, he returned home and such was his reputation that the Earl gladly allowed his daughter to be betrothed to him. The love of adventure was so strong, however, that, after ridding the inhabitants of Warwick of a Dun Cow 'six feet in length, four feet high, with large sharp horns and fiery eyes,' he went abroad again. There he took part in the relief of Byzantium, killed the Sultan with his own hand and, returning home, married Felice and became Earl of Warwick on the death of her father. But now he was stricken with remorse for his past life and said to his wife, 'For thy sake, dear lady, have I wandered through seas of blood and with this hand laid many thousands sleeping in their silent graves, and spent all the days of my blooming youth in seeking that empty title called honour. Therefore it is now my resolution to take a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.' When Guy returned many years later he did not reveal himself to his wife, but went to live as a hermit in a place outside the town now called Guy's Cliffe. When he was dying he sent the ring, which he had exchanged with his wife when he was leaving her, to Felice who hastened to Guy's

WARWICK

Cliffe to find that the pilgrim to whom she had sometimes given alms in the town was her husband. He died in her arms and she, sorrowing for him, died a few days later.

Of the real Earls of Warwick there is nothing exciting to record in the Norman period and no trace of the Norman Castle now remains. It is with the advent of the Beauchamp Earls in the thirteenth century that Warwick becomes historically important and the building of the present Castle begins. The Earl Guy of the time of Edward II was one of the Lords Ordainer and the bitter enemy of the King's favourite, Piers Gaveston, who had nicknamed him 'the black dog of Arden'. 'Let him call me hound,' said the Earl, 'one day the hound will bite him.' The day came in 1312 when Piers Gaveston was captured and brought a prisoner to Warwick Castle. The other lords did not know what to do with him, but Earl Guy said, 'Many days have ye hunted and failed of your game; nor have ye caught your prey. If he escape your hands ye get him not lightly again.' Whereupon, after a hasty trial, Gaveston was taken to Blacklow Hill below Guy's Cliffe and executed, which fate Holinshed cheerfully observes was 'a just reward for so scornfull and contemptuous a merchant'.

The latter part of the fourteenth century saw the building of Guy's Tower and Caesar's Tower, but Thomas Beauchamp, the great soldier Earl, was absent at the French wars. After distinguishing himself at La Hogue and Crécy, keeping the seas with eighty ships and fighting with the Black Prince at Poitiers, he died of pestilence and was brought home to

WARWICK

Warwick to be buried. He lies in effigy in full armour with his feet on a bear, his wife by his side, in Beauchamp Chapel of St. Mary's Church. His son also spent little time in Warwick for he was imprisoned by Richard II in the Tower in the part called after him, the Beauchamp Tower. But of all the Beauchamp Earls, the most renowned was Richard, who lived in the reigns of Henry V and Henry VI. Of him the German Emperor said, 'No Christian Prince has such another knight for wisdom, virtue and manhood, that if all courtesie were lost yet it might be found again in him.' He played an important part in the victories of Henry V* in France and entertained that King at Warwick. When Henry V was on his death-bed he confided his infant son to Earl Richard saying, 'It is my wish, fair cousin of Warwick, that you be his master. Be very gentle with him and guide him and instruct him in the condition of life to which he belongs. For I could make no better provision for him.' It was Earl Richard who carried the baby Henry VI to his coronation. The last part of his life was spent in France, where the French, inspired by Joan of Arc, were steadily gaining ground from the English. Warwick was among those responsible for the burning of St. Joan, but her inspiration persisted and by the time of his death, in 1437, the English lands in France were almost lost. Earl Richard was brought back from Normandy to be buried in the chapel which he created. There his effigy in bronze, on one of the

* Henry V was so charmed with Guy's Cliffe that he wished a chantry chapel to be built there. This was done after his death, the first chantry priest being John Rous, the Warwickshire antiquary.

WARWICK

finest tombs of the Middle Ages, looks up at the Madonna in red and gold on the roof. Round the base of the tomb are the figures of fourteen kinsmen and eighteen angels, while near the roof a gallery of angels painted on glass play all kinds of musical instruments from a scroll of music bearing the words of the Shepherds' Song.

Richard Neville, the King-maker, who became Earl of Warwick in right of his wife, had little connection with the town of Warwick for his life was spent either as Governor of Calais, or as the greatest figure of the Wars of the Roses, till his death at the Battle of Barnet. Lytton called him 'the last of the Barons', but, in fact, his career as a statesman and a diplomatist makes him also the forerunner of men of the type of Wolsey. With the sixteenth century the new family of Dudley, descended from the very unpopular minister of Henry VII, became Earls of Warwick. But though the Earl, who as Protector Northumberland governed England under Edward VI and was executed by Mary, is the more famous in history, it is Ambrose Dudley, 'the good Lord Warwick' of Elizabeth's reign who left his mark on the town. For even to-day Warwick, with its black and white timbered houses and buildings such as the old Grammar School and the Leicester Hospital, has the character of a Tudor town. The Grammar School, which dates from the reign of Edward the Confessor, was refounded by Henry VIII.

Led by the singular love and affection with which we are no little moved to the youthful subjects of our realm in the county of Warwick, that henceforth being more imbued from their cradles

WARWICK

with more polite letters than was customary before our day, when they come to a riper age they may turn out better instructed.

The Leicester Hospital, which was originally the hall of a Guild, was reconstructed by Robert Dudley, the more famous brother of Ambrose, as a Hospital for twelve men, preferably old soldiers, who should wear 'gowns of blew cloth with a ragged staff embroidered on the right sleeve.' Both brothers were great benefactors to the town, though Robert Dudley seems to have been very haughty in his manner to the town officials. An awkward scene took place when Dudley, offended that they had not come out from the town to welcome him, stalked past the bailiffs waiting with an address of welcome and a gift of oxen, with the remark that 'he could not charge the town so much.' The bailiffs were, however, forgiven and Dudley delighted the eyes of the congregation by appearing in church on Sunday in white velvet sewn with pearls. Earl Ambrose twice entertained Elizabeth at Warwick, the second occasion being in 1575 on her way to visit Kenilworth: but though there were fireworks, which burnt down several houses, Ambrose could hardly hope to compete with his brother's entertainment at Kenilworth.

In the seventeenth century the Castle and Earldom of Warwick were for a time in separate hands, the Castle having been granted to Sir Fulke Greville, whose tomb in the Chapter House of St. Mary's commemorates him as 'servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James I and friend to Sir Philip Sidney.' Greville was a great builder and spent £20,000 on the Castle making it, as Dugdale says, 'a place not

WARWICK

only of strength, but also of extraordinary delight ; being planted with the most pleasant gardens, walks and thickets.' Both James I and Charles I stayed at the Castle, but at the beginning of the Civil War it was in the hands of Fulke's son, Lord Brooke, who was a strong Parliamentarian. Brooke, having garrisoned the Castle for Parliament, mustered the trained bands of the county at Stratford. In 1642 the Royalists laid siege to Warwick, but though they gained the town, Sir Edward Peto refused to surrender the Castle. Accordingly ordnance was planted against the Castle and discharged. Whereupon,

Sir Edward, in requittal, discharged two and bid them as liked that, shoot again. Then Sir Edward made proclamation that all his friends should depart the town and for the rest, bid them look to themselves. He hung out of the Castle a bloody flag and a flag of defence with a cross upon it in defiance of the Papists. . . . The Lord Compton being planting ordnance on the tower of the Church, Sir Edward discharged an ordnance from the Castle, which took off a pinnacle of the tower and made the Cavaliers stir. . . .

A fellow of my Lord North's going over the street with a shoulder of mutton in his hand, held it up and said, ' Look here, you round-heads, you would be glad of a bit presently,' and fell down dead, being shot from the Castle. There are not many yet slain ; the Castle remains untoucht and Sir Edward now hangs out his winding sheet and Bible.

The Castle was not taken, for Lord Brooke arrived with a relieving force and, having taken Stratford by assault, secured the county for Parliament. He was killed at the Siege of Lichfield by a sniper from the steeple of the Cathedral.

WARWICK

In the eighteenth century the title of Earl of Warwick was granted to George Greville, Lord Brooke, who devoted his life to the improvement of the Castle. His achievements are best summarised in his own words.

I purchased a magnificent collection of pictures, not equalled perhaps in the Kingdom. I made a noble approach to the Castle through the solid rock, and founded a library of books. I made an armoury, and built walls round the court and pleasure gardens. I built a noble green house and filled it with beautiful plants. I placed in it a vase, considered the finest remains of Grecian art for its size and beauty. I made a noble lake from 300-400 ft. broad and a mile long. I planted trees now worth £100,000, beside 100 acres of ash. I built a stone bridge of 105 feet in span. . . . I gave the bridge to the town with no toll on it. I will not enumerate a great many other things done by me. Let Warwick Castle speak for itself!

The beauty of Warwick Castle certainly speaks for itself and also for its earls who created it.

KENILWORTH CASTLE

Unlike Warwick, Kenilworth Castle has been a ruin since the Civil War and but for Sir Walter Scott it might have fallen into oblivion. Yet in the Middle Ages Kenilworth was one of the largest and most formidable of the Norman castles, as in Elizabeth's reign it was one of the most splendid and luxurious. The three chief stages in its building are the Norman keep, associated with the family of de Clinton; the fourteenth century buildings in the inner ward, which are the work of John of Gaunt; and the Tudor buildings, beginning with Henry VIII's lodgings and completed by the very extensive additions of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. The only part of the Castle which is now inhabited is the Elizabethan gate-house.

The most interesting event in the history of the medieval castle is its six months' siege in the Barons' Wars of Henry III's reign. At this time the Castle belonged to Simon de Montfort and was held for him by John Giffard, while the Earl of Warwick held his castle for the King. In 1264 John Giffard took Warwick by surprise, carried off the Earl and Countess to Kenilworth and only released them on the payment of 1,800 marks. For several months, during the early successes of the Barons' party, Prince Edward and his cousin were held as hostages at Kenilworth. After his escape Prince Edward

KENILWORTH CASTLE

organised the royal forces in the western midlands and succeeded in dividing Earl Simon from his son. On the 31st July, 1264, the young Simon de Montfort arrived at Kenilworth with such a large force that it could not be housed in the Castle. They therefore spent the night feasting and carousing outside the walls. Meantime Prince Edward arrived at Kenilworth early on the morning of August the 1st and surprised de Montfort's men before they were awake. A complete rout ensued and de Montfort escaped half-naked into the Castle, having lost the best part of his army. Following this Prince Edward marched to Evesham where he defeated and killed Earl Simon. Kenilworth, still in the hands of his son, became the centre for the disinherited lords and their lawless followers, who lived by plundering the country. The King determined on the capture of the Castle, but, even though de Montfort abandoned it, the garrison refused to surrender.

At midsummer 1266 the siege began in earnest. The Archbishop of Canterbury solemnly excommunicated the rebels, but the surgeon of the garrison 'that was a quaint man, clerk and hardy of his deeds' dressed up as a rival bishop and mocked the King and clergy from the walls. Prince Edward brought up all manner of siege works from London, battering rams, a 'bear', a wooden siege tower for 200 cross-bowmen, and even barges were brought from Chester and launched on the lake. Yet all these devices failed. Negotiations were accordingly tried and at a Parliament, held at Kenilworth on 24th August, the Dictum of Kenilworth was drawn up, offering good terms to the rebels. But it was not until

KENILWORTH CASTLE

December that famine and dysentery led to the surrender of the Castle after one of the most famous sieges of the Middle Ages.

In the reign of Edward I we are told that 'there was a great and famous concourse of noble persons here at Kenilworth called the Round-Table, consisting of an hundred Knights and as many Ladies; whereunto divers repaired from foreign parts for the exercise of arms, viz, tilting and martial Tournaments; and the Ladies dancing'. But the hall of the Castle witnessed a different scene when in January 1327 Edward II, having been captured by the Queen's party, received at Kenilworth a deputation from Parliament announcing that they had transferred their allegiance to his son. The King, dressed in a poor robe of black, fainted away on hearing their message; then recovering he wept bitterly and finally agreed to abdicate. The Steward of the Royal Household then broke his staff in the King's presence and Edward II was taken away to Berkeley Castle, where his life ended. It was at Kenilworth that Henry V received the reply to his challenge to the Dauphin of France—a mocking gift of tennis balls. To this Shakespeare makes Henry V reply:

When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

But thanks to Scott's novel it is not the medieval history of Kenilworth that lives in popular imagination, but the period when Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was its owner, and a suitor for Elizabeth's hand. Leicester is believed to have

KENILWORTH CASTLE

spent £60,000 on improvements which included alterations to the keep, the restoration of two of the towers, the building of the gate-house and the fine apartments known as Leicester's building, the laying out of the gardens and the stocking of the park with red deer. All this expenditure was in honour of the Queen, who visited Kenilworth four times. The magnificence of her entertainment reached its culminating point on her visit in 1575, which Leicester had intended as a prelude to the announcement of their betrothal. Several contemporary accounts exist from which we learn of its splendours. The visit was preceded by anxious instructions to the sheriffs of counties on the route exhorting them to see that the Queen was 'served of beeves, muttons, veales and lambs, herons, shovelards, biltors of any kind of fowl or fresh-water fish, rabbits etc. and what may be served by the day' and reminding them that 'if the ale of the country will not please the Queen, then it must come from London or else a brewer to brew the same in the towns near.' The fireworks were arranged for by an Italian who for £50 promised a three nights entertainment of a most varied kind, including 'serpents of fire, birds flying and cats and dogs fighting, a fountain throwing wine, water and fire for seven hours' and, as if this were not enough, 'a dragon as big as an ox which will fly twice or thrice as high as the Tower of St. Paul's.'

The Queen arrived on Saturday, 9th July, and her first reception was by the Lady of the Lake, who from a floating stand made a speech on the history of the castle; within the Base-court the Gods awaited her with appropriate gifts and

KENILWORTH CASTLE

more speeches, while the giant porter of the Castle, dazzled by so much beauty, exclaimed,

What dainty darling's here? Oh God, a peerless pearl,
No worldly wight no doubt, some sovereign goddess sure.

and surrendered his arms to the Queen. Each day had its programme of sports, bear-baiting, the quintain, the chase; from the woods appeared a savage to be tamed by the Queen's charms; from the lake arose Dolphins and Tritons to sing her praises. One evening she was entertained by the men of Coventry who acted 'the antient play, long since used in that city, called Hocks Tuesday, setting forth the destruction of the Danes in King Ethelred's time; with which the Queen was so pleased that she gave them a brace of bucks and five marks in money to bear the charges of a feast.' There were two suppers that evening, the second consisting of 300 dishes of which it is not surprising to hear that 'the Queen ate smally'. The consumption of beer seems to have been considerable, '320 Hogsheads of the ordinary sort as I have credibly heard.' It must have been disappointing to Leicester that after all this the Queen again rejected his suit and the farewell speech, delivered by the schoolmaster, which contained references to her approaching marriage, had hurriedly to be altered.

After the death of Elizabeth the glory of Kenilworth gradually faded. Sir Robert Dudley, Leicester's son, failed to establish his legitimacy before the Court of Star Chamber. Thereupon he deserted his wife and left the country in com-



KENILWORTH CASTLE

pany with one of the ladies of James I's Court, disguised as a page. His subsequent highly romantic history does not belong to Kenilworth, which was bought for James I's son, Prince Henry. Both James I and Charles I stayed at Kenilworth, but it is sad that after the splendours of its past the end should have come at the hands of Colonel Hawkesworth, instructed by Cromwell to destroy the Castle. And so the lovely building was blown up, the lead roofs melted down, the lake drained and the land disparked. Only the gate house remained in its original state and there in one of the rooms is an alabaster fireplace with the monogram of Elizabeth and the arms of Dudley side by side, while an inscription somewhat inappropriately tells us that his virtues live beyond the grave. Yet even the ruins of Kenilworth give some picture of the Castle, which was part medieval stronghold and part Elizabethan mansion.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Such a volume of literature has been written about 'Shakespeare's Stratford' that one turns with a slight feeling of relief to Dugdale, who in his antiquities of Warwickshire merely remarks : ' One thing more, in reference to this antient town, is observable, that it gave birth and sepulture to our late famous poet William Shakespeare, whose monument I have inserted in my discourse on the Church.' But that was before the eighteenth century, led by Garrick, had begun that pilgrimage to Stratford which has steadily gathered numbers to the present day. The pilgrims are well rewarded ; for they do not merely gaze at a house where a famous man was born, but they see a town which was the background of his life and work and where he chose to spend the last years surrounded by his family ; a place which in its records and its buildings preserves the very flavour of an Elizabethan country town.

Stratford is fortunate in having had an uneventful history. In Saxon times a small village grew up round a monastery which stood on the site of the present Church of Holy Trinity. At the Conquest the land became the property of the Bishops of Worcester, who built the Church and laid out the fields of the Old Town into streets. By the thirteenth century Stratford had grown into a prosperous market town whose occupations were mostly connected with either the live stock or



STRATFORD - ON - AVON

the wool trades. There was neither castle nor monastery to dominate the town and hence its social and religious life was in the hands of the Guilds, of which the Guild of Holy Cross was the most important. Not only do the records of this guild survive, but also the whole range of its buildings in Chapel Street, including the Great Hall, the chapel, the almshouses and the school. Further, guild ownership, afterwards transferred to the Corporation, has preserved in Stratford an exceptional number of half-timbered houses of the fifteenth century.

Medieval Stratford owed much to three benefactors. John de Stratford, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in Edward III's reign, enlarged the Church of Holy Trinity, built a chantry chapel to St. Thomas à Becket, and endowed a college of priests. His brother, Robert, paved the streets of Stratford in 1332, and built a house for the priests called 'the College'. In the next century one of Stratford's most famous features was built—Clopton Bridge over the Avon. Leland tells how Sir Hugh Clopton, 'a great rich merchant, and Mayr of London as I remember, borne about Stratford, having never wife nor children, converted a great piece of his substance in good workes at Stratford, first making a sumptuous new bridge and large of stone, where in the middle be VI great arches for the main stream of the Avon, and at eche ende certen small arches to bear the causey, and so to passe commodiously at such tymes as the ryver risith.' Clopton also built 'a great house', probably the present Shakespeare Hotel, and New Place, afterwards the home of Shakespeare in the

STRATFORD - ON - AVON

last years of his life. His pew in the Church was that subsequently occupied by Shakespeare and his family.

In Edward VI's reign, after a few years of confusion following the dissolution of the Guild, the Corporation was constituted which managed town affairs from that time onwards. Its records show how, in the paternal style of the Tudor period, the town officials administered the former guild property ; how they dealt with disrespect to the bailiff, with unlicensed alehouses and bowling greens, with unmuzzled dogs, scolding wives, apprentices who stayed out after 9 p.m. at night, absentees from church and persons who failed to wear woollen caps on Sunday ; how they licensed companies of players to act in the Guild Hall ; how they despatched their members to Parliament, or their quota of soldiers to muster at Tilbury against the Armada. So full are the records that it is possible, as Mr. Forrest has shown, to discover the names of the occupants of many of the houses in the sixteenth century and to reconstruct their lives.

Thus the background of the life into which Shakespeare grew up is complete. In Henley Street is the house of his father, John Shakespeare the glover, who became Bailiff of Stratford in 1568 ; in the ' Latin School ' Shakespeare studied as a boy ; in the Guild Hall he witnessed his first plays. Across the fields at Shottery is the house where his wife, Ann Hathaway, lived before her marriage ; in the Church of Holy Trinity their children were baptised ; to New Place Shakespeare retired after he had become a rich man. It is probable that he wrote *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* while living there.

STRATFORD - ON - AVON

But of New Place only the garden remains ; the house, after being rebuilt in Queen Anne's reign, was pulled down later in the century by a cross clergyman, who was tired of being pestered by sightseers. At Hall's Croft, in the Old Town, Shakespeare's daughter, Susannah, lived after her marriage to Dr. Hall. In 1616 Shakespeare died at Stratford and was buried within the altar rails of the church, in a grave which bears the well-known inscription :

Good frend for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare.
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones
And curst be He yt moves my bones.

The memorial bust, which was later erected, is the most authentic portrait of Shakespeare which exists. The townspeople mourned his death, but with no sense that the most important years in the history of the town were over.

Stratford's prosperity continued for many years. Fine Jacobean and Georgian houses grew up side by side with their fifteenth century and Elizabethan neighbours. In one of these, now called Harvard house, lived the parents of the founder of Harvard College in America. Outside events hardly touched the life of the town except perhaps when Queen Henrietta Maria, with a considerable escort of troops, spent a night at New Place in 1643 on her way to join the King at Edgehill. Stratford in the eighteenth century was less prosperous, but was still famed for its good inns, such as the White Swan, and the Red Horse, beloved by Washington Irving. On 6th September, 1769, all the inns of the town were

STRATFORD - ON - AVON

full and many people had to sleep in their carriages, for Garrick had organised a Jubilee Festival in Shakespeare's honour. From this time onwards Stratford's inns have never ceased to thrive on the reputation of the poet. Each century has honoured Shakespeare in its own way ; the eighteenth by panegyrics ; the nineteenth by the building of the first Memorial Theatre, pseudo-Tudor in style, which the present century has replaced by a building which provides an excellent setting for the annual Shakespeare Festival.

CHIPPING CAMPDEN

No battles were fought, no treaties were made in Campden ; there is no castle and no royal visitors have stayed in the town. Its distinction lies in other things—its exceptional beauty, which remains unspoilt to the present, and its past as one of the most important of the Cotswold wool towns. Although the setting of Campden is beautiful its charm is due primarily to its buildings. The lovely curve of its wide High Street ; the houses ranging in period from the fourteenth to the nineteenth centuries, but brought into perfect harmony by the golden-grey of the Cotswold stone of which they are built ; the town hall and the market-place where the sheep market and wool fairs were held ; the rise past the almshouses to the Church, whose magnificent Perpendicular tower is a landmark in the surrounding country.

The two most important periods of building in Campden are the late fourteenth and early seventeenth centuries. In the reign of Richard II, Campden, thanks to the great demand for English wool for Flemish looms, was reaching the height of its prosperity as a wool town. This is reflected in the Wool-Staplers' Hall, and in the house of William Grevel, ' the flower of the wool-merchants of all England ' and ancestor of

CHIPPING CAMPDEN

the Earls of Warwick, which still stands with its Gothic doorway and mullioned windows on the north side of the main street. It is also reflected in the Church, where the brasses commemorate the pious wool-men who founded it. By the fifteenth century wool was no longer grown solely for export as there was a strong native cloth trade centred in the valley of the Stroud water. In Elizabeth's reign the export of wool was actually prohibited and the government was attempting by sumptuary laws to compel people to wear English cloth. Campden, however, had not sufficient water power to be a cloth-making centre and thus in the seventeenth century she was becoming principally a market town, though in the next century silk-throwing was carried on as a subsidiary industry to the Coventry ribbon trade.

The buildings of the seventeenth century are connected with the name of Sir Baptist Hicks, a silk-mercator who made a fortune in London by supplying the court of James I not only with silk, but with ready money on loan. In 1609 he bought the manor of Campden and at a cost of £29,000 built a lovely mansion in the Italian style, of which only a few remains are now to be seen near the Church. It is said that the house was crowned by a transparent dome in which a light was kept burning as a beacon to travellers. Unfortunately the house had a very short life. In 1645 it was garrisoned for the King by Sir Henry Bard, whose plundering raids made the Royalists very unpopular in the neighbourhood. Later in the year Prince Rupert ordered Bard to draw off his men and to burn



CHIPPING CAMPDEN

Campden House in case the enemy might garrison it. This quite unnecessary destruction was carried out and only the gate house and part of the banqueting house remain to give some idea of its charm. Two other buildings, however, remain as a memorial to Sir Baptist Hicks—the market house which he erected at a cost of £90 and the row of stone almshouses on the way to the Church. In the south chapel of the church is the burial place of Hicks, who became Viscount Campden. On the lower part of the memorial my lord is depicted courteously handing his lady from the tomb at the day of Resurrection. Though both are dressed in shrouds they are still wearing their coronets.

Above Campden, on the grassy plateau of Dover's Hill, the Cotswold games were held for 250 years. These games were organised in the seventeenth century by a jovial Captain Robert Dover of Stanway. He detested the Puritan attitude to sport and, 'being full of activity and of a generous free and public spirit, did with leave from King James I, select a place on Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, where those games should be acted. Endymion Porter Esquire, a native of that county and a servant of that King, a person also of a most generous spirit, did, to encourage Dover, give him some of the King's old cloaths, with a Hat and Feather and Ruff purposely to grace him and consequently the solemnity.' Thus attired, Dover presided over the games from a movable wooden castle from which a gun was fired to signify their opening. The Cotswold shepherds came in their hundreds from the sur-

CHIPPING CAMPDEN

rounding villages and took part in races, wrestling matches and other contests concluding with dancing and feasting. Drayton and Ben Jonson contributed to a collection of poems called *Annalia Dubriensia* in honour of Dover and his games, of which the following extract is typical.

We'll have thy statue in some rock cut out,
With brave inscriptions garnished about ;
And under written—' Lo ! this is the man
Dover, that first these noble sports began.'
Lads of the hills and lasses of the vale,
In many a song and many a merry tale,
Shall mention thee ; and, having leave to play,
Unto thy name shall make a holiday.
The Cotswold shepherds, as their flocks they keep,
To put off lazy drowsiness and sleep
Shall sit to tell and hear thy story told,
That night shall come ere they their flocks can fold.

The Civil War interrupted Dover's games, but they were revived at the Restoration and in spite of Methodist opposition they survived until 1850. By then they had become the resort of miners and navvies and were thought too rowdy to be continued.

Unlike many beautiful places which have escaped both the Industrial Revolution and the main traffic routes, Campden has never become a mere ' show place '. This is largely due to the continuity of a tradition of craftsmanship from the earliest times to the present day. Not only the country occupations of farmer and shepherd, but such crafts as that of

CHIPPING CAMPDEN

mason, thatcher and builder have been handed on from father to son, employing much the same technique to-day as they did in the seventeenth century. The establishment in Campden of the Guild of Handicrafts has served not only to preserve the beauty of the town, but also to keep this tradition alive.

OXFORD

Oxford, unlike Cambridge, has always been closely involved in the political and religious controversies of the times, a fact due in part to its situation in relation to the capital. In Saxon times its position on the waterway to London made Oxford an important town which was the centre of Alfred's wars with the Danes. From the Castle built by the Conqueror, Matilda escaped by night across the frozen river ; on the site where now stands Worcester College, Henry I built a royal palace ; the city walls, part of which can still be seen in the gardens of New College, were refortified as late as the seventeenth century ; at Christ Church, Charles I held his court in the Civil War when Oxford was an armed camp ; in the Divinity Schools, Cranmer was tried for heresy and Charles II held the last Parliament of his reign ; in Lincoln College Methodism was born and in Oriel, the Tractarian Movement. From the thirteenth century onwards, however, the importance of Oxford was due to the University, whose opinions kings and statesmen canvassed rather than those of the town.

The growth of the University (if we ignore the claim of University College to have been founded by Alfred) dates from the twelfth century, by the end of which Oxford was recognised as a *Studium Generale*, organised in Faculties. In the thirteenth century came the beginning of collegiate life



OXFORD, THE OLD CITY WALLS IN NEW COLLEGE GARDEN

OXFORD

with the foundation of Merton College. Mob Quad, the oldest quadrangle in Oxford, the Library, the thirteenth century choir of the chapel and the cobbled road leading to the Gate, all preserve the medieval flavour of this College, which was the pattern for all subsequent foundations. As at Cambridge the Dominicans and Franciscans played a great part in the development of the University and produced some of the greatest of medieval schoolmen—Grosstête, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus and William of Ockham. New College, originally St. Mary's College of Winchester in Oxford, was the achievement of the famous medieval educationalist, William of Wykeham. Its quadrangle, entered from New College Lane, is practically as it was in the fourteenth century, while its position within the old city walls makes it look almost like a castle. Throughout the Middle Ages piety, zeal for learning and even, as in the case of Balliol College, repentance for sin increased the number of the colleges.

The growth of the University, however, was attended by considerable friction with the town. In John's reign an attack on the students led to their flight to Cambridge and Paris while the town lay under a Papal Interdict until the citizens did penance by walking barefoot to the graves of the scholars slain in the riot. On St. Scholastica's Day, 1354, a fight in an ale-house became a pitched battle, the townsmen being called out by the bell of St. Martin's Church and the students by that of St. Mary's. The fight continued until the students were overpowered by a force of 2,000 countrymen who had poured into the town to help the citizens. Edward III, however, decided

O X F O R D

the quarrel in favour of the University, to whom he gave a charter and many privileges while the Mayor and citizens were ordered as a penance to attend a Mass annually in the University Church on St. Scholastica's Day, and make an offering of 40 pence, which they continued to do until 1826.

It is impossible here to tell the history of the colleges, but the exceptional character of Christ Church as both a college and a cathedral makes it of special interest. Within its magnificent Renaissance quadrangle, dominated by Tom Tower, can be seen the medieval spire of the Cathedral, formerly the Priory Church of St. Frideswide. In 1524 Wolsey obtained permission to suppress the Priory and appropriate its revenue for the foundation of Cardinal College. But before Wolsey's splendid plans had been carried out he had fallen from power and it was left for Henry VIII to reconstitute the College and transfer to its Church the see of Oxford (formerly at Oseney). Thus the College has a Dean as its head and a Cathedral as its College Chapel. From the Tower built by Wren, Great Tom rings nightly, at five minutes past nine, 101 times in memory of the number of students in Henry VIII's foundation.

The century of the Reformation, though it witnessed the growth of the New Learning at Oxford, was also a time of destruction and the falling off of scholars. Mary's reign brought the famous trials of the Reformers which ended in the burning of Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer outside Balliol College. The University revived under Elizabeth, but it tended from that time to become more the resort of the sons of the gentry and less that of the poor scholar. The greatest

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achievement of the period was the refounding of Duke Humphrey's Library by Sir Thomas Bodley, which resulted in the magnificent library of which Fuller said 'if there be any books wanting on any subject it is because the world does not afford them.' Much building took place in the reign of James I, the pedant whom the University described as 'the most learned, the most munificent and altogether the best of kings'. Laud, first as President of St. John's and later as Chancellor, left his mark on the University by the building of Convocation House, by drawing up the Code which governed the University until 1854, and also in that Anglican character which was for so long its distinguishing feature.

Oxford was thus, apart from its position in relation to London, a fitting headquarters for the King in the Civil War. The University was enthusiastically loyal; its colleges gladly sent their plate to the king; Merton welcomed Queen Henrietta Maria while Christ Church became Charles I's Court. The scholastic life was interrupted while the students drilled in the Port Meadow, the Queen's ladies amused themselves in Merton gardens, Prince Rupert placed his guns in Magdalen Grove and armies came and went in their unsuccessful attempts to take London. In April 1646 the King finally left Oxford, which surrendered to Fairfax. The University, however, retained its Royalist complexion and was for this reason chosen by Charles II for the meeting of Parliament in the height of the Exclusion Bill excitement. The Whigs arrived in the Tory stronghold armed and determined to force the Bill through, but the King outwitted them and dissolved

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Parliament, remarking cheerfully to Lord Ailesbury, 'You had better have one King than five hundred.' Yet James II, by attempting to force a Catholic President on Magdalen College, succeeded in alienating the affections of the University ; but though Oxford acquiesced in ' the Glorious Revolution ', it never liked either William III or the House of Hanover and after the death of Anne it became a hot-bed of Jacobitism. Though the Jacobitism waned with the century, Anglicanism was still strong enough to lead to the expulsion of Wesley. Dr. Johnson, on being told by Boswell that the expulsion was very hard, 'for I am told they were good beings,' replied firmly, 'I believe they might be good beings but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. A cow is a very good animal in the field but we turn her out of the garden.'

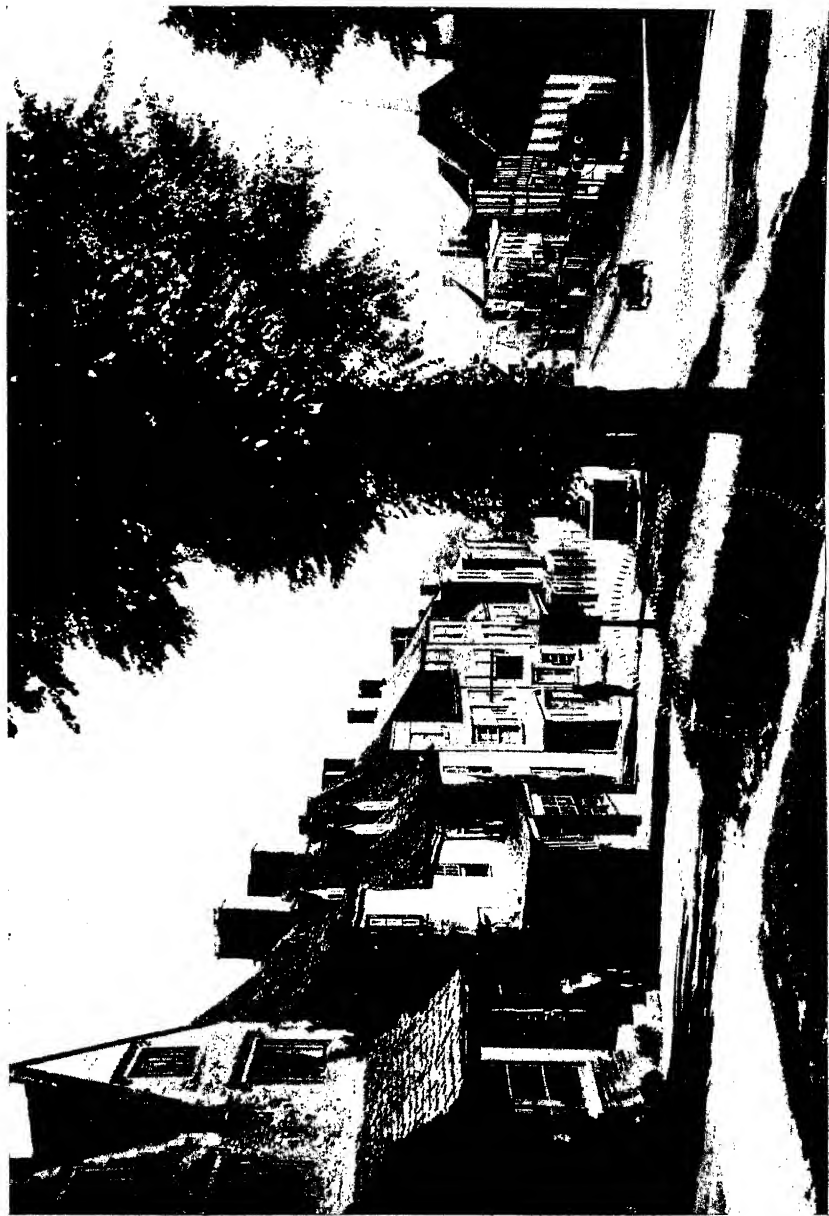
Though the nineteenth century brought reform and intellectual revival to Oxford, it has remained tenacious of its traditions. On Christmas Day the Boar's Head is still carried in to the High Table of Queen's and on New Year's Eve the Bursar still presents the Fellows with a needle and thread saying, 'Take this, and be thrifty ;' once every hundred years the Fellows of All Souls hunt the Mallard with lanterns and staves, and every May Day morning at 4 o'clock the choristers of Magdalen salute the dawn from its tower. To make one's way from Magdalen Bridge, where the lovely tower stands sentinel at the entrance to the city, to the Radcliffe Square, the heart of the University, is to pass through streets where the Middle Ages, the eighteenth century and the modern world

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rub shoulders. Then, if one climbs to the roof of the Radcliffe Camera, one of the most perfect classical buildings in the country, the pattern of Oxford with its towers and spires becomes plain. It is not, however, in its buildings only that the charm of Oxford consists, for it is in the peace of college gardens like those of St. John's and New College that the sense of continuity is most strongly felt.

BURFORD

Burford, which disputes with Chipping Campden the title of the loveliest of the Cotswold towns, was also a wool town but, unlike Campden, it was pre-eminently a town of tradesmen. Its wealthier burgesses were clothiers rather than wool men, and a far greater variety of subsidiary occupations, such as drapers, shearmen, tailors, dyers and nappers, flourished in the town. The houses in the broad High Street, which climbs sharply from the river, are many of them built with an entrance for packhorses through the house to the workshop or wool shed at the back. Burford was a market not only for wool and cloth, but also for a variety of commodities such as live stock, fish and wine, while its saddles were regarded as gifts fit for kings. As might be expected Burford was a very democratic town, the government being in the hands of the burgesses until the seventeenth century. With the exception of the occupants of the Priory, the families famous in Burford history have been merchants and tradesmen such as Simon Wisdom, founder of the Grammar School, and the Sylvesters whose tombs in the church, with their merchant marks and the arms of guilds such as the barber-surgeons, mercers and vintners, still further emphasise the character of the town. The lords of the manor of Burford in early times were too important to concern themselves much with the place, though one of them, Warwick the



BURFORD

Kingmaker, founded the almshouses. It was not until the sixteenth century when it passed to Sir Laurence Tanfield that a squire lived in the town. The Elizabethan Priory house was built by Tanfield, whose handsome tomb is in Burford Church. His lady, who erected this monument, evidently felt that her husband's merits deserved a tomb in Westminster Abbey, for the inscription concludes with the words :

Pitty his memory ingaged should stand
Unto a privat church, not to the land.

The townspeople of Burford, however, had no reason to love him, for it was he who caused the issue of a writ of Quo Warranto by which the Corporation was deprived of its powers. Tanfield is chiefly memorable as the grandfather of 'that incomparable young man', Lucius Carey, Lord Falkland, whose effigy also appears on the tomb.

Lucius Carey was born in 1610 at his grandfather's house and from him he inherited both the Priory and the manor of Great Tew, where he subsequently lived. Such was his charm and intelligence that his house at Great Tew was, in the words of Clarendon, 'a college situated in a purer air,' frequented by the scholars of Oxford. Though averse from public office he accepted the post of Secretary of State to Charles I shortly before the Civil War. He fought gallantly for the King, but the war plunged him in sadness. He told his friends that 'the very agony of war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him and would shortly break his heart.'

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He lost no opportunity of exposing himself in battle and at the first Battle of Newbury he was killed at the age of thirty-four, 'having so much despatched the business of life, that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence.'

The Priory had been sold by Carey to William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons. Lenthall, whose long Parliamentary career ended with his being dragged from the Speaker's chair by Cromwell's soldiers, distinguished himself earlier by his famous reply to Charles I. The King, ignoring the privilege of Parliament, had entered the House to arrest five of its members. Not seeing them he asked the Speaker where they were, to which Lenthall replied, 'Sir, I have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear save as this House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am.' The Lenthall family owned the Priory until the early nineteenth century and the curious chapel to the house was built by them.

Burford's situation on the route to the Royalist headquarters at Oxford made it the scene of considerable activity during the Civil War. In 1642 a skirmish took place round the market cross between Sir John Byron's regiment and 200 Parliamentary dragoons. Later Charles I twice passed through on his way to Oxford, on one occasion spending the night at the George Inn and attending service in Church the next morning. The Church was to witness a grim scene later in the war, for in 1649 some of the Parliamentary mutineers were imprisoned in it. (On the font are scribbled the words

BURFORD

‘Antony Sedley prisner’.) Cromwell arrived in person to try the prisoners ; three were condemned to be shot in the churchyard, while their comrades watched their execution from the roof of the Sylvester Chapel. One was reprieved at the last minute, protesting, ‘I am not worthy of such mercy, I am more ashamed to live than afraid to die.’ He was then made to preach a sermon in the church, which he did ‘howling and weeping like a crocodile.’

In spite of the war, the seventeenth century was a prosperous one for Burford. Many fine houses were built then for the new class of men of leisure who were beginning to settle there. The Bibury races were held on the Downs near Burford. In 1681 the Newmarket Plate was run there, and Charles II, who was holding Parliament at Oxford, rode hawking over the Downs from Witney to attend the race. He was afterwards presented by the town with a silver-laced saddle and he dined with Lenthall at the Priory. It is not surprising that the town was famed for its good inns—there were at least fourteen in existence at that time. The coaching days still further increased the importance of Burford, for it lay on the road from the west to London. In twenty-four hours as many as forty coaches with spirited names such as *The Rapid*, *The Mazeppa* and *The Retaliator*, would pass through the town. The nineteenth century, however, saw a decline in the fortunes of Burford. The Priory was allowed to fall into ruins, the coaching traffic gradually disappeared, the Bibury races ceased to be run. But fortunately Burford, like Rye and Campden, has attracted to it lovers of beauty who have preserved and restored

BURFORD

it. To-day the rich variety of its architecture embodies its past history ; modern development has hardly touched the town which, secure in its hollow, lets the traffic of the industrial world rush past the top of its High Street.

MALMESBURY

‘**T**he toune of Malmesbyri standeth on the very toppe of a great slaty rock, and is wonderfully defendid by nature, for Newton water cummith a two miles from north to the toune ; and Avon water cummith by west of the toune from Lokington a four miles off, and meet about a bridge at the south east parte of the toune.’ Thus Leland described the situation of Malmesbury, whose Abbey Church, which he called ‘ a right magnificent thing ’, still crowns the hill. This Abbey was the home of one of the most famous of medieval historians—William of Malmesbury—and from him and from other chroniclers we learn of the foundation of the Abbey in the seventh century by Maidulph, ‘ a Scot, as they say, by nation, a philosopher by erudition and a monk by profession.’ He, being ‘ so much molested in his own country by thieves and robbers that he could scarce live ’, came to England and settled in a hermitage on the site of the present Abbey. There, ‘ being destitute of necessaries he chose to himself scholars to instruct, to improve the meanness of his subsistence by their liberality.’ This hermitage developed into a monastery which was given, in 673, the land called ‘ Maidulphsburgh’. It also became a famous school, where St. Aldhelm, afterwards Abbot of Malmesbury for thirty-four years, studied as a boy.



MALMESBURY ABBEY, INTERIOR OF THE SOUTH PORCH

MALMESBURY

St. Aldhelm, who was of royal birth, also studied at Canterbury under Abbot Hadrian, the great classical scholar, and became himself one of the most learned men of his day. He was able to read and write Latin, Greek and Hebrew; he was a student of law and philosophy and also, which he found far more difficult, of arithmetic. He dearly loved verse-making and singing and it is said that St. Dunstan, 'for his sake who loved music,' gave the Church an organ. St. Aldhelm evidently used music as an aid to conversion, for we are told that, 'seeing with sorrow the little effect the services of religion had on the peasants . . . he placed himself on the bridge across the Avon, which they had to cross on their way home, in the garb of a minstrel, and when he had arrested the crowd and fully enthralled their attention by the sweetness of his song, he gradually introduced into his popular lay some of the solemn truths of religion and thus won many hearts to the faith.' He was a great church builder; not only did he build the Abbey Church at Malmesbury, which rivalled in beauty that of St. Wilfred at Hexham, but also a chapel to St. Laurence at Bradford-on-Avon and Sherborne Abbey, of which he was made Bishop in 705. He died in 709 and was buried in Malmesbury Abbey.

Until the coming of the Danes, Malmesbury was a centre not only of religion, but also of secular learning. One monk even experimented in aviation. He made a pair of wings with which he attempted to fly from the tower, but he fell to the ground, breaking his legs. In the ninth century the monastery was burnt to the ground by the Danes and had to be rebuilt

MALMESBURY

from the foundations by Athelstan in 941. Not only did King Athelstan endow the Abbey with lands and sacred relics, but he also gave the townspeople, as a reward for their valour in battle, a large grant of land with commoners' rights which are held to this day. On inheriting this land, which is now in the form of allotments, a man receives a sod from the steward, who striking him on the back with a twig cut on the land says, 'Turf and twig, I give to thee, same as King Athelstan gave to me.' Tradition assigns the Gothic altar-tomb on the north side of the sanctuary to Athelstan, who was buried at Malmesbury.

Frequent fires destroyed the pre-conquest Abbey and it was not until 1142 that the magnificent Romanesque Church was built. This took place during the time of Bishop Roger of Sarum, who having annexed Malmesbury to his see, also built a castle there to over-awe both monks and citizens. From the western part, which alone survived the Dissolution of the Monasteries, it is apparent that in Malmesbury was reached the perfection of the Romanesque style in this country. Its two most remarkable features are the façade of the west front and the wonderful south porch. The latter, which is comparable only to those in France and Italy, consists of an outer arch of eight members, richly sculptured; a vaulted porch with wall arcades, above which are panels of the twelve Apostles; an inner doorway of three beautifully carved members, surmounted by the figure of Christ, supported by two flying angels. It is thought possible by experts that the carving of this tympanum may be from the pre-conquest church, in which case it is a relic of the golden age of Saxon art. Within, the

MALMESBURY

Church, except for some later features, is Transitional Norman in character.

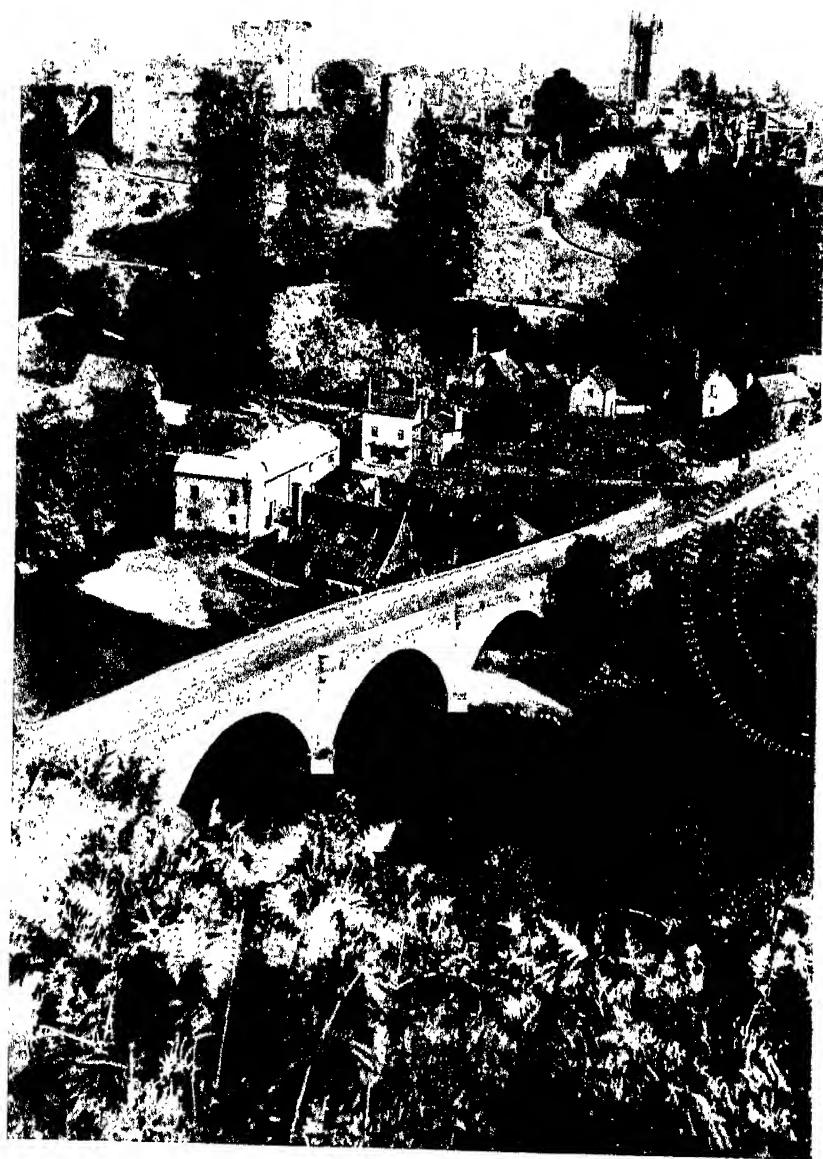
Enough now remains to show what was lost when, at the Dissolution, it was sold for demolition to William Stumpe, 'an exceeding rich clothier,' for the sum of £1,516 15s. 2½d. Stumpe destroyed the east end of the Church, used part of the monastic buildings and the Church on the south side of the Abbey for his looms and allowed the town to have the rest of the Abbey Church for a parish church. The monastic library, which had been begun in the days of St. Aldhelm, was also destroyed; some of the manuscripts were used by Malmesbury glovers to wrap up their goods; others were used to scour guns, while some were used by one of Stumpe's descendants to stop the bung holes of his barrels of ale. Henry VIII seems to have had no qualms about his handiwork. He paid an unexpected visit to Malmesbury when out hunting with his retinue in Bradon forest and was regaled by Stumpe with a meal intended for his workmen. The only architectural benefit conferred on the town by Henry VIII is the octagonal market cross which Leland describes as a 'right fair and costly piece of work in the market place, made all of stone, and curiously vaulted for the poore market folkes to stande dry when rayne cummith'. But this, charming though it is, is poor consolation for the loss of the Abbey.

LUDLOW

Henry James in his *Portraits of Places* writes of Ludlow :

The little city is perched upon a hill ; it has a remarkable air of old civic dignity. Its streets are wide and clean, empty and a little grass grown and bordered with spacious, mildly ornamental houses, which look as if there had been more going on in there in the first decade of the century than there is in the present but which can still nevertheless hold up their heads and keep their window panes clean, their knockers brilliant and their door-steps whitened.

It is hardly surprising that there should be an air of departed greatness about this beautiful country town, for once it was the capital of fourteen counties, the seat of the Council of the Marches and its castle, a royal residence. From the eleventh century onwards Ludlow was the scene of baronial and border wars which are so fraught with romantic incident that one hesitates to believe in them. To the days of warfare succeeded the peaceful splendour and civic dignity of the Tudor period, which has left its mark on the architecture of town and castle alike. This was the golden age of the Council of the Marches, which in the next century was to fall into such disfavour that it was finally abolished in 1689, and with its passing the great days of Ludlow were over. It still preserved, however, its character as the winter residence of the Shrop-



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shire gentry, who preferred the comfort of the spacious town houses in Broad Street to their manor houses, isolated by the impassable roads. No doubt their daughters also preferred the balls and assemblies of Ludlow to the tedium of the country in winter. The architecture of Ludlow enshrines the phases of its past. The castle, part medieval stronghold, part Tudor mansion ; St. Laurence's Church and the Reader's House with their memories of the College of Palmers and the pilgrims who passed through Ludlow on their way to St. Winifred's Well ; the magnificent black and white timbering of the Feathers Inn built in the early seventeenth century, and the quiet dignity of the eighteenth century town houses.

The finest view of Ludlow Castle is from Dinham Bridge, where one can look up at the grey curtain walls and bastion towers rising above the trees which grow on the slopes of the Castle hill. Its history is associated with two great border families—the de Lacys and the Mortimers, Roger de Lacy in the reign of Rufus being the builder of its square keep and circular chapel. From the time of Stephen, however, the castle was in the hands of a knight called Joce de Dinan, the bitter enemy of the Mortimers and de Lacys, and it was he who enlarged the castle and constructed the double moat. The story of his adventures and those of his son-in-law, Fulk Fitz-Warine, in their wars with their enemies is told in a thrilling thirteenth century *Romance of the FitzWarines*. Here it is only possible to tell of a few incidents which are associated with different parts of the castle.

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From one window a skilfully thrown grappling iron hooked the son of the King of Scots, who was assisting Stephen in the siege of the castle, and would have carried off this valuable hostage, but for the personal valour of King Stephen. In Mortimer's Tower was imprisoned Hugh de Mortimer, ambushed by Joce de Dinan while out hunting and only released on a payment of 3,000 marks. A few years later a pitched battle was fought in Dinham fields between de Lacy and Joce, in which the former and two of his knights were captured and imprisoned in Pendover Tower. From this they escaped, in the time-honoured manner by tying sheets together, thanks to the help of Marion de la Bruere, who had fallen in love with one of their number, Arnold de Lys. Later when Joce was abroad with most of his knights Marion informed her lover, who plotted with de Lacy to take the castle. So when Marion let in Arnold at night by a cord from a window she also unwittingly admitted a hundred armed knights who had been waiting in the woods. These overpowered the garrison and by morning the Castle was theirs. Marion, furious at the treachery of her lover, killed him with his own sword and leapt to death from the window. In spite of determined assaults on the Castle, in the course of which the massive door of the outer ward was burnt with a fire of bacon grease, Joce failed to retake it, for De Lacy had called in the Welsh to his assistance. Eventually, however, his son-in-law Fulk regained the Castle, thanks to the favour of Henry II, only to lose it again when John became King. Fulk's subsequent adventures as an outlaw are of the same legendary character as those of Robin Hood.

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After passing through the hands of the Mortimers the Castle became the property of Richard, Duke of York, and thus Ludlow was a great Yorkist centre in the Wars of the Roses. In 1459, an encounter took place in the fields by Ludlow Bridge between the rival forces, but as the major part of the Yorkist force changed sides in the night the leaders had no alternative but flight and Ludlow was sacked by the Lancastrians. Edward, son of Richard of York, avenged his father's death the following year by a victory at Mortimer's Cross, three miles from Ludlow, after which he was crowned in London. With his accession Ludlow entered on its most prosperous period for it became a royal residence. Edward IV sent his two sons to live there, under the guardianship of Lord Rivers, making the elder nominal President of the Council of the Marches, which he set up to subdue the turbulence of the border families. Here the princes remained till their father's death in 1483 and it was in Ludlow that Edward V was proclaimed King before setting out on the journey to London which ended in death in the Tower. Much building took place in Ludlow during this reign, including the Fletchers' Chapel and the tower of St. Laurence Church. The beautiful carved stalls with their misereres, which portray contemporary satires such as the wicked ale-wife being carried off to hell with her false measure and a bishop with a fox's head preaching to a congregation of geese, are of the same period.

Under Henry VII, Ludlow remained a royal residence for he sent his eldest son Prince Arthur to hold court there and he himself paid frequent visits to it. It was to Ludlow that the

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young prince brought his bride Catherine of Aragon, and for her the walk beneath the Castle walls known as 'The Queen's Walk' was constructed. With the death of the prince in 1502 Ludlow ceased to be a royal court, but the Council of the Marches continued. In 1535 Henry VIII abolished the Marches, turning them into shires, and gave Wales representation in Parliament. This ended the importance of the families of Lords Marcher, but the Council had a hard struggle for many years to suppress the lawlessness which still prevailed on the border. The duties of the Council ranged from the curbing of the 'over-mighty subject' to such small matters as dealing with 'outlandish people called Egyptians, using no craft or feats of merchandise', but 'bearing in hand that they by palmistry could tell men and women's fortunes;' the repression of the local habit of attending church and markets wearing 'livery coats, shirts of mail, quilted doublets—and carrying long staves, bills of unlawful size, swords and bucklers;' the 'forestalling and regrating' of prices; the playing of unlawful games, and the perennial complaint of too many ale-houses.

Of those who held office as Lord President the most notable was Sir Henry Sidney, who during his twenty-seven years in Ludlow carried out many improvements in town and Castle. The gateway of the Castle and the Tudor buildings to the right are his work and it was he who supplied the town with pure water in pipes. So much money did he spend and so little reward did he receive from Queen Elizabeth that shortly before his death he lamented that he was '£5,000 in

LUDLOW

debt and £30,000 worse than at the death of my dear King and master Edward VI.'

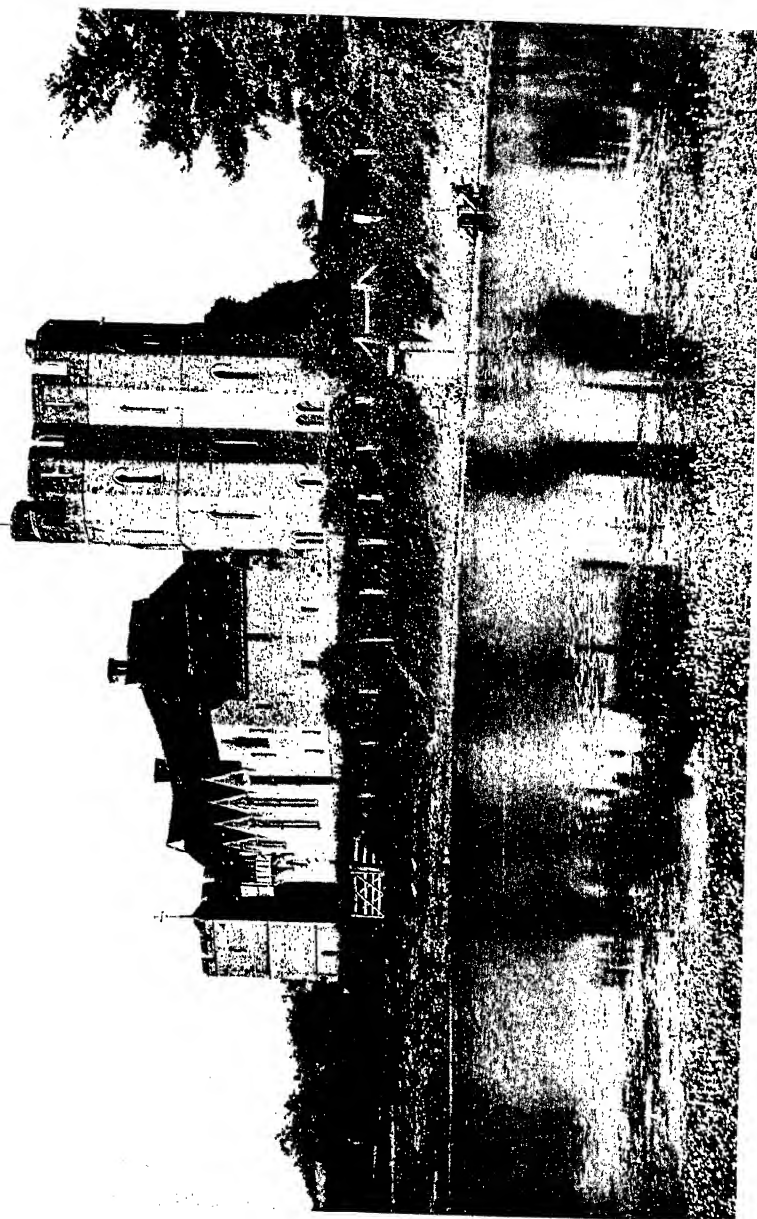
It was in the Council Chamber in 1634 that Milton's masque of *Comus* was acted in honour of another Lord President, the Earl of Bridgewater, whose children took part in it. But the Council had by now become unpopular and it was abolished by the Long Parliament just before the Civil War. Ludlow was one of the last castles in Shropshire to hold out for the King, but it was taken in 1646 and then began the decay of the building. The officer in charge wrote in 1656, 'I pray you present my humble service to his Highness, and desire him to repair me a lodging in Ludlow Castle or pull it down and give me ground to build on. It puts you to charge and will one of these days, I fear, fall down and knock somebody on the head—it goes to rack most miserably.' The Council had a brief resurrection in 1689, but the Castle was allowed to decay and the ruin was completed when the lead was stripped from the roof in the eighteenth century.

Now the life of Ludlow is that of a market town but it still possesses an air of distinction which sets it apart from any other country town.

STOKESAY CASTLE

Seven miles from Ludlow, on the river Onny, stands Stokesay Castle, one of the few surviving fortified manor-houses of the thirteenth century. Originally Stoke manor was the property of the Border family of de Lacy. The suffix of 'Say' was due to the occupation of the manor by the family of that name for two hundred years as tenants of the de Lacys. It was, however, Lawrence de Ludlow, of wealthy merchant stock, who gave the manor its character as a castle, by obtaining from Edward in 1290 a 'licence to crenellate'. This meant that the domestic buildings were now defended by a moat, crossed by a drawbridge and entered through a gatehouse in the curtain-walls. They were further strengthened by the building of a tower with narrow windows towards the courtyard and battlements with a small look-out tower. At the other end of the great hall a smaller tower was built. Stokesay thus presents the unique appearance of a manor house fortified after the erection of its domestic buildings.

The interest of Stokesay is primarily architectural for it took no part in the Border wars of the Middle Ages, its first and last encounter being in the Civil War. In that war it was garrisoned for the King by Sir Samuel Baldwin and was besieged in 1645. The place was obviously unsuited to a prolonged resistance and at the second summons it was surren-



E. Chamber Hardman, F.R.P.S.

STOKESAY CASTLE

dered. A desperate effort to recover it was made by the governor of Ludlow and the 'gallantry of Hereford', but they were defeated in a battle on the meadows on the opposite side of the valley. About a hundred of the Royalists were killed including 'Sir William Croft, the best headpiece and activest man in that county'. But though Parliament ordered the castle to be 'slighted', no more was done than the destruction of the battlements of the north tower. The castle was inhabited by the Baldwin family until 1706 when it ceased to be a gentleman's house and was used for farm buildings until it was repaired first by Lord Craven and then by the present owner.

Stokesay at the present time has a charming appearance. The old gate-house was replaced in Elizabethan times by the present quaint half-timbered structure over whose archway are displayed the figures of Adam and Eve and the serpent. This leads into the courtyard on the opposite side of which stands the great hall with its open timber roof, the rafters of which rest on built out corbels. This room was warmed by a central hearth and has no fire-place. The size and shape of its mullioned windows show clearly that defence was not considered when they were built. Inside the hall at the north end is a wooden staircase leading on the first floor to two apartments known as the priest's rooms and on the upper floor to a well-lighted room with a fine fire-place. A later half-timbered addition to this room gives it a distinctive character seen from without. At the opposite end of the hall are two small rooms and a cellar. Above, approached by an external stairway is the solar, or lord's with-drawing room. This has windows

STOKESAY CASTLE

similar to those in the hall and also two very small windows with shutters through which the lord could keep an eye on proceedings in the hall. The solar, which was the room chiefly used by later tenants of the castle, has fine panelling and an elaborately carved chimney-piece of the period of Charles II. Beyond is the south tower or keep with three storeys, a single room on each floor, lighted by unglazed lancet windows.

The whole thus presents, in the words of Henry James, 'a capital example of what the French call a small "gentil-homme" of the thirteenth century,' which enables us easily to picture the daily life of the period.

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Leland, in his *Itinerary of England* in the sixteenth century, writes :

The town of Shrobbesbyrie standeth on a rocky hill of stone of a sad red earth and Severn so girdeth in all the town that saving a little piece it were an isle.

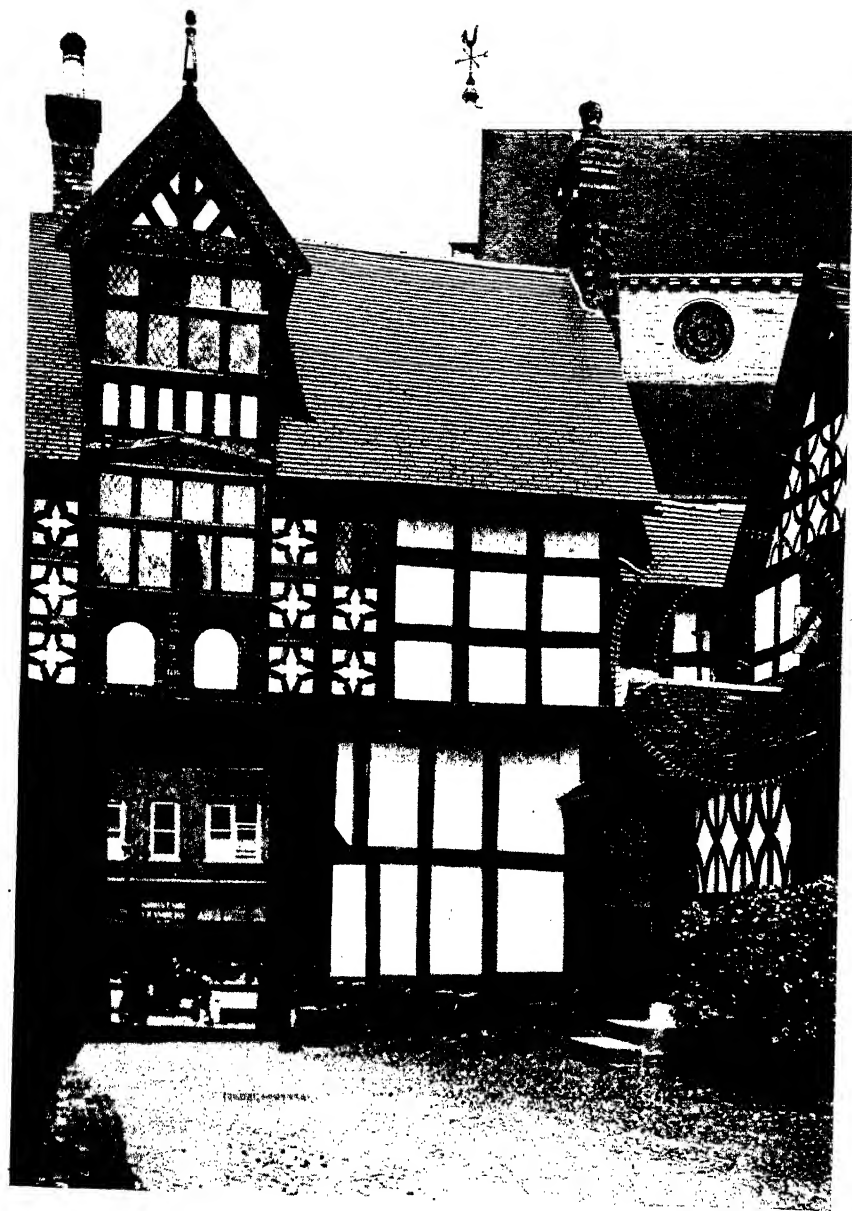
This situation, which gives to modern Shrewsbury so much of its charm made it an ideal site for a town in the days when defence was the first consideration. For Shrewsbury has had to withstand attacks from its early days when, under its British name of Pengwern, it was the capital of the kingdom of Powis, to the days when Offa the Mercian Saxonised it, renaming it Shrobbesbury, and to the most stirring time in its history when after the Norman Conquest it became a great Border stronghold against the Welsh. The names of the bridges—the English bridge and the Welsh bridge—mark its character as a Border town and though in peaceful times the Welsh crossed the bridge with bales of cloth for Shrewsbury market, there were many occasions when they marched against it with fire and sword. Leland, describing the Old Welsh bridge, says,

This bridge . . . has at one end of it a great gate to enter by into the city and at the other end towards Wales a mighty strong tower to prohibit enemies to enter on to the bridge.

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But though Shrewsbury has a castle and walls, it was never a feudal town in character ; though it possessed an abbey, it was not a monastic town, for it developed early in its history that strong individuality which still marks it to-day. For while other towns with narrow wynds and lovely black and white timbered houses have become ' sights ' for the tourist to gaze at, Shrewsbury is as alive and busy as ever in her history yet without having become a prey to industrialism. Nor has Shrewsbury been exclusively a ' burghers town ', for many of the lovely houses still standing, such as Whitehall, Vaughan's Place, Owen's Mansion, Ireland's Mansion, were the town houses of county families who came into Shrewsbury for the winter and who played an important part in the life of the town. Shrewsbury is the meeting place of town and country, through whose streets pass bedecked cart-horses on their way to be sold, farmers in leather gaiters and women carrying baskets of butter and eggs and bunches of country flowers. And if the exterior of the new market is less attractive than the old Renaissance Market Hall where the statue of Richard, Duke of York, looks down with some surprise on the buses which now wait in the square, the interior is fascinating to anyone who loves country life.

Shrewsbury at the time of the Norman Conquest was a town of 252 burgesses whose houses clustered on the high ground of Pride Hill, Butcher's Row and Dogpole while the slopes down to the Severn were cultivated or used for grazing. The surrounding district shares with the Isle of Ely the distinction of being a centre of heroic resistance to the Conquest,



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the leader being a Saxon thegn called Edric the Wild, whose exploits have passed into legend. Meantime the Earldom of Shrewsbury had been conferred upon Roger de Montgomery, one of the most famous of the companions of the Conqueror, who had contributed sixty ships to the Conquest of England and commanded the right wing of the French mercenaries at the Battle of Hastings. A castle was built by the first Norman lord of Shrewsbury, but few traces of it survive in the present castle which is mainly Edwardian in character. Later in life he refounded the Priory of Much Wenlock for the monks of Cluny and founded on the site of a small wooden church on the banks of the Severn, the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter and Paul. There he retired before his death and was buried in the Abbey Church between the Holy Altar and the Lady Chapel.

As a result of the rebellion of his son, Robert de Belesme, the Earldom of Shrewsbury was forfeited to the Crown to the great joy of the townspeople, who gained many privileges and charters from successive sovereigns. But from the thirteenth century onwards Shrewsbury was closely involved in the struggles between the Plantagenet kings and the Welsh princes. In the reign of John, Llewellyn ap Iorworth attacked Shrewsbury and held it for a time. Henry III was frequently in Shrewsbury fruitlessly negotiating with the Welsh, but his son Edward determined on conquest. After a protracted struggle Edward I succeeded in defeating Llewellyn II and his brother David, and it was in Shrewsbury that the latter was condemned to death and executed with the customary bar-

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barity. One result of these wars was the building of the walls of Shrewsbury and the strengthening of the Castle, which developed into a typical concentric fortress with curtain walls.

In 1398 Richard II held his Great Parliament in Shrewsbury at which he induced it to grant him the export tax on wool for life and to place the authority for making laws in the hands of a small committee of his friends. This attempt at despotic government resulted in his overthrow the following year by his cousin Henry Bolingbroke. It was three miles from Shrewsbury, at a place called Battlefield, that Henry Bolingbroke fought in 1403 to keep the Crown he had won from Richard. His position was a critical one. Owen Glyndwr was in arms in Wales ; the Scots had invaded the North of England and were only kept in check by the Northumberland Percies. Henry IV was on his way north when he heard that the Percies had revolted and, with a large army including their former Scots prisoners led by Lord Archibald Douglas, were on their way to join Glyndwr in Wales. The young Prince Henry, who was at Shrewsbury, was in great peril, for his adviser, Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, deserted to the enemy, while Harry Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland, pressed south through Cheshire where he was joined by hundreds of Cheshire archers and Welsh, wearing Richard's badge of the white hart. Henry IV, however, by forced marches, reached Shrewsbury before Hotspur, who found the town strongly held against him and the army of Glyndwr still a hundred miles away at Carmarthen. Hotspur fell back on Upper Berwick and there

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received an offer of peace brought by the Abbot of Shrewsbury. This offer was refused and on Friday, 21st July, the rebel forces faced battle with an army nearly double in numbers. Hotspur is said to have left his sword behind at Berwick and on hearing the name of the place a presentiment of his fate came to him for he said, ' I perceive my plough is drawing towards its last furrow for an old wizard in Northumberland foretold that I should perish at Berwick, which I vainly interpreted as that town in the north.'

The battle began with a hail of arrows from the Cheshire archers which caused great confusion in the royal ranks. Prince Henry was wounded in the face, the royal standard fell and a cry went up that the king was killed. Henry IV, however, rallied his men by his personal prowess. Meantime Hotspur and Douglas rode into the thick of the battle seeking personal combat with the King. At length Hotspur was killed, and in the words of Shakespeare :

His death,—whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,—
Being bruited once, took heart and fire away
From the best tempered courage in his troops ;
For from his metal was his party steeled;
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy with Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester

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Too soon ta'en prisoner ; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turned their backs ; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took.

The slaughter had been terrible, particularly among the knights and gentry. Worcester was executed and the dead body of Hotspur was placed upright between two mill-stones near the pillory in Shrewsbury. On the site of the battle Henry built a church and a college of priests to pray for the souls of the dead. From over the East window of the church the effigy of the King looks towards Haughmond, whither his enemies fled.

Edward IV, who as a former Lord Marcher was familiar with the border country, founded the Council of the Marches, which sat yearly at Shrewsbury in the Council Houses adjoining the Castle. But though the town had received much favour from the Yorkist kings, it was obliged to admit Henry, Earl of Richmond, in 1485 when he came to Shrewsbury from Milford Haven where he had landed to claim the English throne. Master Mytton, 'the head Bailey', made a valiant show of resistance at first, saying that 'he knew no King save only King Richard whose lieutenants he and his fellows were and before he should enter there he should go over his belly, meaning thereby that he would be slain to the ground.' However, the following morning after some further discussion 'the said Mytton lay along the ground and his belly upwards, and so

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the said Earl stepped over him and saved his oath ; and so passing forth and marching forwards he came to Bosworth where the battle was fought between him and King Richard, in which King Richard was slain.' Henry VII frequently visited Shrewsbury, and the house in which he stayed on one occasion in Wyle Cop is still standing.

The Reformation did not arouse any violent feeling in Shrewsbury and though the monastic buildings of the Abbey were destroyed, the lovely Collegiate Church, which is remarkable for its stained glass, was unharmed. Shrewsbury School was founded at this time and in the reign of Elizabeth, thanks to a great schoolmaster, Ashton, it became very famous. Sir Henry Sidney, the President of the Council of the Marches, sent his son Philip there in 1564, and he was followed by his kinsman, Fulke Greville, and James Harrington.

In the Civil War, Charles I came to Shrewsbury, which was known to be loyal, after the setting up of his standard at Nottingham. A mint was set up on Pride Hill to convert into money the plate sent by the loyal gentry, and the Universities. The King borrowed £600 from the School chest, the gates were repaired and the Castle garrisoned. In 1644 Prince Rupert arrived and stayed at ' Master Jones, the lawyer's house ', but later in the same year, when the garrison had been reduced by Prince Maurice drawing them off to Chester, the town was stormed by a local Parliamentarian, General Mytton, and the Castle surrendered upon quarter.

Apart from a visit from James II, in 1687, the town did not see much more of royalty and the Council of the Marches,

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which had become unpopular, ceased to exist. The eighteenth century, however, was a time of great prosperity as the many Queen Anne and Georgian houses witness. Defoe, writing at the beginning of the century, says :

Shrewsbury is a beautiful, large, pleasant, populous and rich town ; full of gentry, and yet full of trade too ; for here likewise is a great manufacture as well of flannel as white broadcloth which enriches all the country round. . . . This is really a town of mirth and gallantry, something like Bury in Suffolk or Durham in the north, but much bigger than either of them or indeed than both together. . . . They speak all English in the town but in a market day you would think you were in Wales. Here is the greatest market, the greatest plenty of good provisions, and the cheapest that is to be met with in all the western part of England.

There were many coffee houses in the town and strong political feeling which was violently displayed at election times. Clive, whose statue stands in the market place, represented the town in 1774. It was in this century that the lovely trees in the Quarry were planted and that park was the scene of many festivities, as were the Lion Assembly rooms. A picture of the society of eighteenth-century Shrewsbury is drawn by Farquhar in his play *The Recruiting Officer*, which he wrote while staying at the Raven. The town was also a great coaching centre until the nineteenth century. Goods still came to Shrewsbury by river, in boats called ' Trows ', as well as by road and were unloaded at quays below Mardol and Watergate. Even Cobbett, who was apt to take a gloomy view of the agricultural situation in England, wrote with the

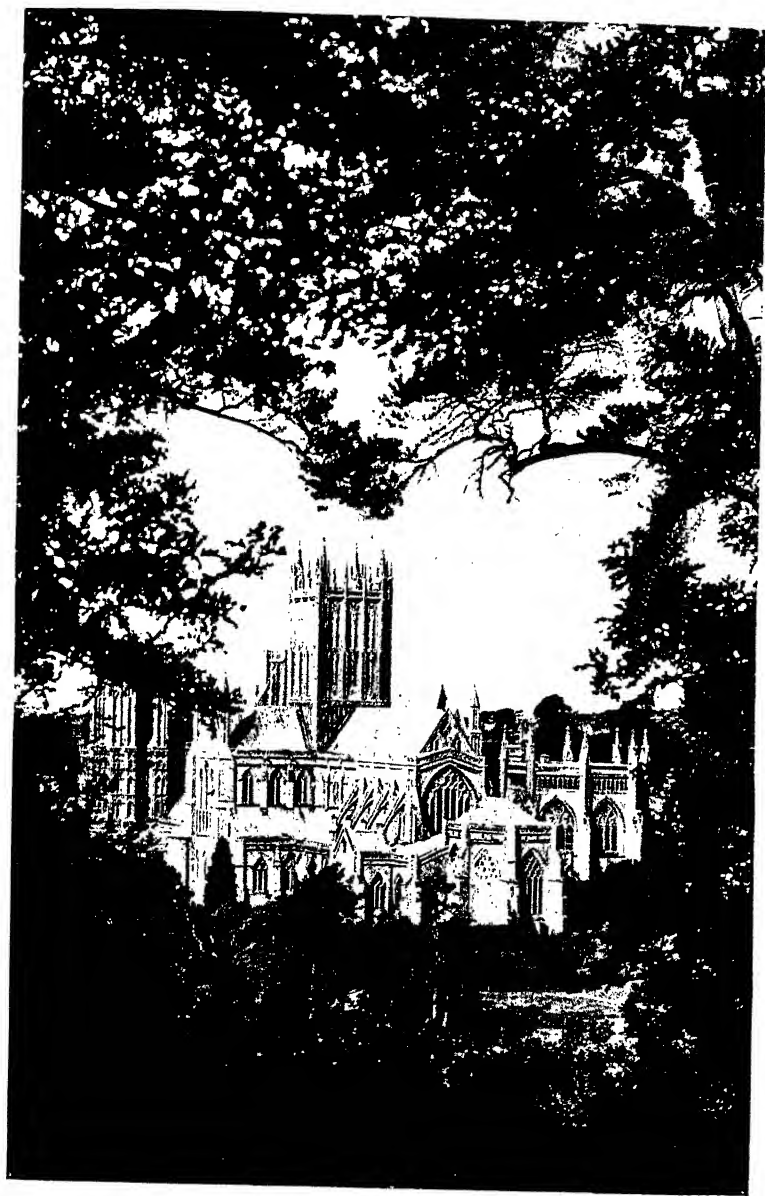
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greatest enthusiasm of Shrewsbury and its prosperity on his visit in 1830. He concluded his account with the words which seem equally appropriate to-day ; ‘ I cannot quit Shrewsbury without expressing the great satisfaction that I derived from my visit to that place.’

WELLS

It is from Tor Hill that the perfect rural setting of Wells, 'the Sovereign Lady of the West,' can best be appreciated. Like Ely, it is a purely ecclesiastical city. The town, carefully excluded by walls and gatehouses from the precincts of the Cathedral, has played no great part in history, nor has it been invaded by modern industrialism. Thus the beauty of the Cathedral, the feudal character of the Bishop's Palace and the quiet dignity of the Close, where as Defoe said, 'the Clergy live very handsomely', remain unspoilt.

The Roman settlement of Ad Fontes, the place of wells, springs and fountains, was chosen by St. Aldhelm in the eighth century as a site for a church in honour of St. Andrew, which by the tenth century had been raised to the rank of a Cathedral. After the Conquest, Wells suffered an eclipse for a time, for Bishop John of Tours disliked its rural quiet and transferred his see to the Abbey of Bath. Much of the ecclesiastical property was alienated and it was not till the twelfth century that Wells recovered her former rank, though now linked to Bath. It was in this century that the present Cathedral was begun, during the time of Bishop Reginald, to whom are attributed the western bays of the choir, the transepts and part of the nave. Under Bishop Jocelin, the great builder, the Transitional Norman style gave place to the pure Early



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English of the remainder of the nave and the magnificent west front, which in splendour of design rivals that of Chartres.

This façade, which has been called 'a perfect illustration of the balance between art and religion of the medieval builders', was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, whose Coronation is depicted over the central doorway. On its bays, tier upon tier stand the statues of the faithful departed, rising through a frieze of the Resurrection to where Christ sits enthroned with the twelve Apostles at His feet. Lovely as it is now, it is difficult to imagine its former glory when the sunset light fell on its colouring of gold, red and ultramarine. It is clear, not only from the west front, but from the carving of the capitals within the Cathedral and from the exquisite detail of the north door, 'the magna porta canonicorum', that sculptors of genius must have been at work in Wells.

The next great period of building was the fourteenth century. Its most remarkable achievements were the octagonal Chapter House with its virile fan-vaulted roof, springing from a central shaft; the beautiful flight of stairs by which it is approached; the Decorated Lady Chapel, originally a detached building, but now linked with the choir to form one of the finest east ends of any English Cathedral; the central tower, whose building necessitated the insertion in the nave of the curious inverted arches; and the golden glass of the east window. Much of this building took place during the episcopate of Ralph de Salopia (1329-1363), a vigorous prelate who was also responsible for the charming houses of Vicar's Close

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and for the distinctive character of the Bishop's Palace. For this Palace, which Leland describes as, ' ditched broadly and watered about by the water of St. Andrew's stream let into it . . . strongly walled and embattled castellike ', was the result of the bad relations between Ralph de Salopia and the townspeople, who were trying to free themselves from episcopal interference. In answer to this, the Bishop obtained a ' licence to crenellate ', walled in the old Palace of Bishop Jocelin and erected a strong gatehouse with moat, drawbridge and bastion towers. Further to mark his displeasure, he walled in the whole precincts from Sadler's Street along the Liberty to Vicar's Close. Whatever his motives, the result is incredibly picturesque. From within the gardens of the Palace, the most perfect view is obtained of the towers of the Cathedral, reflected in the pool which feeds the moat.

Fortunately better relations existed between the town and the fifteenth century Bishop Beckington. ' This kindly Bishop provided the town with a conduit of fresh water and made three gateways from the precincts, Penniless Porch (the haunt of the beggars), Brown's or the Dean's Gate and the Bishop's Eye, leading from the market place to the Palace. Further, to give dignity to the market place, he rebuilt its houses on the north and east sides. Another attractive feature of the Close, the hall of the Vicars Choral across the Bath Road, was also Beckington's work. A less worthy bishop, however, was Barlow, who held the See during the difficult days of the Reformation. In his time, some very curious shuffling of ecclesiastical property took place as a result of which the Palace

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passed for a time into lay hands. When the Bishop returned to the Palace, he obtained permission to pull down the very large and beautiful medieval banqueting-hall.

The Cathedral did not suffer very severely during the Reformation, though in the Civil War some damage was done both by the Puritans and Cavalier soldiery during their periodical occupation of the town. This entry from the margin of a book in the Chapter House library is probably typical of many such incidents. 'Wednesday, May 10th, being Ascension Eve, Mr. Alexander Popham's soldiers, he being a Colonel for Parliament, after dinner rushed into the Church, broke down the windows, organs, font, seats in the quire and the bishop's seat, besides many other villanies.' Again in 1685, the peace of Wells was broken when Monmouth's troops, many of them Mendip miners, were quartered in the town before the battle of Sedgemoor. Horses were stabled in the Cathedral and such was the Protestant zeal of some of the soldiers that they would have destroyed the High Altar had not Lord Grey, their commander, restrained them.

After the seventeenth century, no more alarms disturbed the city. Time seems to have stood still there, though the crowds that now throng into the Cathedral are not pilgrims on their way to Glastonbury, but have come to stand entranced before the famous Quarter Jack clock, whose knights have tilted hourly at each other since the Middle Ages.

GLASTONBURY

Glastonbury Tor, crowned by the tower of St. Michael's Chapel, rises like an island from the marshy plains which surround it. When these plains were covered by water, as in the days of the Lake dwellers of Meare and Godney, this hill was called by the men of the west the Isle of Avalon. To this place, in the early days of Christianity, came missionaries who built a little church of wattles on land given them by a British chieftain. According to one legend it was the Apostle Philip himself who was the founder of the Church. A later cycle of legends associates the place with St. Joseph of Arimathea, who, it is said, came to Britain bringing with him the Holy Grail. Landing at Wirral (Weary-all) Hill, St. Joseph stuck his staff into the ground, where it took root and became the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury, which blossomed each Christmas until it was cut down by a zealous Puritan in the seventeenth century.

The legends of Glastonbury grew with the centuries. We read of St. Patrick, a native of Somerset, returning after the conversion of the Irish to succeed St. Joseph as Abbot of Glastonbury ; of St. Collen, who fought the Prince of Darkness on the top of Tor Hill and founded there a chapel to St. Michael ; of St. Bridget, who came and lived on a neighbouring island called Little Ireland ; of St. David, who added to



The Abbot's Kitchen

GLASTONBURY



The Lady Chapel

GLASTONBURY

the Church and gave it a great sapphire for its altar stone ; of the British hero, Arthur, who, with Guinevere, was buried at Glastonbury. Certainly, when King Ina of Wessex signed a charter in 704 confirming the rights of the Benedictine monks of Glastonbury, the Church was already known as ' the Ealde Chirche '. Its survival was probably due to the fact that the Saxons did not conquer that part of Somerset until after they had become Christian. Even the Danish invasions did not destroy Glastonbury, which reached the height of its reputation for sanctity and learning when St. Dunstan was its Abbot in the tenth century. The Saxon Kings, three of whom are buried in Glastonbury, gave many gifts and privileges to the Abbey, as did the Danish Canute. At the time of the Domesday Survey it was estimated that the Abbey owned one eighth of the County of Somerset as well as lands in Berkshire, Dorset and Wiltshire. William of Malmesbury, writing in the twelfth century, thus describes Glastonbury :

The church of which we are speaking, from its antiquity called by the Angles by way of distinction ' Ealde Chirche ', of wattle work, at first savoured of heavenly sanctity even from its very foundation and exhaled it over the whole county, claiming superior reverence, though the structure was mean. Hence, here arrived whole tribes of the lower orders, thronging every path ; here assembled the opulent, divested of their pomp, and it became the crowded residence of the religious and the literary. . . . The antiquity and multitude of its saints have endued the place with so much sanctity that at night scarcely anyone presumes to keep vigil there, or, during the day, to spit upon its floor ; no one ever brought hawk or horses within the confines of

GLASTONBURY

the neighbouring country who did not depart injured either in them or in himself. . . . And it is sufficiently evident that the men of that province had no oath more frequent or more sacred than to swear by the Old Church, fearing the swiftest vengeance on their perjury in this respect.

Perhaps because of its great fame in Saxon times, William the Conqueror dealt somewhat hardly with Glastonbury, and the Norman Abbot who was appointed made himself so unpopular by his innovations that he had to call in soldiers to reduce his monks to obedience. Much building took place during the Norman period, but none of it survives for in 1184 the greater part of the monastic buildings, the hallowed 'wattle Church', the library, and countless relics and treasures perished in a fire. Henry II gave money for the rebuilding which began at once and by 1186 the lovely Romanesque Lady Chapel at the west end of the Church was completed. Its dedication stone, inscribed 'Jesus Maria', can still be seen in the south wall. The building of the Great Church continued through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries by which time the long nave with its high vaulting and central tower was completed. Of the later additions the most important are those of Abbot Beere, the last Abbot but one, who vaulted the central tower and put into the transept the St. Andrew's cross arches which are also a feature of Wells Cathedral. He also built the Edgar Chapel at the east end and the Loretto Chapel to the west of the transept. Nor did he neglect the town, for the almshouses and Chapel which he built in Magdalene Street are still in use.

GLASTONBURY

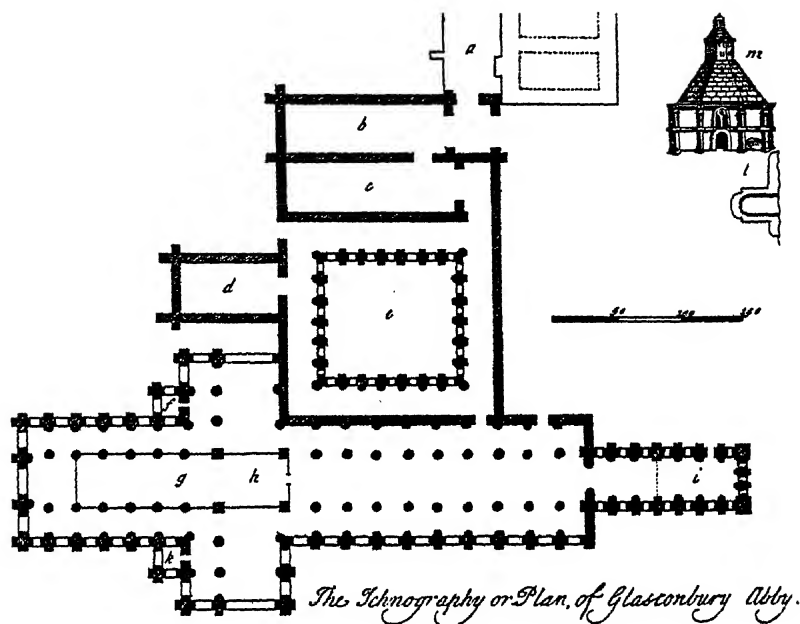
Some idea of the wealth of the Abbey and the extent of its hospitality can be obtained from certain surviving buildings ; the charming octagonal-roofed Abbot's kitchen with its four large fireplaces ; the Pilgrim's house, now the George Inn, which was a fifteenth century addition to the already extensive accommodation for guests ; the Tribunal House, where cases relating to the Abbey tenants were tried ; the Abbot's barn, a beautiful granary with a collar-beam roof, still happily in use ; the Fish House at Meare, where the fish from the Lake was collected for the Abbey tables. But of the glorious Church itself little remains. The shell of the Lady Chapel with its wonderful sculptured doors and interlaced arcading, fragments of the nave and transepts, and the foundations exposed by excavation, give us some idea of what has been lost.

The destruction of Glastonbury seems almost more tragic than that of any other monastery in England. It was obvious that Henry VIII's commissioners found it very difficult to bring in an ill report of it. Leland, who had recently visited it, was overcome by its beauty and the treasures of its library ; the Abbot, Richard Whiting, was noted for his piety ; the Abbey was loved in the county. All that the Commissioners could find to complain of was that ' the brethern be so strait kept that they cannot offend ; but fain they would if they might as they confess, and so the fault is not with them '. But though Glastonbury, by March 1539, was the only Abbey left untouched in Somerset, the end was not far away. In May, Whiting, who was then eighty years old, was sent for examination to the Tower, while in his absence Cromwell's men began

GLASTONBURY

a wholesale spoliation of the Abbey. The library was made to yield proof of treason by the presence of a book with arguments against Henry's divorce from Katherine of Aragon. Meantime Thomas Cromwell wrote in his *Remembrances*, 'Item. Councillors to give evidence against the Abbot of Glaston. . . . Item. To see that evidence is well sorted and the indictments well drawn against the said Abbot and his accomplices. Item. The Abbot of Glaston to be tryed at Glaston and also executed there with his complycys.' Accordingly when Whiting and the two monks who were with him reached Wells their condemnation was a foregone conclusion. From Wells they were taken to Glastonbury and hanged on the top of the Tor, afterwards 'the seyde Abbot's bodye being devyded in foure partes and the head stryken off, where of one quarter stondythe at Wells, another at Bathe, & at Ylchester & Bridgewater the rest, and his head upon the Abbey Gate of Glastonburye'.

Thus the long history of Glastonbury, the most venerable of English Abbeys, came to an end.



PLAN OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY

a. The Lord Abbot's Dwelling. *b.* The Library or Guests' Hall. *c.* The Refectory or Monks' Hall. *d.* The Chapter House. *e.* The Cloister. *f.* St. Edgar's Chapel. *g.* The Choir. *h.* The Rood Tower. *i.* St. Joseph's Chapel. *k.* St. Mary's Chapel. *l.* The Library. *m.* The Kitchen.

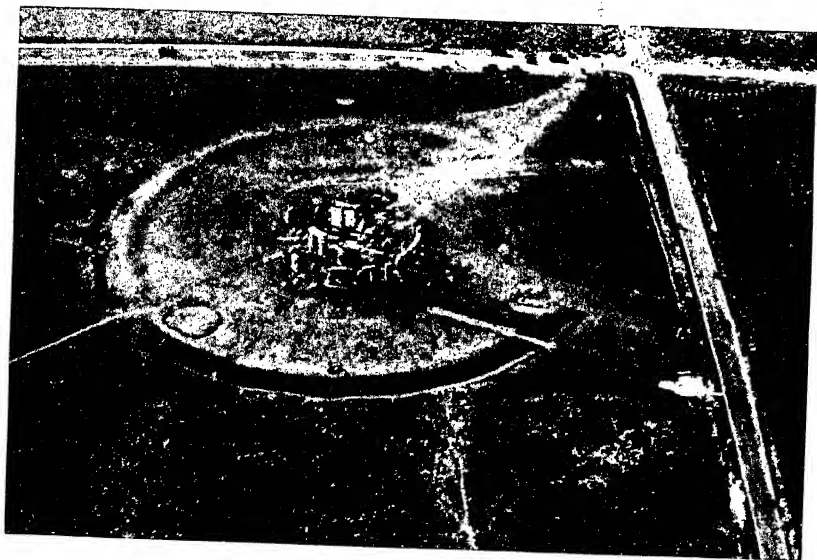
STONEHENGE AND AVEBURY

The chalk downs of Wiltshire belong to Prehistoric man, whose vast cemetery is the Plain and whose most important monuments are Avebury and Stonehenge. In the vicinity of Avebury are other prehistoric sites, as at Overton Hill and Windmill Hill, which afford striking evidence of the civilisation and organising capacity of the men of the Neolithic and Early Bronze Ages. Stonehenge has been a place of universal pilgrimage since the Middle Ages. Indeed, if we believe that Hecataeus, writing in 320 B.C. of a magnificent circular temple dedicated to Apollo in the island of Hyperboreans, refers to Stonehenge, its fame must have reached the ears of the Greeks. Avebury, on the other hand, though older, was unnoticed until the seventeenth century when it was discovered by John Aubrey, while out hunting with his friends.

While the impressive character of Stonehenge, isolated on the Downs, can be appreciated at sight, that of Avebury is more difficult to grasp, for within the twenty-eight acres enclosed by the great earthwork a village has grown up 'like a beautiful parasite'. Some of the stones are crowded against the houses, while many have been broken up and built into walls



AVEBURY FROM THE AIR



STONEHENGE FROM THE AIR

A V E B U R Y

and barns. But each year the work of excavation, under the direction of Mr. Keiller, is making it easier to visualise Avebury as it was. A considerable part of the West Kennet Avenue, which connected Avebury with Overton Hill, has been uncovered and the buried stones re-erected. This avenue leads through an opening in the bank and ditch to the two gigantic megaliths which formed the southern portals of the circle. Originally the monument within the earthworks consisted of an outer circle of sarsen stones inside which were two concentric circles, the northern having in its centre three stones and the southern a monolith. At the present time the ditch is being cleared of the rubbish of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the positions of the stones of the outer circle plotted, those buried being re-erected. The stones are roughly dressed to two types, one oblong or columnar and the other an asymmetrical diamond shape. This year's excavations have also revealed a causeway through the bank and ditch at the north of the Circle, while the stone-holes which have been discovered suggest the possibility that a megalithic avenue leading northwards, or alternatively a third circle, existed before the building of the earthworks. The date of Avebury can now be definitely assigned to the Early Bronze Age, probably between the years 1900-1800 B.C. Mr. Keiller and Mr. Piggott, in their report on the West Kennet excavations, say that by the early Iron Age Avebury's sanctity, unlike that of Stonehenge, had been completely forgotten. 'In fact the contemporaries of the Druids, so far from watching stately processions of mistle-toe-bedizened, white-robed priests winding along the avenue,

STONEHENG

were ploughing corn-fields along its line and chipping flints in the lee of its unconsidered fallen stones.'

This oblivion persisted through the centuries ; the village within the circle is probably Saxon in origin ; the church and a vanished priory existed in the Middle Ages, while the lovely manor house was begun in Tudor times. 'Though Avebury in the seventeenth century was said to be to Stonehenge 'as a cathedral to a parish church', its destruction for building purposes continued apace and reduced the monument to its present appearance, while Stonehenge was saved by its isolation and its greater fame.

As the Icknield Way and the Ridgeway made for Avebury, so the prehistoric roads of South Wiltshire had Stonehenge as their focus. Even the lines of the downs point to Stonehenge, while nearly all the tumuli of the Plain are so placed that they are within sight of the temple. Within an earthwork which is only partly visible Stonehenge now consists of an outer circle of sarsen stones, brought like those of Avebury from the neighbouring 'valley of the Grey Wethers', and an inner circle of blue or syenite stones, brought from the Prescelly mountains in Pembrokeshire. In the inner circle were two ellipses of which two trilithons, two uprights, six megaliths and the prostrate Altar Stone remain. Outside the earthwork is the 'Hele Stone', over which, viewed from the axis of the circle, the sun rises on Midsummer Day. From this orientation Stonehenge is generally believed to have been a temple of sun-worship, but archaeologists have differed widely as to its date. In the Middle Ages the stones were believed to have

STONEHENGE

been magically transported from Ireland by Merlin to serve as a monument to the Celtic heroes, slain in battle with the Saxons. The archaeologists of the eighteenth century believed Stonehenge to be Druidic in origin ; now it is generally accepted as belonging to a period of the Bronze Age not later than 1400 B.C.

For the ordinary person who is not an archaeologist, Stonehenge, whatever its date, remains alarmingly impressive. Dr. Johnson, with the calm assurance of the eighteenth century, could visit both Salisbury and Stonehenge and describe them as ' two monuments of art and rudeness, exhibiting the first essay and the last perfection in architecture '. But these gigantic monuments of a civilisation of which we still know very little elude neat definition. They are an awe-inspiring reminder of the close spiritual contact between pre-historic man and the Downs.

OLD SARUM AND SALISBURY

Salisbury, the capital of the Plain, set in its green water meadows on the banks of the Avon, was once situated on the isolated hill, a mile and a half away, now called Old Sarum. There, on the site of a Saxon township, were the castle of the Earls of Salisbury, a large Norman cathedral and a town of sufficient size to be the scene of frequent royal visits of national importance. Then, in the thirteenth century, Old Sarum was deserted by townspeople and churchmen alike, only the castle remaining in steadily declining importance until, in the sixteenth century, it too fell into ruins. Yet Old Sarum, first represented in the Parliament of 1294, continued to send its two members until 1832 when it was abolished after having provided the Reformers with a stock example of the anomalies of our representative system.

Sarum became a bishopric in 1075, its Cathedral being begun by the saintly Bishop Osmund, famous as the author of the *Use of Sarum*. His successor, Bishop Roger, was a very different type of churchman. He owed his rise to Henry I, who, halting for Mass at a small church in Normandy of which Roger was priest, was delighted with the speed with which the service was conducted. Roger became chaplain to the



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL



OLD SARUM FROM THE AIR

OLD SARUM

King, who was always in a hurry, and he soon revealed first-rate administrative abilities which carried him to the Chancellorship and the Bishopric of Sarum. Roger, who was then one of the richest and most powerful men in England, rebuilt the cathedral of Sarum and erected massive strongholds for himself at Sarum, Devizes, Sherborne and Malmesbury. His mistress, Matilda of Ramsbury, held Devizes for him, his son succeeded him as Chancellor, his nephews held key positions in Church and State and he himself was made Justiciar by Stephen. His fall was as spectacular as his rise. Accused of treason he was arrested by Stephen and forced to accompany him to the siege of Devizes which Matilda, after a gallant defence, was obliged to surrender. Roger's possessions were taken from him and he died shortly afterwards of a broken heart, aggravated no doubt by old age.

After Bishop Roger's time, Castle and Cathedral were in different hands and there was much friction between the two. This, added to certain disadvantages in the situation, including a shortage of water, led the Dean and Chapter to petition Pope Honorius that the Cathedral might be removed to the plain. The clergy complained that the Cathedral 'being in a raised place, the continual gusts of wind make such a noise that the clerks can hardly hear one another sing and the place is so rheumatic by reason of the wind that they very often suffer in health. . . . The site is without trees and grass and being of chalk has such a glare that many of the clerks have lost their sight.' Peter of Blois voiced the heartfelt wish of the clergy : 'Let us in God's name descend into the plain. There are

SALISBURY

rich champaign fields and fertile valleys abounding in the fruits of the earth and watered by the living stream. There is a seat for the Virgin Patroness of our Church to which the world cannot produce a parallel.'

Permission was obtained in 1220 and the removal was carried out by the Bishop, Richard Poore, the builder of the cathedral of Salisbury. 'The site, which was on the bishop's own land, was revealed to him by the Blessed Virgin in a dream. The foundations were laid on 28th April, 1220, the first stone being laid for the Pope, the second for Archbishop Langton, the third by the Bishop and the fourth and fifth by William Longepée, Earl of Salisbury, and his wife. Afterwards nobles and clergy laid their stones amid the acclamations and almsgiving of the people. During the work of building, the Bishop lived at the house called Mitre House, from which to this day the bishop's enthronement procession begins. In 1258 the Cathedral was consecrated in the presence of Henry III and his Queen, though the work was not completed until 1266. Elias de Dereham is believed to have been the architect of this cathedral which is unique in the unity of its design, being built throughout in the Early English style within forty-six years. Evelyn called it 'the completest Gothic work in Europe.' In the fourteenth century the spire, its crowning glory, was added.

Within, the unity of style and flawless precision of execution combine with the shafts of Purbeck marble to produce a rather cold and formal appearance. This cannot have been the case in the Middle Ages when the arches were picked out

SALISBURY

in brilliant colour, the windows contained their original glass and the twelve altars and chantry chapels were in use. Salisbury, which suffered little at the Reformation, underwent a purgation in the eighteenth century at the hands of Wyatt who destroyed the Beauchamp and Hungerford chapels, which offended his ideas of symmetry, and rearranged the tombs (losing some of the occupants in the process) in order to produce that ' neat and effective ' appearance so much admired at the time.

After the spire, the most loved features of the Cathedral are the Cloisters, with their old cedars, and the matchless Close. Since the land was the property of the bishop there was no crowding of houses right up to the Cathedral. Instead, guarded by their gates, the lovely houses of the Close encircle at a distance the wide expanse of green on which the Cathedral stands. Many royal visitors have stayed in the King's House within the Close, not all of them on happy occasions. Here Richard III stayed when he condemned the Duke of Buckingham to be executed in the market place ; James I and Charles I were frequent visitors ; James II was here in November 1688 when his throne was in the balance, and only two weeks later his successor, William of Orange, slept in the same room. It is difficult to believe that the peaceful Close was the scene of a fierce fight in 1645 between Royalists and the Parliamentarians. It is easier to people the Close with the characters from Trollope's novels about ' Barchester '.

Outside the gates of the Close, Salisbury has been since 1227 a busy market town, the centre of the wool trade. Defoe

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mentions its two chief manufactures as, ' fine flannels and long cloths for the Turkey trade, called Salisbury Whites.' He adds : ' The people of Salisbury are gay and rich and have a flourishing trade and there is a great deal of good manners and good company among them.' It has always been a town of many inns of which the most famous is the Old George, in whose yard Shakespeare acted and where Pepys stayed in great comfort, sleeping in ' a silken bed ' but complaining next morning about the exorbitant bill. Hudson in *A Shepherd's Life* has drawn a delightful picture of Salisbury as seen through the eyes of the villagers of the Plain. To others Salisbury is the ' Melchester ' of Hardy's novels or the ' Barchester ' of Trollope, while some see it as Constable's picture of the Cathedral from the waterside.

CORFE CASTLE

The finest view of Corfe Castle is from Egdon Heath. There it can be seen on its chalk hill, guarding the gap which leads from Wareham to the Isle of Purbeck. The history of the castle from Saxon times to the Civil War is no less dramatic than its situation.

Corfe in Saxon times was a royal manor which in the tenth century was left by King Edgar to his widow Elfrida. This lady whose beauty and wickedness are legendary was the daughter of a west country nobleman. The fame of her beauty reached the ears of King Edgar, who sent one of his thegns, Athelwood, to see if the report was a true one. Athelwood fell in love with Elfrida and having informed the King that though her face was beautiful she was deformed, married her himself. To his dismay, King Edgar shortly announced his intention of visiting them. Athelwood confessed his deception to his wife, who was far from pleased to have been deprived of a crown. When Edgar arrived, Elfrida, contrary to her promise to her husband, spared no pains to make herself attractive. The next morning, when out hunting, Athelwood was killed and Elfrida married Edgar. When Edgar died in 978, Edward, his son by his first wife, succeeded to the throne, not Ethelred, the son of Elfrida. The widowed Queen retired

CORFE CASTLE

to Corfe Castle and there took place the well-known story of the murder of her stepson.

Edward, who was hunting near Wareham, came to Corfe to see his stepbrother. Elfrida came out to greet him as he sat on horseback at the gate and while she offered him a cup of wine, one of her followers stabbed him in the back. His horse bolted and he was dragged, hanging by the stirrup, till the horse stopped by a stream at the foot of the hill. Elfrida gave orders that his body was to be carried into the cottage of an old blind woman near by, but in the night a bright light filled the room, the woman's sight was restored and she recognised her King. Elfrida then had the body cast down a well, and fled with her son to Bere, but the murder did not long remain undiscovered. A pillar of fire rose from the well ; the body was found still uncorrupted and taken for burial to St. Mary's Church, Wareham. Miracles began to be performed and three years later a great procession came to take the body of St. Edward the Martyr to the great abbey of Shaftesbury, where it was a centre of pilgrimage for centuries. Elfrida, repenting of her crime, tried to follow the procession, but her horse would only back away and when she tried to follow on foot she remained rooted to the ground. The end of her life was exemplary, however, for she founded two nunneries and died the Abbess of one of them.

After the Conquest, Corfe became a royal castle and the Norman keep was built, which successfully stood a siege by Stephen. Corfe was one of King John's favourite residences and there he kept his regalia and also many of his state prison-



CORFE CASTLE

ers, including the unhappy Maid of Brittany. Edward II, who had himself repaired and strengthened the castle, was lodged there as a prisoner before he was taken to Berkeley. After many changes of ownership the castle was sold in the seventeenth century to Sir John Bankes, Attorney General to Charles I, whose wife won immortal fame for her two defences of the Castle during the Civil War.

Although, in 1642, the castle was occupied as a country house, the Parliamentarians determined that it must be in their hands. Sir John Bankes was with King Charles in the north and Lady Bankes had only five men in the castle. At first the Parliamentarians tried to take it by guile on May Day when a stag hunt always took place on the castle lands. Failing in this, they sent a party of seamen to demand the surrender of the four cannons of the castle. Lady Bankes remounted the cannon and fired them in reply. Next they tried to starve the castle into surrender by forbidding the village to send up any food. Since the castle was not victualled for a siege, Lady Bankes agreed to surrender the cannon if she and her family could be left in peace in the castle. In the ensuing truce Lady Bankes victualled the castle and sent to Prince Maurice for help, receiving from him a garrison under the command of Colonel Laurence.

Parliament then sent a force under Sir Walter Erle to demand the surrender of the castle. On this being refused, the castle was bombarded from the neighbouring hills and from the church tower, the organ pipes being used as powder cases and the lead of the roof melted down. Sir Walter, who seems

CORFE CASTLE

to have had no reputation for courage, ordered his men to storm the castle under cover of two movable sheds. The defenders, however, shot at their legs and the attempt was abandoned. Meantime sallies were made from the castle in order to drive in cattle. On one such raid, the Parliamentarians called to a man in a house near by 'Shoot, Anthony!' but 'Anthony thought it good to sleep in a whole skin and durst not look out, so that afterwards it grew into a proverbial saying from the defendants to the assailants, "Shoot, Anthony!"' In August the Earl of Warwick sent reinforcements of 150 sailors who, filled up with strong drink, proceeded to attack the castle with wildfire. The inner ward was defended by Lady Bankes, her daughters and maid-servants, who cast down hot embers and stones on the seamen's heads. After this, on a rumour that royalist troops were at hand, Sir Walter raised the siege which had lasted six weeks.

In 1645, Corfe, which was the only important castle between London and Exeter still in royalist hands, was invested by the Governor of Poole. Lady Bankes, now a widow, held out bravely until the fall of the Castle was brought about by treachery. One of the garrison, called Pitman, persuaded the commander to let him leave the castle to fetch reinforcements. He returned at night with a hundred Parliamentarians sent by Colonel Bingham. These were admitted through the sally port, and though the suspicions of the commander were roused after fifty had entered, the keep was seized and the next day, after an assault by the besiegers, the castle was surrendered. The lives of the garrison were spared as a tribute to the courage

CORFE CASTLE

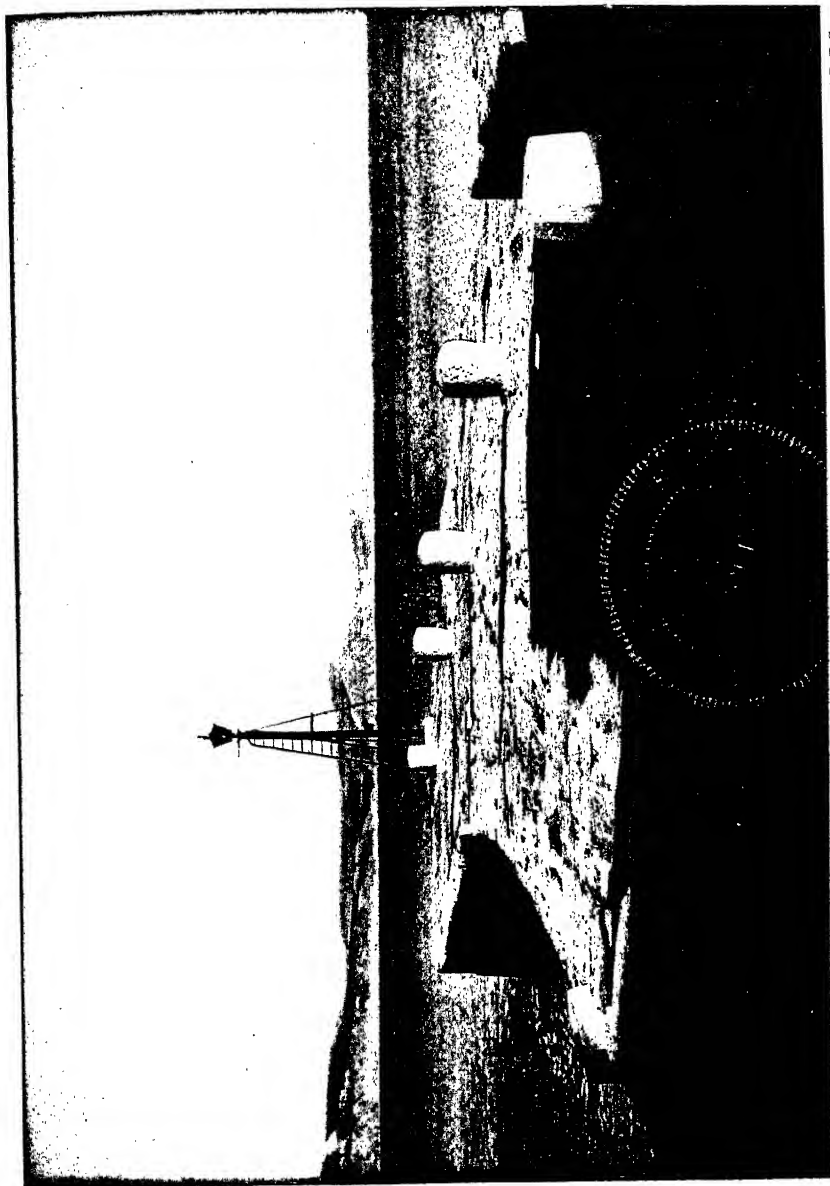
of Lady Banks. Parliament then spent months in 'slighting' the castle by blowing it up and by undermining. At last the outer walls were in ruins and much of the interior had rolled down the hill where great blocks of fallen masonry still lie in the stream.

Corfe Castle to-day is as the Parliamentarians left it—a magnificent ruin. At the foot of its hill, the quiet grey stone village with its attractive square has outlived its proud neighbour.

LYME REGIS

Lyme Regis, which ranked as one of the chief ports of the country until the seventeenth century, underwent after that time, first a decline and then a sea-change into the 'elegant and genteel' watering-place which charmed Fanny Burney, Jane Austen and Mary Russell Mitford. The flavour of the eighteenth century still pervades the old inns, the houses in the main street which hurries steeply to the sea, and the Cobb, where there are now fishing boats and yachts instead of merchantmen. The cliffs and hills under which Lyme shelters not only form a wonderful background to the town but have also helped to preserve her beauty.

Commercially, Lyme Regis was important from the reign of Edward I onwards, first as a wool town and then as a centre for the manufacture and export of cloth and as the port where goods, bound for Bristol, were landed to be transported there on the backs of pack-horses. But the most dramatic period in Lyme's history was the seventeenth century. In order to understand the part which Lyme played in the politics of that century, its strongly 'dissenting' character must be remembered. Even in Mary Tudor's reign the town was reported as 'heretic'; under James I the city fathers refused to admit strolling bands of players; in Charles I's reign, the town was noted for the number of its preachers. Hence when the Civil



E. Chamberd Hardman, F.R.P.S.

LYME REGIS

War broke out, Lyme was strongly Parliamentary, and in 1644 stood a siege by Prince Maurice with an army of 6,000 men. It seemed to the Royalists that the capture of an un-walled town of about 3,000 inhabitants would be 'breakfast work', yet in fact, after a two-months siege, they were forced to withdraw, leaving Lyme untaken.

During the siege Lyme was commanded by a Somerset gentleman, Colonel Robert Blake, who was to end his career as one of the greatest English admirals. The fact that Parliament held the sea and could send in food, ammunition and reinforcements during the siege was another factor in favour of Lyme. But nothing can detract from the admiration due to the spirit with which the men and women of the town dug earthworks and manned the trenches. When Maurice summoned the town to surrender, they replied that they ' marvelled ' that he ' should expect to have whole towns given to him in England, whereas they knew not so much as a thatched cottage that he was the owner of here '. Repeated assaults were repulsed, the women, dressed in men's hats and red cloaks, fighting side by side with the men. At last on 16th June, hearing that Essex was marching to the relief of Lyme, Maurice struck camp with, as Clarendon says, ' some loss of reputation for having been so long with such a force before so vile and untenable a place without reducing it.' Meantime Parliament gave thanks to Lyme and collections were taken for the gallant town in all the London churches.

Seven years later, on the 22nd September, there arrived at the Queen's Arms at Charmouth, Lord Wilmot and Miss Juliana

LYME REGIS

Coningsby in the character of runaway lovers accompanied by their servant, who was Charles II escaping from England after the battle of Worcester. It had been arranged by a royalist merchant of Lyme that a certain Limbry, master of a coasting vessel, should be ready with his boat that night to transport a 'Mr. Payne' and his servant to France. But when Limbry told his wife that evening of the undertaking, her suspicions were aroused for she had read the proclamation in Lyme putting a price of £1,000 on the King's head. Accordingly, not wishing to lose her husband, she locked him into his room for the night. Charles dare not remain any longer in Charmouth, and it was therefore arranged that he and Miss Coningsby should go to Bridport. Meantime the ostler at the inn, seeing the chance of making a fortune, had gone off to tell the parson of his suspicions concerning the party. The parson, Mr. Wesley, could not be disturbed at his devotions for some time, but on hearing the story, he hurried to the inn and thus addressed the landlady: 'Charles Stuart lay last night at your house and kissed you at his departure, so that now you can't but be a maid of honour.' She replied with spirit, 'If I thought it was the King, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life. Out of my house, Mr. Parson.' By the time the parson had called out the nearest officer and troop of horse, the King and Miss Coningsby were far away, though it was not till the 15th of October that he reached France in a boat from Shoreham.

On 11th June, 1685, Charles II's illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, appeared off Lyme with three ships, fitted out

LYME REGIS

in Holland, to claim the throne. His landing was not opposed. Dressed in purple, with the star on his breast, Monmouth and his followers made their way to the market-place, amid shouts of 'A Monmouth!' 'The Protestant Religion!' There a declaration against James II was read and recruiting began. Though many citizens and labourers joined his standard, the local gentry held aloof. Meantime the Mayor of Lyme rode off to Honiton and Exeter to spread the news and other citizens rode to London to tell the King. After staying a few days in Lyme, Monmouth and his army made their way slowly through the west country to Bridgewater, followed by the royal army under Lord Feversham. On 6th July, Monmouth was disastrously defeated at Sedgemoor and was shortly afterwards captured and sent to London where he was executed. Then followed, for the simple country people who had followed him, the horrors of the Bloody Assizes. Lyme escaped a visit from Judge Jeffreys, but twelve men were hanged opposite the spot where Monmouth landed.

After this no other events of national importance took place in Lyme which, during the eighteenth century, began to decline in prosperity. The harbour, which could only take vessels of 150 tons, was too shallow for the large ships of the period, while the increased use of coal and iron was shifting the cloth trade to the North. In the second half of the century, however, the craze for sea-bathing began. George III entered the sea at Weymouth and soon the charms of Lyme were discovered. The Three Cups boldly launched out with a bathing machine and society began to bathe there, though Jane Austen com-

LYME REGIS

plained that ' the sea was so dirty and fishy that I rejoiced when we left it '. In 1775 Assembly Rooms were built, though Defoe expressed the opinion that the Dorset ladies, who ' do not seem to stick on hand so much ' as the women of other counties, had no need of Assemblies as a method of acquiring husbands. Finally the seal of royal approval was set upon Lyme when it was visited by Princess Victoria in 1833. But lovers of Jane Austen will view Lyme primarily as the scene of her novel *Persuasion* and will echo Tennyson's remark on arriving at the Cobb ; ' Don't talk to me of the Duke of Monmouth, show me the exact spot where Louisa Musgrave fell! '

BATH

In Bath the civilisation of Rome joins hands with that of the eighteenth century. Unlike most English towns whose architecture is a medley of different periods, Bath presents the astonishing spectacle of a town deliberately planned in one architectural tradition—the eighteenth century classical style. Apart from the Abbey church the intervening centuries have left no mark upon the town, with the result that Bath has a formal, civilised air which makes it seem like a foreign city. This impression is enhanced by its setting on the banks of the Avon with the surrounding hills forming a natural amphitheatre. Thus the *Aquae Sulis* of the Romans, reborn in the eighteenth century, became Landor's 'Florence in England'.

The healing springs to which Bath owes her origin were discovered, according to legend, by a British King called Bladud. This prince, exiled from court because of his leprosy, became a swineherd in the hills to the north of Bath. His herd, who contracted his disease were cured, to his amazement, by plunging into the mud through which flowed the springs from the hills. Bladud thereupon cured himself, returned to court, cleansed the springs, and erected a city on the spot. Whatever the origin of Bath, it is certain that under the Romans it soon became their most important thermal station in Britain, and baths extending over six or seven acres were erected. The

BATH

very considerable remains of these baths are an impressive witness to the degree of civilisation which prevailed in Roman Britain. *Aquae Sulis* was never a military station nor yet a municipality, but seems to have existed solely because of its baths. Hence with the withdrawal of the legions and coming of the Saxons, who cared little for town life and less for baths, Bath fell into ruins. When next we hear of it in 775, it is as a village grouped round a College of Canons, founded on the site of an earlier nunnery by Offa. The springs seem to have been rediscovered for the name Bath (*Hoet Bathum*) dates from this time.

From Saxon times till the close of the Middle Ages, the history of Bath is that of the Abbey, which from the tenth century was a Benedictine house. There in 973 King Edgar was crowned, 'whereupon,' says Leland, 'he bare a great zeal to the toun and gave very great frauncheses and privileges onto it. In knowledge whereof they pray in all their ceremonies for the soule of the King Edgar. And at Whitsundaytide, at the which tyme men say that Eadgar was crowned, there is a King elected at Bath every year of the townsmen in the joyful remembrance of King Eadgar and the privileges given to the towne by him.' After the Conquest, Bath became a bishopric when John of Tours transferred his see there from Wells. This bishop, who had been chaplain and also physician,—'rather by practice than by study,' adds the chronicler,—to William Rufus, bought the city of Bath from the King for 500 marks, rebuilt the Abbey Church and restored the Baths.

The present Abbey Church was one of the last to be built

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before the Reformation and is thus Perpendicular in style throughout. The story of its rebuilding is that Bishop Oliver King, who was also Secretary of State to Henry VII, had a remarkable dream in which he saw angels ascending and descending by a ladder near to the foot of which was a fair olive tree, supporting a crown. A voice said, 'Let an olive establish the Crown and let a King restore the Church.' The Bishop at once determined on the rebuilding of the Norman church and his dream forms the subject of the west front, while the flanking buttresses contain a rebus on his name. The Prior, who collaborated in the work, was William Birde, whose beautiful chantry chapel is behind the south side of the choir. The church is remarkable for the great area of its windows, which earned for it the name of 'the Lantern of the West', and for the graceful fan-vaulting of its roof. But even in the Abbey the walls, with their countless memorials suavely celebrating the virtues of the departed, remind one that not all the eighteenth century nobility and gentry who flocked to Bath were cured.

At the Dissolution of the Monasteries everything of value was sold: the city refused to buy the Church for 500 marks, and though a private citizen subsequently presented the money, the nave remained roofless until the seventeenth century and the north aisle was used as a public thoroughfare. Its restoration was the work of Bishop Montague (1608), whose brother gave the five west doors.

Visitors to Bath in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries do not paint a very pleasing picture of either the town or the

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baths. Queen Elizabeth complained of the smell of the common sewer which ran through the street. A pamphleteer compared the Baths to ' the boilers in Fleet Street or old Bedlam, for they have a reeking steam all the year '. John Wood says that the baths were ' like so many bear gardens ; and modesty was entirely shut out of them . . . dogs, cats, pigs, even human creatures were hurl'd over the rails into the water, while people were bathing in it '. None the less physicians continued to recommend even royal personages to bathe in these very unattractive baths, though one doctor in 1636 doubted whether the water could ' be procured clean enough for drinking ! ' Mr. Pepys, who visited Bath in 1668, remarks dubiously, ' Methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. ' The chief diversion of the town appears to have been that of watching the bathers as they floated about in their yellow canvas gowns, the ladies with little wooden trays before them on which they placed their nosegay, handkerchief, snuff-box and patches. Apart from bathing, the pleasures, as Goldsmith said, were ' merely rural ' and the few public entertainments were marred by the ' Gothic haughtiness ' of the visiting nobles who refused to mix with the ' rustic and vulgar ' local gentry.

None the less, encouraged by the example of Queen Anne, the fashionable world flocked increasingly to Bath,

Divine Hygenia's favoured child

Where pigs were once and Princes now are boiled!

It was at this time that Bath underwent that complete social



BATH, PULTENEY BRIDGE

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and architectural transformation which is associated with the name of Beau Nash, who as Master of Ceremonies was for half a century the uncrowned King of Bath. Under his rule the rapacity of landladies and chairmen alike was curbed; the town was cleaned, lighted, paved and rebuilt by the Woods; a fine orchestra was engaged and the Pump Room and the Assembly rooms were built. Defoe says that the city was once called 'Urbs Aegrotorum Hominum', but was now 'the resort of the sound rather than the sick; the bathing is made more a sport and a diversion than a physical prescription and the town is taken up in raffling, gameing, visiting, and in a word, all sorts of gallantry and levity.' Nor did the efforts of Wesley and of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, deflect Bath from its pleasure-loving character.

But Nash effected an even more remarkable change in the manners of the place, as can be seen from the famous Code of Behaviour which he posted in the Pump Room in 1742. He waged a successful war against the snobbery and arrogant manners of his age. In Bath, the nobility danced with perfect amiability with the daughters of country squires and even trades people; duchesses had to bow before Nash's objection to the wearing of aprons; the 'Hogs Norton squires' learnt, reluctantly, not to appear at dances in boots, and even the nobility gave up the wearing of swords.

Bath life was, for a century, the epitome of the social life of the period. Prior Park, the home of Ralph Allen, was the rendezvous of artists, poets, playwrights, actors and men of letters. Hence nearly all the novels and plays of the period

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contain references to Bath. *Humphrey Clinker* gives a charming description of the Spring Gardens, where ladies met to undermine with Sally Luns, hot rolls and buttered buns, the good effects of drinking the Bath waters. Sheridan's *The Rivals* not only has Bath for its setting, but was based on the story of his own elopement with Miss Linley, a Bath beauty who was painted by Gainsborough. Throughout the eighteenth century the men of letters continued to praise and mock at Bath, while the 'flying coaches' from London brought statesmen, soldiers, rakes and gamblers, heiresses and invalids to set up their establishments in the stately houses of the Circus and the Crescent. The rival spas of Tunbridge Wells and Cheltenham failed to eclipse the popularity of Bath. Then, at the close of the century, the new cure of 'sea-bathing' was discovered and society hurried to emulate George III's example at Weymouth or that of the Prince Regent at Brighton. Bath gradually became less fashionable and assumed, with the Victorian Age, an air of quiet respectability. Fortunately there was no need for expansion and the town thus escaped the hands of the Victorian builder and even the present age has done little to spoil her beauty. The lovely Pulteney Bridge over the Avon, the Pump Room, the dignified streets and the gracious sweep of her crescents survive, a monument to 'the Age of taste' which was also 'the Age of reason'.

TEWKESBURY

Whether one sees Tewkesbury Abbey from the south side, across the fields and the apple orchards whose trees grow right up to its walls, or from the Abbey mill with the half-timbered houses in the foreground, the view is equally attractive. The Chronicle of Tewkesbury states that two Saxon lords with the rather improbable names of Oddo and Dodo were the founders of this Abbey. But though a Saxon monastery certainly existed on the site, it is with Robert Fitzhamon, Prince of Glamorgan, that the history of the Norman Abbey, which we now see, begins. It seems that Fitzhamon, who had been granted his lands by William Rufus, was influenced to build a new church and monastery by his wife, a daughter of that great church-builder, Roger, Earl of Shrewsbury. The splendid Norman tower, the nave with its massive pillars and the two transepts remain of the church which was consecrated in 1123.

Succeeding Lords of Tewkesbury and their wives greatly added to its beauty, in particular the families of De Clare and Despencer, whose tombs and chantry chapels are among the chief glories of the Abbey. Many of these lords met violent deaths; the body of Gilbert de Clare, slain at Bannockburn, was conveyed to Tewkesbury for burial through the chivalry of Robert Bruce; Hugh le Despencer, favourite of Edward II,

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hanged at Hereford, lies at the south of the High Altar. The lovely fourteenth century glass of the seven windows of the choir was placed there in his memory by his wife. Isabella Despencer, who carried the Lordship of Tewkesbury to the Beauchamp family, erected one of the most beautiful of the chantry chapels over the grave of her husband, killed at the siege of Meaux. 'False, fleeting, perjured Clarence,' traditionally drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, lies in a vault behind the High Altar. In fact it has been said that the tombs in Tewkesbury Abbey embody the feudal history of the Middle Ages. Of none of these tombs is this more true than of the brass tablet which commemorates the death at the Battle of Tewkesbury of Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI and Margaret of Anjou. There, beneath the roof whose vaulting flaunts the 'suns in splendour' of his victorious enemy, Edward of York, lies the young prince, whose death broke even the indomitable spirit of his mother and ended the Wars of the Roses.

The Battle of Tewkesbury was fought on 4th May, 1471, on the fields now known as the Bloody Meadow. The Lancastrians were entrenched behind a hedge and ditch with the town and Abbey to their backs. They had received the news of the defeat and death of their chief supporter, the Earl of Warwick, at Barnet, but as long as her son lived Margaret would not give up the struggle. Shakespeare, in his *Henry VI*, puts into her mouth a gallant address to her followers which calls from her son the words :

'Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,



TEWKESBURY

Infuse his heart with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms'.

Somerset was in command of the Lancastrian troops ; Edward IV himself, with his brother Richard of Gloucester, commanding the Yorkists. The battle opened with an attack led by Gloucester on the Lancastrian trenches. The Yorkists were repelled, but when Gloucester feigned retreat across the meadows, Somerset injudiciously came out into the open in pursuit, to be attacked in the rear by a body of Yorkist spearmen. A rout ensued in which many Lancastrians were drowned in the river by the Abbey mill, a remnant with Somerset regaining their trenches. Somerset, furious with Lord Wenlock, who he considered had not supported him adequately, charged him with cowardice and split his skull in two. The leaders being thus inappropriately engaged, the Lancastrian trenches were stormed with terrific slaughter. Somerset and many others fled to the Abbey, where Edward IV, hot in pursuit, would have slain them at once had not the priest, bearing the Host, met him at the entrance and reminded him of the right of sanctuary.

It is not known for certain how Prince Edward met his death. The Yorkist account says : ' Edward, called the Prince, was taken fleeing toward the town and slain in the field,' but Holinshed gives the following story : ' After the field was ended proclamation was made that whosoever could bring forth Prince Edward, alive or dead, should have an annuity of £100 during his life, and the prince's life to be spared if he was brought forth alive. Sir Richard Crofts nothing mistrusting

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the King's promise, brought forth his prisoner, Prince Edward, being a fair and well-proportioned young gentleman ; whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuously enter into his realm with banners displayed. Whereunto the Prince boldly answered saying, " To recover my father's kingdom and heritage, from his grandfather to him and from him to me lineally descended." At which King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, or (as some say) stroke him with his gauntlet ; whom directly George, Earl of Clarence, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset and William, Lord Hastings that stood by, cruelly murdered.' Tradition points to a house in Church Street near the Cross as the place where Prince Edward was killed.

The following day Edward IV attended the Abbey to give thanks, having granted a formal pardon to the fugitives in the sanctuary. On Monday, however, the King's troops forced their way into the Abbey and carried off all the prisoners to be tried before the Duke of Gloucester. The majority, including Somerset, were condemned to death and executed on a scaffold erected outside the Tolzey. Margaret, who had escaped to ' a poor religious place ' was retaken and held as prisoner until ransomed by her father for 50,000 crowns. Henry VI, a prisoner in the Tower, died a few days after the battle ' of pure displeasure and melancholy '.

After the execution of Clarence in 1476 the Lordship of Tewkesbury passed to the Crown and in Henry VIII's reign the Abbey lands too fell into royal hands. When, in 1540, the

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Abbey was surrendered all the monastic buildings were destroyed and the Church itself was only spared because the citizens used the nave as a parish church. Accordingly, on a payment of £453 to the King, they were allowed to purchase the whole church, not however before the Lady Chapel had been destroyed.

From this time onwards Tewkesbury derived her prosperity from her position at the junction of the Severn and Avon, commanding the only bridge across the Avon in that district. In the Civil War this gave Tewkesbury considerable military importance, while in time of peace it made her a thriving port. Seen from King John's Bridge or from the Abbey mill the town looks little different to-day from the days when Prince Maurice built his bridge of boats across the river in the Civil War.

CHESTER

Defoe, visiting Chester in the early eighteenth century, considered that its most remarkable features were the Walls, 'which are very firm, beautiful and in good repair,' the Castle, the Cathedral, the River Dee and the bridge over it. To this list most people would add the Rows, but Defoe merely remarks of them that 'they serve to make the city look both old and ugly'. The eighteenth century clearly did not share our present day passion for the medieval and the half-timbered. But no one would quarrel with his choice of the Walls as the first place of interest, for there is always a special fascination about a walled town.

Chester has been walled since the time of Agricola and it is probable that before the Roman occupation the town was defended by British earthworks. Its situation made it both in Roman and Saxon times a key position for the subjugation of the Celtic west and north-west. To the Romans it was *Castra Legionum*, one of their chief military stations. Beneath the old part of the town, whose street plan still follows that of the City of Legions, are many traces of the Roman occupation; the foundations of the Walls, the huge amphitheatre recently excavated, the masonry from the Roman quay on the Roodee, the tombstones of soldiers, altars and pillars. With the departure of the legions Chester seems to have lain waste for a

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long time before becoming a Saxon town. The Walls, however, survived in part, to be constantly rebuilt and repaired to defend the city against the Celts of Strathclyde, the Welsh or, still later, the Parliamentary army. The Wall towers and the City gates, some of which are still standing, are full of history and legend. The Water Tower and Watergate are a reminder that until the sixteenth century the tide came up to the Walls; the Northgate has its stories of prisoners confined there, who crossed the Bridge of Sighs to attend services in the Hospital of St. John; through the Pepper Gate the daughter of a Mayor of Chester eloped with an armourer and her angry father ordered the gate to be closed for ever; from the Bridge Gate watch was kept for the marauding Welsh; from the Phoenix Tower King Charles watched the defeat of his troops on Rowton Heath.

Chester's other defence, the Castle, was built by the Conqueror on the site of Ethelflaeda's earlier stronghold and consigned to the keeping of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester. In consideration of its specially dangerous position as a Border town Chester was created a County Palatine and until the reign of Henry VIII its Earls held their own Parliaments. After the line of Norman Earls became extinct in 1237, Chester became an appanage of the eldest son of the reigning king. The Castle, rebuilt in the thirteenth century, was the centre of operations against Wales in the reign of Edward I and there in 1301 came the Welsh freeholders to do homage to their new Prince of Wales. In 1399 Richard II was brought a prisoner to the Castle and lodged over the Great Gateway. But the men

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of Cheshire loved 'Dickon'; there was a rising on his behalf in 1400 and the Cheshire archers, wearing his badge, fought under the banner of Percy at Shrewsbury in 1403.

During the Civil War, Chester's fortifications were once more put into a state of defence and the city was held for the King. The Parliamentarians invested Chester, but Charles, after the defeat of Naseby, managed to enter the city by the old bridge over the Dee. He stayed in Sir Francis Gammul's house in Lower Bridge Street until after the defeat of Rowton Moor on 24th September. Then, after leaving instructions that if after ten days the city was not relieved it was to treat for its own safety, the King withdrew to Wales. But the garrison, in spite of fierce assaults held out until January, when starvation forced them to surrender on honourable terms. A sad aftermath to the siege was the Plague which was so severe that grass grew in the deserted streets. God's Providence House with its motto is traditionally associated with this period. In 1651 the Earl of Derby paid with his life for his devotion to the Royalist cause. It was in the Stanley Palace off Watergate Street that he spent his last night before being taken to Bolton for execution. The Castle, after serving as a prison for the Jacobites in 1715 and 1745, experienced its last alarm in 1875 when an attempt was made on it by the Fenians.

From the Walls a good view is obtained of the Cathedral and the Kale-yard Gate, which was formerly the monks' entrance to their kitchen garden. It was not until Henry VIII's reign that the Abbey of St. Werburgh became the Cathedral

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of Chester, although its foundation dates from Saxon times. Its original dedication was to St. Peter and St. Paul, but in 875 it was changed following the translation of the body of St. Werburgh to a shrine in the Church. The Abbey was refounded by Hugh Lupus for the Benedictines to whom he granted the privileges of a Court, a private mill and a three-days Fair. The Church was rebuilt in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, while in the fifteenth the nave, transepts and the whole exterior were transformed into the Perpendicular style. The exterior, owing, as Defoe says, to 'the red, sandy and ill-looking stone' of which it is built and to frequent restorations, is not superficially attractive. Apart from the choir with its fine woodwork the most interesting parts of the Cathedral are the considerable remains of the monastic buildings which once covered a quarter of the city. None the less, recent changes in the Cathedral have made it the heart of the county to-day as it has been in the past.

Chester has long ceased to be a seaport. In the Middle Ages the town had many trades and the Dee was full of shipping, but by the sixteenth century the estuary was silting up and the new port of Liverpool was capturing the Irish trade. The Old Mill, once a rich perquisite of the Earls of Chester, has been pulled down. But Chester still has a busy market and the Rows are crowded with shoppers. Traditionally the Rows were constructed in order to keep the Welsh out of the shops; now they serve the purpose of keeping the shoppers out of the rain. Thomas Fuller, writing in the seventeenth century describes them as 'galleries wherein passengers do go dry with-

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out coming in the streets, having shops on both sides and underneath'. He concludes with the good advice : 'It is worth their pains who have money and leisure to make their own eyes the expounder of the manner thereof, the like being not to be seen in all England ; no, nor in all Europe again.'

HADDON HALL

Haddon Hall, beautifully situated on the River Wye near Bakewell, is one of the most interesting houses in England. It has not the imposing size of its great neighbour Chatsworth ; it has not the formal dignity imparted by a uniform design ; from the eighteenth century until recent years it was uninhabited. But partly for these very reasons, it gives a peculiarly vivid idea of the life of a manor house of the fourteenth to sixteenth centuries. Haddon, which in its earliest parts dates from the twelfth century, was never a castle, though it was certainly built with an eye to the possibility of defence. This can be seen in the thickness of its outer walls, in the small number and size of its fourteenth-century windows, except those facing the courtyards, and in the towers which surmount the entrances. Its position, however, was not suited to a siege and in fact no warfare ever touched its walls. Thus, throughout the centuries, Haddon, in the hands of its various owners, was gradually adapted as far as possible to meet the standards of civilisation of each age. The eighteenth century, however, decided that it was even so too uncomfortable to be lived in and the Rutland family finally deserted it for Belvoir. Thus no Georgian or Victorian alterations have destroyed the character of this beautiful house, which has been carefully preserved from decay by its owners. A few years ago the house

HADDON HALL

ceased to be a 'museum piece' and became once more the home of the Rutlands.

The Manor of Haddon, with that of Bakewell, was given by the Conqueror to his illegitimate son, William Peverel. By his grandson, Haddon was let on knight service to the family of Avenel, passing thence by marriage to the Vernons, with whom the greater part of the history of the building is connected. Of the Norman house, all that remains is part of the Chapel and the foundations of some of the walls. In general character the house is of the fourteenth century, with the additions and embellishments of later periods. A curious feature of the house is that being built on rising ground, the buildings of the two courtyards are on different levels, terraced and approached by flights of steps. The core of the fourteenth century house was the Banqueting Hall, which now seems small in relation to the rest of the building. To this, extensive additions were made in the next century by Sir Richard Vernon, Speaker of the House of Commons and friend of Prince Arthur. Tradition asserts that the Prince stayed at Haddon before his marriage to Catherine of Aragon. It was, however, in the life time of Sir George, the last of the male Vernons, that the house assumed its present appearance. Sir George's position in Derbyshire and his open-handed hospitality earned him the title of 'King of the Peak'. Such hospitality demanded further building. Accordingly the whole range of kitchen buildings and offices and the suite of rooms between the Hall and the Chapel were erected, the dining-room was panelled, while the Long Gallery, Haddon's greatest glory, was

HADDON HALL

begun by Sir George and completed by his son-in-law, John Manners.

To most people, Haddon Hall is the home of Dorothy Vernon, Sir George's daughter and the heroine of the famous elopement story. Betrothed against her will to one of the Stanleys, the beautiful heiress escaped from the house during a dance in order to marry John Manners, who was waiting for her at the foot of the steps, now called after her name. It is disappointing that in fact there was no harsh father, no elopement, no disinheriting; even the steps did not exist at the time. Nor was Dorothy a beauty, if her effigy in Bakewell Church is a true portrait. John Manners, who seems to have been approved in spite of the difference in religion, came to live at Haddon with his wife on the death of Sir George in 1567. He completed the interior decoration of the Long Gallery and the State bedrooms and built the terrace balustrades and steps. The plaster work of the ceiling and the panelling of the Long Gallery, surmounted by the boars' heads of the Vernons and the peacocks of the Manners, is one of the most remarkable features of the house. Few alterations have been made in either house or garden since that time except for the making of a bowling green in the eighteenth century.

It is impossible to describe the many fascinating features of a house where every detail, from the elaborate fireplaces to the tapestries, the huge kitchen dressers and even such articles as a washing tally and a rack for stringing bows, brings the past life of its occupants vividly before one. Yet it is not surprising that the eighteenth-century Dukes of Rutland should

HADDON HALL

have preferred to live at Belvoir, for that century viewed Haddon with the eyes of Horace Walpole, who visiting it in 1760 wrote ; ‘ I saw Haddon, an abandoned old Castle of the Rutlands in a romantic situation, but which never could have composed a tolerable dwelling.’ To this age the charm of Haddon lies in its perfect setting and in the sense of continuity and growth imparted by the building, to which each generation has contributed fresh beauties.

HATFIELD

Surrounded by a magnificent park and set in formal seventeenth-century gardens are Hatfield Palace and Hatfield House, but it is the House which looks like a palace, though in age it is a parvenu by comparison with the former home of bishops and kings. As far back as the seventh century the land of Hatfield was given by King Edgar to the monks of Ely, whose monastery was dedicated to St. Etheldreda. When in 1108 Ely became a bishopric, Hatfield became a bishop's residence until it passed into the hands of the Crown in Henry VIII's reign. Of the old Palace, which was rebuilt by Cardinal Morton in 1496, all that remains is the block containing the Banqueting Hall and Tower, but its lovely red brick and early Tudor windows make one regret that the other wings were pulled down in the reign of James I to build its successor.

The Palace was used by Henry VIII as a nursery for the royal children, Mary, Elizabeth and Edward VI and there in 1517 his niece, the mother of Lady Jane Grey, was born. It was from Hatfield that the boy king Edward VI was escorted by his uncle to London on his accession to the throne. There, in the reign of Mary, Elizabeth lived as a virtual prisoner, except when she was brought to the Tower to be questioned concerning her supposed complicity in the Wyatt rebellion. While at Hatfield, Elizabeth occupied an upper room in the

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tower overlooking the Palace yard. She was kindly treated by her guardian, Sir Thomas Pope, who devised sports and pastimes for her at his own expense. We read of 'a Great and rich maskinge in the great hall at Hatfield, where the pageants were marvellously furnished'. It was under the 'great oak' in the park that Elizabeth was found reading when the news was brought to her of her sister's death and her accession. The 'garden hat', of coarse stiffened lace, which she dropped on her way back to the Palace, is now to be seen in Hatfield House, with other of her personal possessions, including her cradle. Her first Council meeting was held in the great hall in 1558, but after her accession she only paid brief visits to Hatfield.

The story of how Hatfield ceased to be a royal palace and became the home of the Cecil family is a curious one. On the death of Elizabeth, Sir Robert Cecil, the son of her great minister, Lord Burleigh, became the chief adviser of James I holding the positions of Secretary of State, Lord Privy Seal and Lord Treasurer. His appearance was not impressive—Elizabeth had nicknamed him 'the Pygmy' and a contemporary thus described him: 'For his person, he was not much beholding to Nature, though somewhat for his face, which was the best part of his outside; for his inside it may be said without offence that he was his father's own son.' He was never a popular statesman and was thought to have been unscrupulous in securing his own supremacy at the expense of his rivals. Certainly he was 'a courtier from his cradle'. In 1606 he entertained James I and the King of Denmark at

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Theobald's, the great mansion in Hertfordshire built by Lord Burleigh. The kings were all too lavishly entertained. Harrington writes, 'The Lord of the mansion is overwhelmed in preparations at Theobalds and doth marvellously please both kings with good meat, good drink, and good speeches.' Of their sports Harrington adds severely that 'the manners were such as made me devise the beasts were pursuing the sober creation, and not men in quest of exercise or food'. The King, however, enjoyed the sport so well and was so charmed with the house that he asked Cecil to exchange it for the royal manor of Hatfield. The reasons alleged for the exchange were, 'the nearness of Theobalds to the citie of London northwards and to His Majesty's forest of Waltham Chase and Parks of Enfield, with the commoditie of a navigable river, falling into the Thames at a place so convenient for his princely sports and recreation, and so commodious for the residence of His Highness' Court and the entertaynment of forrayne Princes and their Embassadors.' Cecil did not oppose the King's wishes and Theobalds was handed over to the accompaniment of a Masque in which the house was made to utter the courtly sentiment :

Oh blessed change
And no less glad than strange
Where we that lose have won
And for a beam enjoy a Sun.

Cecil, created Earl of Salisbury, set to work in 1607 on the building of the house which is now one of the few perfect Jacobean mansions in the country. It was before the days when

HATFIELD

the work was entrusted to one designing and controlling architect. Though the name of Robert Lyminge, who also took a large part in building Blickling, in Norfolk, is given as architect, there is no doubt that the design and superintendence of the whole was the work of Salisbury himself. It is estimated that he must have spent at least £40,000 on the house and garden. Although the house was built of brick, in part from the old Palace, it was relieved with stone brought over from Caen. France and the Low Countries were visited to obtain the sycamore trees, the mulberries and the 30,000 vines. The windows of the Chapel were filled with Flemish glass; French painters and sculptors were employed; the mosaic portrait of Salisbury over one of the fireplaces came from Venice.

The House was nearing completion in 1611, but Salisbury was not to live in it, for the following year, after a long illness, he died. His body was brought to Hatfield Church for burial and lies under a monument where the Cardinal Virtues support a black marble slab on which rests his effigy in the robes of Lord Treasurer. The county remembered him unkindly in the rhyme,

Not Robin Goodfellow nor Robin Hood
But Robin the encloser of Hatfield wood.

Yet though he was not in the first rank of statesmen, he inherited and transmitted a great tradition of public service and it is appropriate that the other monument in the Chapel should be that of Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, the late Marquess of Salisbury.



HADDON HALL



HATFIELD HOUSE, SOUTH FRONT

HATFIELD

Hatfield House remains to-day as it was in Salisbury's time. It was built just before the Age of Inigo Jones and Palladian architecture. Both in its exterior design and in the rich carvings of its staircases, chimney pieces and hall-screens, it represents the final flowering of the Jacobean style. Within, it is a treasury of famous portraits, State papers of priceless value to the historian, furniture and armour. But it is the beauty of the gardens, the Parterre, the Vineyard, the Maze, the garden of perfumes, that is its greatest charm. It is they which seem to have made the greatest impression on Pepys on his visit to Hatfield in 1661. He noted in his Diary that he arrived about noon, 'and walked all alone to the Vineyard, which is now a very beautiful place again ; and coming back I met with Mr. Looker, my Lord's gardener, who showed me the house, the chappel with brave pictures, and, above all the gardens, such as I never saw in all my life ; nor so good flowers, nor so good gooseburys, as big as nutmegs.'

ST. ALBANS

To see St. Albans at its best one should stand on the site of the Roman City of Verulamium and look across the lake to the tree-clad hill, crowned by the square Norman Tower of the Abbey. For the city of St. Albans is not built on the site of its Roman predecessor. Verulamium, first a Belgic stronghold, then a Roman municipium and capital of Southern Britain, was destroyed by the Saxon conquerors, who were not town-dwellers and cared nothing for the civilisation of the Roman cities. Now, under the careful hand of the archaeologist, that city is being uncovered and from its treasures we can reconstruct the life of Roman Britain. Mr. Guy Parsloe in his book on *The English Country Town* writes,

A few feet of tough masonry and a crumbling bastion are enough to bring before him the city walls that Boadicea stormed ; a few square feet of mosaic floor, a fragment of painted wall plaster, and a hypocaust flue tile will make a fine house, to be furnished with locks and keys, lamps, and glazed table ware from Gaul, great amphorae brimming with oil and wine, and a hundred other bits from the local museum. And the men who guarded these walls, and the women who kept these houses, are they so far from us as we handle their swords and writing tablets, their rings and combs, earpicks and unguent bottles? . . . Potsherds and rusty iron ; not much perhaps to show for four centuries of conquest and civilisation, but the town is the richer by such tokens of its past.

ST. ALBANS

But when the Saxons, in turn converted to Christianity, wished to honour the memory of Alban, the Roman soldier who had died for his faith, they chose the hill overlooking Verulamium, where he had met his death, as the site of the Benedictine monastery which bears his name. The present Abbey, with its long nave and tower built of Roman tiles from ruined Verulamium, succeeded that founded by the Saxon King Offa. It was begun when Paul of Caen was Abbot in 1077, the Tower and main transept walls still standing as he built them. Of the monastic buildings all that remains is the great gateway, outside which the angry crowds of peasants assembled in 1381 on their way to London to demand of the young King Richard II their freedom from villeinage.

The peasants from the Eastern counties, who are mentioned by Froissart as being particularly discontented, induced the Abbot of St. Albans to send men with them on their march to London. After their famous interview with the King, in which the villeins were promised their freedom, a great throng returned to St. Albans, broke into the houses of the Abbey and forced the Abbot to open the prison. Here they were joined by Richard of Wallingford, one of the leaders, bearing the King's standard and writ. Armed with this he forced the Abbot to make a pact of freedom to all the bondmen of the monastery. But still the rebels were not satisfied, and by threats they compelled the Abbot to grant a charter giving the commonalty rights of pasture, of fishing and hunting and of self-government. Soon, however, the tables were turned ;

ST. ALBANS

the revolt failed in London ; its leaders were dead or in flight and vengeance approached St. Albans in the person of Sir Walter atte Lee, who summoned the townsfolk before him and demanded back the charter. The townsmen still showed fight and one of the ringleaders, who had been released in order to induce them to surrender, said, ' If I die, I shall die for the cause of the freedom we have won, counting myself happy to end my life by such a martyrdom. Do then to-day as you would have done had I been killed yesterday.'

However, the arrival of the King with his Justiciar and armed forces compelled the town to obedience. Fifteen of the rebels were executed at St. Albans, including the famous priest John Ball, who had preached that, ' Matters cannot go on well in England until all things shall be in common ; when there shall be neither vassals nor lords.' The grants were revoked and the Abbey resumed its sway over its peasants. But eighteen years later, Richard II was lodged, after his deposition, as a prisoner in the Abbey gate-house ; a few months later his dead body was exhibited to view in the city and the office for the dead was held in the Abbey.

Situated as it is on the Great North Road, St. Albans played an important part in the Wars of the Roses, when the main objective of the two parties was control of London. In 1455 the first battle of St. Albans was fought in the streets of the city. The Duke of York with a considerable force had already taken up his position, when Henry VI arrived and set up his standard in St. Peter's Street. After a parley, the Duke of York gave the signal for attack and his men advanced



ST. ALBANS

against the town in three bodies. The Paston Letters give an account of the fight.

The King . . . commanded to slay all manner of men Lords, Knights and esquires and yeomen that might be taken of the afore-said Duke of York. The Lord Clifford kept strongly the barriers, that the said Duke of York might not in any wise with all the power that he had, enter nor break into the town. The Earl of Warwick, knowing thereof, took and gathered his men together and fiercely broke in by the garden side, between the signe of the Keye and the signe of the Chekkere in Holwell St. and anon, as they were within the town, suddenly they blew up trumpets, and set a cry with a shout and a great voice, 'A Warwick! A Warwick!'

The Lancastrians were thus cut in two and within half an hour the streets were full of dead, and the town was in the hands of the Duke of York. The King had taken refuge in a cottage, from whence he was conducted back to London a virtual prisoner. The Abbot succeeded in saving the Abbey from plunder and there the bodies of the great lords, like the Duke of Somerset who had been slain in the battle, were buried.

In 1461 the city was the scene of a second battle. In that year the Duke of York had been killed, but his son Edward, claiming the throne, marched on London. The Lancastrian Queen, Margaret of Anjou, with her Northern troops hurried south and won a barren victory at St. Albans. For while her troops sacked the town and delayed there for a fortnight, the young Edward entered London amid the acclamations of the citizens, and was crowned as Edward IV.

In the more peaceful days of the Tudors the situation of

ST. ALBANS

St. Albans made it a very prosperous market town. Although no more pilgrims came to lay their offerings at the shrine of St. Alban, which had been demolished at the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the city was still remarkable for the number of its innkeepers, victuallers and shoemakers. Queen Elizabeth visited it several times on her way to stay with Sir Francis Bacon at his neighbouring house of Gorhambury. The Civil War, however, made St. Albans once more of military importance. It was held by Parliament throughout the War, following a scene in the market-place in 1643 when 'Captain' Cromwell arrested the sheriff for daring to read a royal proclamation. The town was the headquarters of the Earl of Essex and later of Fairfax and during this time Royalist prisoners were kept in the Abbey to the great detriment of its fabric. With the Restoration, St. Albans returned to its busy round of markets and fairs, while the coaching days of the eighteenth century brought still more prosperity to its fine inns, many of which survive to the present day.

CAMBRIDGE

The first picture that comes to many minds on hearing the word 'Cambridge' is that of the 'Backs'. The picture is composed of smooth green lawns, sloping down to the river with its many bridges; of the early green of the willows, the late gold of the chestnuts in the meadows, the crocuses in John's gardens; of the grey pinnacles of King's College Chapel, the yellow-pink of Trinity library, the mellow red brick of John's and the timbering of Queens'. Yet once these quiet lawns and cloistered courts were busy hithes and wharves whose names, Cornhithe, Flaxhithe, Garlichithe, Salthithe, recall the trade of a medieval river port. It was in the river meadow adjoining Barnwell Priory that the famous 'Stourbridge Fair' was held, for Cambridge was the distributing centre for the merchandise of the towns of Flanders and the Hanseatic League. Gradually, however, from the thirteenth century onwards, the University grew up, its fame eclipsed that of the town and its Colleges took the place of the quays, until to-day the river belongs to 'eights' and punts rather than to corn barges.

It is not possible here to give a history of the growth of the University nor of the individual colleges. Their founders include medieval and Tudor churchmen, religious orders, pious noblewomen, townsmen, kings and queens. In origin

C A M B R I D G E

Oxford and Cambridge owed much to the Franciscan and Dominican orders and throughout the Middle Ages learning remained the handmaid of religion. Though Peterhouse was founded in 1281 to counteract the too great influence of the religious orders in the University, its students were none the less enjoined to wear the clerical dress and tonsure. Even in the fourteenth century, however, the students were becoming too secular in their clothing, for constant complaints were made against their wearing long beards, curled hair, furred cloaks, red and green hose, peaked shoes and costly girdles 'contrary to clerical propriety'. Further they had to be forbidden to frequent alehouses, introduce dogs into college, play games of hazard, dice or ball or to indulge in 'wrestling, dancing or other incautious and inordinate sports.'

Throughout the Middle Ages the growth of the colleges continued. Clare and Pembroke owe their foundation to two great ladies of the fourteenth century, Elizabeth, Countess of Clare, and Marie de Valence, widow of the Earl of Pembroke; Corpus Christi College, which was originally attached to the Church of St. Benet, was founded by one of the Cambridge guilds; while Gonville Hall was founded in 1348 as a Dominican house. But though the fourteenth century saw several new foundations, learning suffered a decline after the Black Death and the clerks seem to have been unpopular. At the time of the Peasants' Revolt many of the college charters were seized and burnt in the market-place amid cries of, 'Thus perish the skill of the clerks!'

With the fifteenth century came a revival of learning and

CAMBRIDGE

with it two royal foundations, King's College and Queens' College. The memory of that pathetic figure, Henry VI, possessed of all the virtues of the scholar and the churchman, but destined to rule England at one of the most turbulent periods of her history, is immortalised by his two foundations of Eton and King's. His Charter of 1443 sets forth his purpose that 'our poor scholars of our Royal foundation of St. Mary of Eton, after they have been sufficiently taught the first rudiments of grammar, shall be transferred thence to our aforesaid College of Cambridge . . . there to be more thoroughly instructed in a liberal course of study, in other branches of knowledge, and in other professions'. On the site formerly occupied by houses and lanes leading to the Salthe wharf arose the first buildings of the royal college and its Chapel, which was to be the finest flower of fifteenth century architecture. The King, as is evidenced by his Will, examined every detail of the plans. He intended that there should be a great quadrangle, a tower 220 feet high and a turreted gatehouse, giving access to a bridge across the river. But this plan was never to be carried out in its entirety, for the work was barely begun when the Wars of the Roses broke out. By 1461 Edward of York was on the throne, Henry VI a prisoner in the Tower and the workmen employed on King's Chapel, hearing of the Lancastrian defeat, had thrown down their tools and fled. The work on the Chapel languished until 1506 when Henry VII, influenced by his mother, one of the greatest benefactors of the University, decided to become its patron. By 1515 the Chapel was completed; the fine glass of the windows,

C A M B R I D G E

the screen and rood-loft and the Renaissance stalls were added in Henry VIII's reign. But though the Tudor rose and portcullis are all too lavishly displayed on its walls, the Chapel remains a memorial to the 'royal saint'.

Queens' College was founded by Margaret of Anjou, spurred to emulation of her husband's foundation of King's. The work on this college was also interrupted by the Wars of the Roses, but in 1464 another Queen became its patroness, Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV. This college, the home of Bishop Fisher, is closely associated with the 'new learning' of the Renaissance. There, in the angle of the Great Court, are the rooms occupied by Erasmus, the great classical scholar, drawn to Queens' College 'either by the fame of the learning and love of his friend Bishop Fisher, then master thereof, or allured with the situation of this college, so near the river (as Rotterdam, his native place, to the sea) with pleasant walks thereabouts.' Unfortunately Erasmus did not altogether enjoy the years he spent teaching Greek at Cambridge, for his letters are full of half-humorous complaints about the cold and wet, the food, the wine, the expense and the plague, which forced him to live 'like a cockle shut up in his shell, stowing myself away in college and perfectly mum over my books.'

Cambridge has another debt to Fisher, for he was the friend and confessor of that great patroness of the Renaissance, Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII and founder of Christ's and St. John's Colleges and the Lady Margaret professorships. Lady Margaret, who was as religious as she

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was learned, saw in education the best means of preserving the Church from error and decay. When she died in 1510 all England mourned her death, but especially 'the students of both the Universities to whom she was as a mother; all the learned men of England to whom she was a very patroness.' With the breach with Rome in Henry VIII's reign the University passed through perilous days. Fisher perished as a martyr on Tower Hill and the Dissolution threatened the safety of some of the colleges. Fortunately Henry VIII, who had once been the friend of Colet and More, had no intention of destroying the colleges. To his courtiers, proposing their spoliation, he said, 'I tell you sirs, that I judge no land in England better bestowed than that which is given to our Universities; for by their maintenance our realm shall be well-governed when we be dead and rotten.' Henry gave further proof of his good-will by his foundation of Trinity College, which absorbed the two older halls of Michaelhouse and King's Hall, founded by Edward III. The decayed nunnery of St. Rhadegund had already been converted by Bishop Alcock of Ely into Jesus College. Thus Cambridge passed practically unscathed through the Reformation, while the later Puritan movement made its contribution to the University in the foundation of Sidney Sussex and Emmanuel Colleges. So many of the founders of Puritan colonies in America came from Emmanuel that it was said, 'If New England hath been in some respect Immanuel's land . . . Immanuel College contributed more than a little to make it so.'

C A M B R I D G E

The Civil War did little damage to Cambridge. The college plate, which had been loyally despatched to the King, was captured by Cromwell, but its greater treasure, the stained glass windows of King's Chapel, was untouched. Perhaps Cromwell, who was formerly at Sidney Sussex, perserved some tenderness for his old University and that of his friend Milton, whose verse had celebrated the 'the storied windows, richly dight'. Shortly after the Civil War Pepys became an undergraduate of Magdalene College, to which he later bequeathed the library which is still housed in the very book-cases whose construction afforded him so much satisfaction. His diary records several visits to his old college. In February, 1660, he writes: 'To the Three Tuns, where we drank pretty hard and many healths to the King; then we broke up and I and Mr. Zanchy to Magdalene College, where a very handsome supper at Mr. Hill's Chambers, I suppose upon a club among them, where I could find nothing at all left of the old preciseness in their discourse, specially on Saturday nights.'

Though famous libraries existed in the colleges, the University Library had suffered much from the destructiveness of Edward VI's reign and from subsequent theft. Its present importance dates from George I's gift of books in 1715, which occasioned the Oxford epigram:

King George, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.



CAMBRIDGE, KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

C A M B R I D G E

To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

The fine buildings of the Senate House and the old University Library date from this period. Each century has thus left its architectural mark on Cambridge, the medieval cloister and chapel, the Tudor gateway, the Renaissance arcade, the eighteenth century façade, the less happy Waterhouse Gothic restoration, and the twentieth century University Library, whose tower rises behind the new buildings of Clare.

ELY

In 673 the East Anglian Princess Etheldreda, who had been the friend and patroness of St. Wilfred at Hexham, decided to leave her husband, the King of Northumbria, in order to become a nun. She came to her own principality of the Isle of Ely and there founded a religious house of which she became Abbess. St. Etheldreda became the patron saint of Fenland ; the Cathedral which arose on the site of her foundation bears her name, while in the Middle Ages its corruption of St. Audrey was given to the great Pilgrims' Fair at Ely. Her actual monastery was destroyed by the Danes and when in 970 it was restored, it was for Benedictine monks. The Saxon kings delighted to honour Ely ; Brithnoth, the hero of the Battle of Maldon, gave the Abbey nine manors and after his death in battle with the Danes, his headless body was brought for burial to Ely ; Edward the Confessor, who had been placed as a baby upon the High Altar in Ely, grew up in its choir school. Meantime the semi-independent character of the Isle of Ely, due to its foundation by a Royal Abbess, survived and after the Conquest it became a County Palatine, ruled by Prince Bishops, who held, alternately with the Bishops of Glastonbury and Canterbury, the office of Chancellor. Until 1836, it was ' the Bishop's Peace ' not ' the King's peace ' in Ely, while

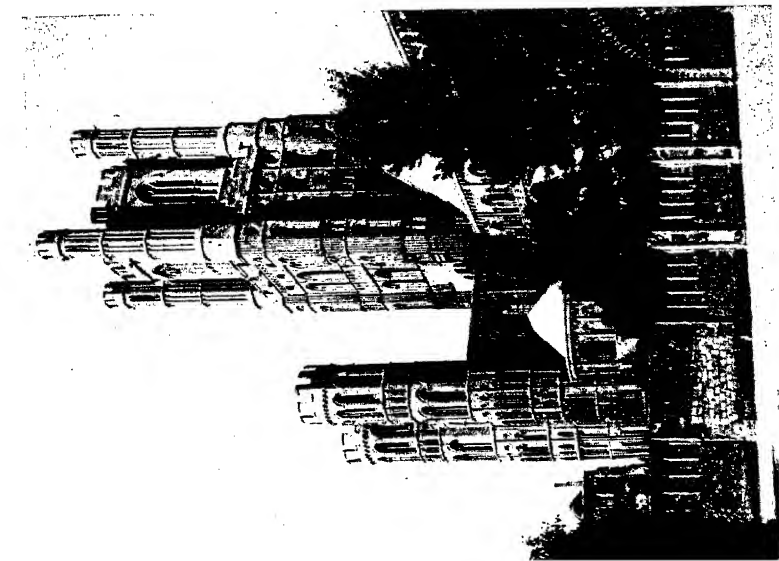
Ely Place, the London house of the Bishops, was a 'Liberty' where the royal writ did not run.

At the time of the Norman Conquest, Ely was an island in fact as well as in name. Here, protected by the well-nigh impassable Fens, Hereward the Wake and his followers defied William the Conqueror from their Camp of Refuge. His story, which captured the imagination of Kingsley, is interwoven with legend. Born the son of a Lincolnshire thegn, he was exiled from England by Edward the Confessor. He returned after the Conquest to find that his father was dead and that his lands had been given to a Norman. With the aid of the discontented Fenmen he drove out the Normans from his manor and then made his way to the Isle of Ely where, in his Camp of Refuge, he organised the last Saxon resistance to the Conqueror. To anyone ignorant of the country, the place was peculiarly difficult to take, nor was it likely that it would be reduced by starvation since the Fens abounded in wild fowl and fish. Many stories are told in *De Gestis Herewardi Saxonis* of the daring tricks which Hereward in disguise played upon William in his camp at Brandon. On one such occasion Hereward disguised as a Fenman worked with the Normans constructing timber mounds for the attack on the Camp, then when they were completed he fired them. William rebuilt the mounds and hired a witch to stand on top and curse the Saxons, but Hereward fired the reeds, which smoked into the Norman camp. In the confusion the Normans strayed from the pathway and were drowned in the swamp, while the witch fell off the mound and broke her neck.

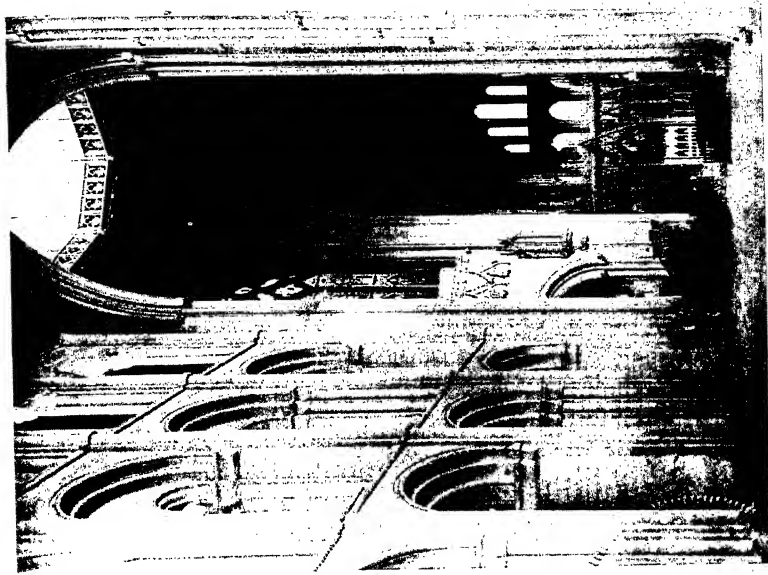
E L Y

Eventually the monks of Ely, fearing William's displeasure, sent a message to him offering to show him the secret causeway to the Camp. Led by the monks, the Normans stormed the camp and killed many though Hereward himself escaped. Though he performed other exploits, the resistance to William was now over. In the words of the chronicles, Hereward 'after great battles and a thousand dangers frequently braved and nobly terminated, as well against the King of England, as against his Earls, barons, prefects and presidents which are yet sung in our streets—and after having fully avenged his mother's wrongs with his own powerful right hand—obtained the King's pardon and his paternal inheritance, and so ended his days in peace, and was very lately buried with his wife nigh to our monastery.' Incidentally the monks of Ely did not gain much by their treachery, for William fined them 700 marks and made them pay for a garrison of forty Norman knights.

The great Minster, now the Cathedral, was begun in 1080 and to this period belongs the Norman nave, which is one of the finest in the country. Building continued until the end of the fifteenth century, when the Bishop's Palace, formerly connected to the Cathedral by a covered gallery, was built. Seen across the Fens the Cathedral on its grassy hill has been likened to a ship riding the waves. The approach through the magnificent stone Ely Porta, past the Deanery, once the dining hall of the Abbey, the Canon's residence where Edward III and his Queen were entertained, and the lovely red brick Bishop's Palace, are equally beautiful. Of the many remarkable features of the Cathedral the Lantern Tower, the work of Alan of



Western Towers



Octagon Tower from the Nave

ELY CATHEDRAL

ELY

Walsingham, the greatest cathedral builder of the fourteenth century is the most famous. This Octagonal Tower is, apart from its grace and beauty, an achievement in engineering which would still be amazing in this age of steel and concrete. Oak beams 63 feet long and 3 feet square were used in its building. Alan of Walsingham also built the three bays of the choir, Prior Crauden's Chapel and the Lady Chapel, which, in the opinion of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, was the model which inspired the design of King's College Chapel.

The fine carving and statuary of Ely suffered very badly at the time of the Reformation. The shrine of St. Etheldreda was robbed of its precious covering, the tomb opened and the dust scattered; the monastic buildings were destroyed at the Dissolution and many of the images in the Church were broken. In the house which formerly belonged to the steward of the Abbey, Oliver Cromwell lived for ten years with his mother and his family. On the green outside he drilled the men of the Eastern Association. The Bishop of Ely had been sent to the Tower shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War, but the services were carried on by one of the Canons. To him Cromwell addressed the following letter: 'Lest the soldiers should in any tumultuary or disorderly way attempt the Reformation of the Cathedral Church, I require you to forbear altogether your Choir service, so unedifying and offensive. I desire your sermons too where they usually have been, but more frequent.' The Canon, however, continued to hold his 'unedifying' services. Cromwell therefore entered the Cathedral, sword in hand and hat on head, accompanied by his soldiers, and said in

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a loud voice, ' I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me, and am commanded to dismiss this assembly.' The Canon continued to read the service until the soldiers drove out the congregation. Fortunately the demolition of the Cathedral, which was proposed a few years later, was never carried out.

To-day Ely is one of the smallest of the Cathedral cities, but its close is one of the most beautiful.

KING'S LYNN AND CASTLE RISING

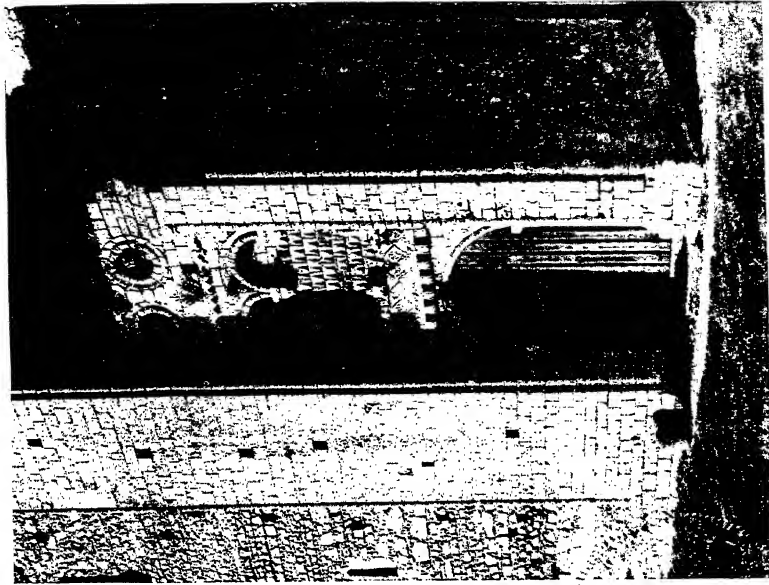
Lynn arose from a little settlement of Fenmen existing precariously at the mouth of the Ouse. From this it developed into ' the medieval Liverpool of the east coast ', a city of merchant princes who entertained kings royally with banquets of peacocks. Its early name was Lynn Episcopi, and three bishops played an important part in its growth. Herbert de Losinga, the vigorous first bishop of Norwich, built St. Margaret's Church ; Bishop Turbus in the twelfth century reclaimed land for a Priory, raised an earthwork round the town and established a mill and a market ; Bishop Grey obtained a charter from King John by which ' Lenne Episcopi ' became a free borough. In actual fact Lynn had a hard struggle before its municipal freedom was safe from the interference of the Bishops of Norwich.

King John is associated with Lynn in more ways than the grant of his charter. Tradition has given the name of ' King John's cup ' to one of Lynn's greatest treasures. In the opinion of experts, however, this lovely gold and enamel cup belongs to the fourteenth century and was probably the property of Duke John of Brittany, who owned Castle Rising at that time. Even the sword which John is said to have presented, taking it

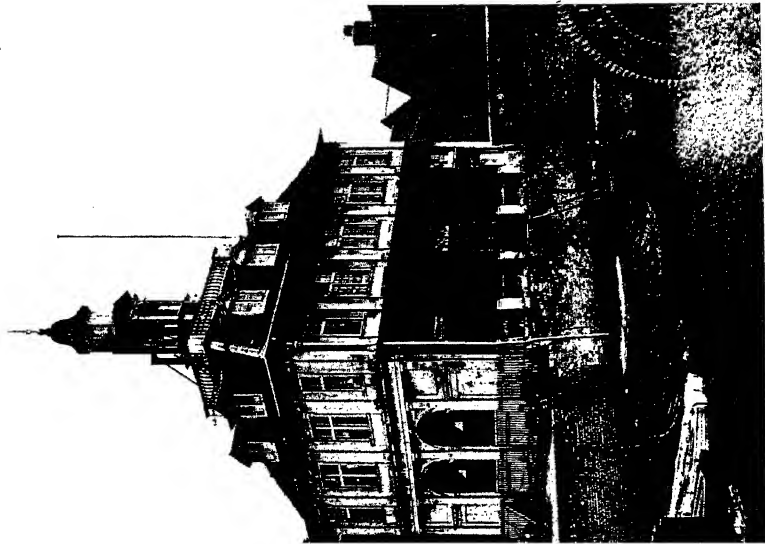
KING'S LYNN

from his own side, is later in date. But there is nothing legendary about John's two days visit in 1216, for it was after being lavishly entertained by Lynn that John made his disastrous retreat across the Wash, where he lost his treasure and personal possessions. Two days later he died at Newark Abbey.

In the thirteenth century Lynn, with its extensive system of waterways, became one of the chief ports for the export of wool and hides to the Netherlands and Hanseatic ports and for the import of wines. A mint was set up in the town; the Hansa opened a steelyard opposite St. Margaret's Church; the Jews settled in Jews' Lane Ward. Lynn was also a market for the produce of the Marshlands and had a famous cattle fair. In Edward III's reign the Flemish weavers contributed to the town's prosperity. The street names, Skinner's, Baxter's, Webster's, Fuller's, Mercer's and Woolpack St., all bear witness to the many trades which flourished. Ships were built there for Edward III's navy, and the Lynn fleet sailed yearly to La Rochelle and Bergen. There were thirty-eight guilds in the town, the hall of the guild of Holy Trinity being now used as the Town Hall. The wealthy merchants built fine houses along the water front and their hospitality was famous. Edward III's visit to the town is commemorated on a brass to a merchant in St. Margaret's Church, on which a feast to a royal personage is depicted. His visit was occasioned by the fact that his mother, Queen Isabella, was living at Castle Rising, four and a half miles away. So far historians have not white-washed 'the she-wolf of France', who was responsible



CASTLE RISING, THE ENTRANCE TO
THE NORMAN KEEP



KING'S LYNN, THE CUSTOM
HOUSE

K I N G ' S L Y N N

for the murder of her husband. Edward III, on coming of age, executed her paramour, Mortimer, and confined his mother in the Norman fortress of Castle Rising. Her captivity, however, does not seem to have been very severe as she was allowed to travel and to entertain at the Castle, where she was several times visited by her son.

The town did not acquire the name of King's Lynn until the reign of Henry VIII, which ended the ecclesiastical domination of the town. This event was commemorated by the placing of the royal arms over the East Gate. Lynn was to justify her new title in the Civil War when, alone of the Norfolk towns, she held out for the King. The citizens, under the leadership of Sir Hamon Lestrangle, proudly boasted that the Parliamentarians under the Earl of Manchester had 'as much hope of Heaven's gates as to enter Lynn', but in fact the siege did not prove a very desperate business, for, after a 16-lb. shot had been fired into the midst of the Sunday congregation of St. Margaret's, the town surrendered.

The prosperity of Lynn was as great in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries as at any time in its history, as is evidenced by the lovely Stuart period Customs house, the Theatre and the fine Georgian merchants' houses. Defoe says that Lynn brought in more coals than any seaport between London and Newcastle and more wine than any port except London and Bristol. He adds that 'here are more gentry, and consequently more gaiety in this town than in Yarmouth or even Norwich itself.' The proximity of the estates of the three great Norfolk families of Coke at Holkham, Walpole at

CASTLE RISING

Houghton and Townshend at Raynham added to the social consequence of Lynn. Castle Rising, which had dwindled to a mere handful of inhabitants who still met and solemnly elected one of their number as Mayor, returned the father of the famous Sir Robert Walpole as member of Parliament. Sir Robert himself was member for Lynn, which was so much a 'family seat' that on his death his son Horace, who was far more devoted to letters than to politics, had reluctantly to visit Lynn at election time. He described his electioneering experiences as follows, in a letter to a friend. 'It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of the day I can begin electioneering and succeed in my vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob, addressing them in the town-hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them amid bumpers, huzzas, songs and tobacco and finishing with country dancing at a Ball and sixpenny whisk. I have borne it all cheerfully; nay, have sat for hours in conversation, the thing upon earth that I hate; have been to hear misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Rubens and Carlo Marat. Yet to do the folks justice, they are sensible, reasonable and civilised; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of good roads and post-chaises, which, if they have abridged the King's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects.' Until 1826 a Walpole always sat for King's Lynn, and the family nominated

CASTLE RISING

one member for Castle Rising until the Borough was abolished in 1832.

By the middle of the nineteenth century Lynn had gone the way of most of the great medieval seaports. Its harbour had silted up and was too shallow for the new shipping, and its commerce had deserted it for the ports of the industrial north and midlands. Its position as a market town, however, saved it from the fate of Winchelsea.

NORWICH

Caistor was a city when Norwich was none,
And Norwich was built with Caistor stone.

This rhyme points to the fact that Venta Icenorum, which was probably Caistor, not Norwich, was the important town in the days of the Romans. By Saxon times, however, the growth of Norwich had begun with a settlement on the river called Conesford. By the side of this grew up the Danish Westwyk, both having their centre and market in Tombland. The Danish name Northwick embraced both and the Danish connection with the town lasted until after the Conquest. When the Normans came they added a third part to the town by creating the New Burgh with its castle, church and market in the district called Mancroft. For a time the Normans remained a separate community, but gradually the three parts fused and the Norman market took the place of that in Tombland.

In 1096 the episcopal history of Norwich begins with the founding of the Cathedral and Priory by Herbert de Losinga, who transferred his see thither from Thetford. This remarkable man, a monk of Fecamp, acquired his bishopric from William Rufus by simony, but, filled with remorse, he vowed, 'I entered upon my office disgracefully, but by the help of God's grace I will pass out of it with credit.' The Cathedral

NORWICH

and Priory of Norwich and St. Margaret's Church at Lynn are the fruits of his repentance. The Cathedral, in spite of later additions, remains in essentials a Norman building, being one of the few to retain the Norman Processional path and radiating chapels. To the south were the monastic buildings, to the north the bishop's palace. The Cathedral precincts were walled and entered by a gate from Tombland, to the great annoyance of the citizens, who complained that the bishop had encroached on their land for the purpose.

Relations between the Priory and the citizens were never cordial and the climax was reached in an extraordinary riot in 1272, in which the Cathedral and Priory were fired. Following a quarrel at the Fair of Holy Trinity between the townsmen and the servants of the Priory, the latter closed their gates and began shooting with cross-bows at the people in Tombland. The townsmen retaliated, fire was slung at the roof of the Cathedral, the gates of the Priory were burnt down and it was sacked. Meantime the Prior returned from Yarmouth with reinforcements and entering the town sword in hand restored order after a fight in which many citizens were killed and their houses fired. The bishop laid the town under an Interdict and Edward I arrived in person to fine the city 3,000 marks and to order the building of the Ethelbert Gate as part of its penance for a very expensive riot. Bad feeling seems to have persisted, for in 1443 the Priory was besieged by the town with artillery. In 1524 Cardinal Wolsey put an end to the feud by settling the bounds of their respective jurisdictions. Shortly afterwards the Priory was dissolved.

NORWICH

Meantime the municipal liberties of Norwich had developed as a result of successive grants from the time of Edward the Confessor. Domesday states that Norwich paid not only money to the King, but also an annual tribute of herring pies. These famous pies continued to be sent to the king until 1816, though in 1629 it seems that 'divers just exceptions' were taken against their quality. It appears from a portentous complaint on the subject that there were only four instead of five herrings in each pie, that the crust did not travel well and that the herrings were not 'of the first new herrings'. Richard I's charter enabled the town to elect its own reeve; later the government was vested in four bailiffs, who gave place to sheriffs when Norwich became a county. Her prosperity was largely due to the woollen industry, planted by the Flemings. Worstead, where they settled, became the centre of the manufacture of the cloth which bears that name and Norwich was made the staple town. So rich did the city become that it was nearly all rebuilt in the fourteenth century. Of the multitude of parish churches for which Norwich is famed, the majority belong to this period, as do other interesting buildings such as God's House in Holmstete, St. Andrew's Hall and the Stranger's Hall. The street names bear witness to the number of crafts which flourished in the town. The Black Death, however, struck a severe blow to its prosperity for a time, and the disturbed condition of the county is reflected in the Peasants' Revolt of 1381.

Norwich was not easily defensible although it was walled, and when a large force of peasants under John Litester, a dyer,

NORWICH

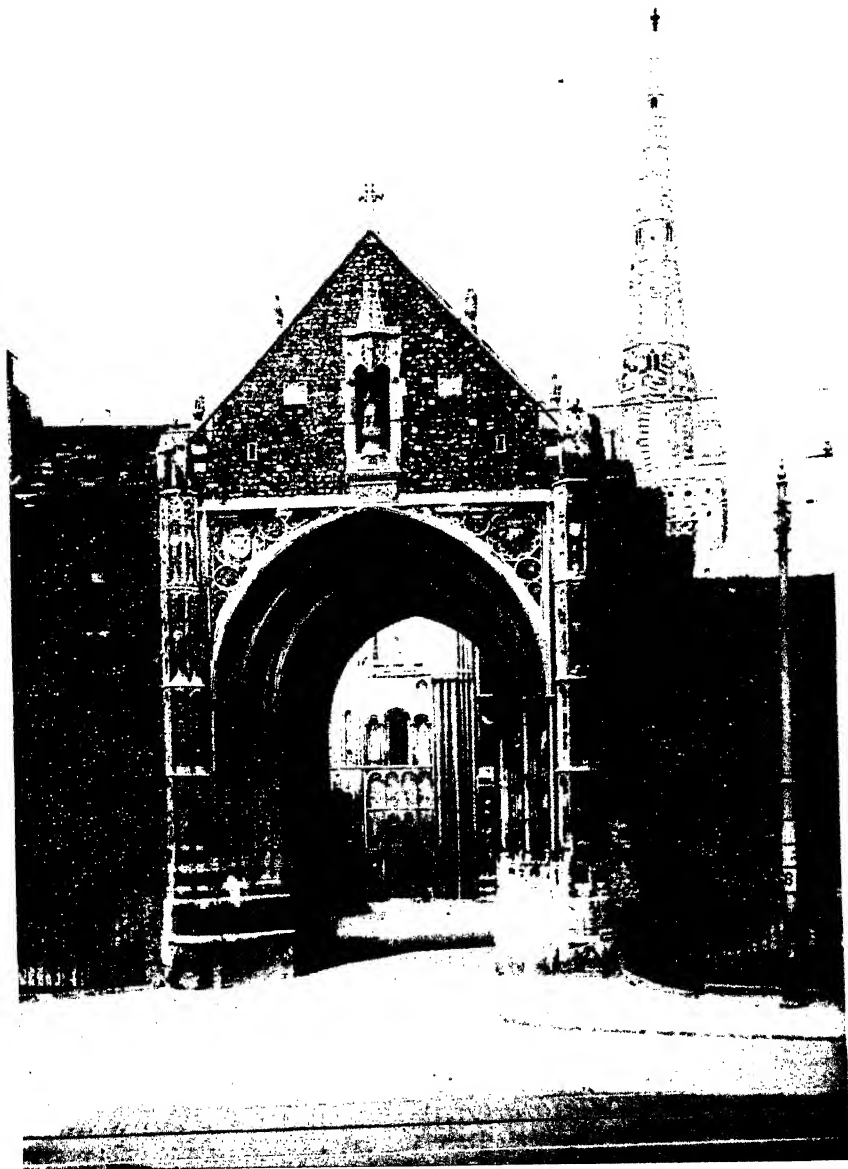
appeared on Mousehold Heath, Sir Robert de Salle, who commanded the town, rode out to try and dissuade them from entering the town. What followed is vividly described by Froissart. The peasants tried to win Sir Robert to their side saying, 'Ye be no gentylmanne borne, but son to a villein such as we be, therefore come you with us and be our master and we shall make you so great a lord that one quarter of England shall be under your obeysaunce.' Sir Robert indignantly refused, whereupon the peasants shouted, 'Slay him without mercy.' Having failed to escape on his horse, Sir Robert drew his sword and 'began to scrimyshe with them and made a great place about him that it was a pleasure to beholden.' Surrounded as he was by 40,000 peasants Sir Robert had no chance, 'but or he dyed he slew twelve out of hand besyde them that he hurte.' Meantime the warlike Bishop of Norwich appeared with his troops and with lance in hand charged the rebels. A rout ensued in which Litester was taken. The Bishop, resuming his ecclesiastical character, heard his confession, granted him absolution and then hanged him.

Mousehold Heath, which looks so peaceful in the paintings of Crome, was the scene of another Norfolk rebellion—that of Ket in 1549. From the Norfolk villages the peasants, inflamed by the enclosures and the oppression of the landlords, flocked to Mousehold, where they soon numbered 20,000. They addressed a pathetic petition to the King, stating their wrongs. Meantime the palace of the Earl of Surrey was seized and used as a prison for the gentry whom they had captured. After a fierce fight on Bishop's Bridge, Ket's men entered Norwich.

NORWICH

The Mayor, Thomas Codde, and some of the aldermen were carried off to the rebel camp. Ket did his best to preserve order among his followers. Each day he sat beneath 'the oak of Reformation' to hear cases, and prisoners of whom the rebels cried 'he is a good man' were set free. The Mayor was kept in irons, but beyond a few sinister jokes about 'this day a cod's head will be sold for a penny' he did not suffer much. Matthew Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, went to the camp to reason with the rebels. What he said displeased them and he was only saved by his chaplain and the choristers who had accompanied him beginning to sing the *Te Deum*, which sweet music calmed the rude peasants.

Meantime the King sent a herald offering pardon to 'all that wolde humbly submit themselves and depart quietly every man to his house.' Ket replied, 'Kings are wont to pardon wicked persons—not innocent and just men.' After this, disorder in Norwich grew and a body of Italian mercenary troops under the Marquis of Northampton was despatched to the city. After two days' fierce fighting the mercenaries were defeated by the peasants and the city remained in their hands for three weeks. A large force under the Earl of Warwick was now sent, with Welsh artillery and infantry composed of German lanceknechts. After some street fighting the rebels retreated to Mousehold Heath, where Warwick inflicted a crushing defeat upon them. Ket was taken and hanged from Norwich Keep and his brother from Wymondham steeple; nine of the ringleaders were hanged from 'the oak of Reformation' and forty-five were executed in Norwich market place.



NORWICH CATHEDRAL FROM THE ERPINGHAM GATE

NORWICH

The Earl of Warwick and the Norwich citizens gave thanks to God in the Church of St. Peter Mancroft.

The prosperity of Norwich, which had somewhat declined, was revived in Elizabeth's reign by the influx of Flemish and Huguenot refugees, who not only introduced the weaving of new stuffs, but also such trades as dyeing and making of pins and felt hats. Much building took place at this time. Norwich was remarkable for the number of noblemen's houses which it contained, as well as those of its wealthy merchant families. The Howards alone had four houses, including the Palace of the Dukes of Norfolk, begun in Henry VIII's reign. The Paston family, whose famous letters give such a vivid picture of fifteenth century Norfolk, had a house called 'The Musick House'. At the Reformation the property of the Friars and the other religious communities had been taken over by the town. St. Andrew's Hall was formerly the preaching nave of the Blackfriars' Church, while the Guildhall had been the hall of St. George's Guild. Until 1835 this was commemorated by a procession on St. George's Day when a very popular dragon called 'Snap' used to pursue schoolboys and snatch off their caps.

Possibly as a result of the foreign Protestant element in the town, Norwich became a stronghold of Puritanism in the seventeenth century. Many Norwich men emigrated to the Puritan colonies in the New World, while the Old Meeting House in Colegate is one of the earliest Nonconformist chapels in the country. Although the town did not take much part in the Civil War there was a certain amount of destruction of

NORWICH

Church property. The Bishop was driven from his palace, and the town of Yarmouth actually petitioned Parliament for 'lead and other useful materials of that vast and altogether useless Cathedral in Norwich towards building a workhouse to employ the almost starved poor and repairing our piers.'

The town, however, seems to have welcomed Charles II with enthusiasm on his visit in 1671, on which occasion he knighted a famous Norwich man, Sir Thomas Browne, author of *Religio Medici*. Evelyn, who visited Browne shortly after, was delighted with Norwich, which he described as 'one of the largest and certainly, after London, one of the noblest of England, for its venerable Cathedral, number of stately churches, cleanness of its streets, and buildings of flint so exquisitely headed and squared.' He also mentions 'the flower gardens, in which the inhabitants excel'. Even to-day Norwich has been called 'a city of gardens'. Defoe, who visited Norwich in the eighteenth century, refers to the remarkable industrial activity of the town. He says: 'If a stranger was only to ride through or view the city of Norwich for a day he would have reason to think there was a town without inhabitants . . . but the case is this; the inhabitants being all busy at their manufactures dwell in their garrets at their looms, and in their combing shops, so they call them, twisting mills and other work houses, almost all the works they are employed in being done indoors.' All England was wearing Norwich shawls, crapes, bombazines and poplins until the Industrial Revolution, which shifted the textile trade to the North and Midlands. Even then Norwich did not decline for

NORWICH

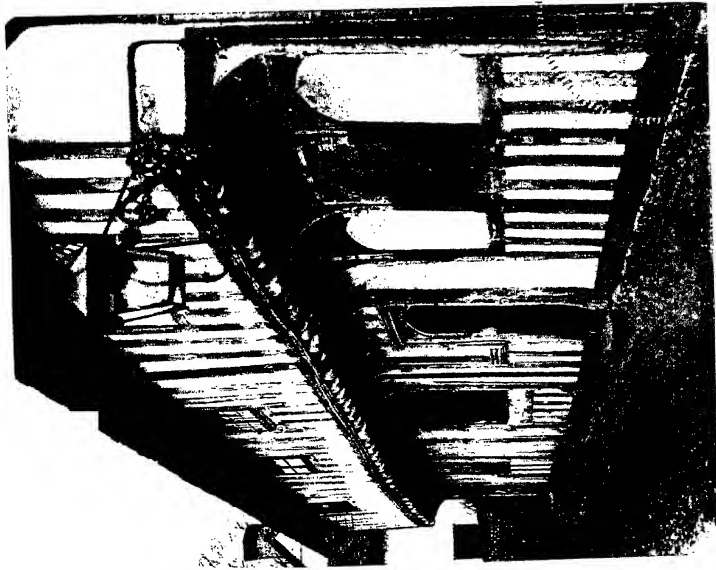
long, for to-day she is still the largest cattle and corn market outside London and has built up new industries to take the place of the old.

Norwich is remarkable for the vigour and continuity of its civic life. The castle has never dominated the town ; a cathedral city, it has never become a peaceful ecclesiastical backwater ; though it has a long history that has left its architectural mark on the town, it has no air of decayed grandeur ; an industrial town, it has not lost touch with the country. The country which Crome and Cotman painted still comes almost to the edge of the city. The scenes, such as the Saturday cattle market which Borrow described, have hardly changed, though there are no longer gipsies on Mousehold Heath.

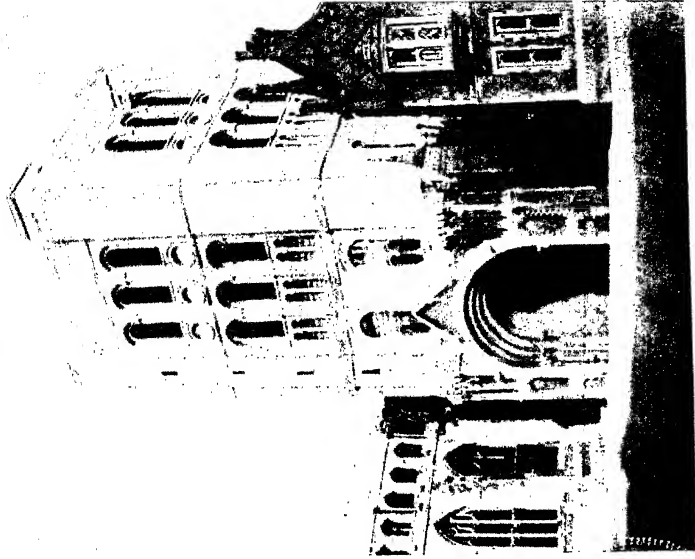
BURY ST. EDMUNDS & LAVENHAM

The history of Bury St. Edmunds is sharply divided by the Dissolution of the Monasteries. On the one hand is the story of the great monastic house which grew up round the shrine of St. Edmund ; on the other, the peaceful history of a pleasant market town where the Georgian houses, the Athenaeum, the Angel Inn, all recall the Bury of Defoe, of Jane Austen and of Dickens.

The fame of Bury St. Edmunds dates from the year 903 when the body of the martyred King Edmund was brought for burial to the Saxon Church of Beordricsworth. Edmund, the Christian King of East Anglia, after years of warfare against the Danes was defeated in 870 at the battle of Thetford. When captured he was offered his life if he would renounce Christianity. Edmund boldly refused but offered to serve the Danes if they would become Christian. They then tied him to an oak tree and while he prayed for their conversion, the Danes used him as a target for their arrows until one of their number struck off his head. The headless body was found by his followers and secretly buried ; later his head was found in the wood in the paws of a wolf. A few years later the Peace of Wedmore was made and the Danes, converted to Christianity, wished to



LAVENHAM
Half-timbered house



BURY ST. EDMUNDS
Norman Gate Tower of the Abbey

BURY ST. EDMUNDS

make reparation for their crime. Accordingly the Church of St. Mary was rebuilt in Beordricsworth, to enshrine the martyr's body and the town was now called after his name. In the eleventh century, the guardianship of the shrine to which hundreds of pilgrims flocked was placed in the hands of the Benedictine monks from Holme. Then began the building of the great monastery, which was to be second only to Glastonbury in importance. Leland said of the monastery that 'one might even think the monastery alone a city'.

Now, the only remains of the monastery are its fortresslike walls—enclosing within their precincts the two churches of St. James and St. Mary—the two great gate-houses, some ruins partly built into houses, and the Abbot's bridge which marks the river boundary on the north-east side. The great church, begun in the eleventh century and completed in the thirteenth, has been completely destroyed. There, before its High Altar, stood the shrine of St. Edmund, loaded with rich offerings and, as Henry VIII's commissioners complained, 'very cumbrous to deface.' The monastery, whose head was a mitred abbot, played a great part in national affairs. From the Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond, a remarkable picture is obtained of the life of the monastery in the twelfth century and of its famous Abbot Sampson, of whom Carlyle wrote in *Past and Present*.

Sampson, who had been Sub-sacrist for 30 years, was elected Abbot in 1182. Henry II, looking at him, said, 'Per oculos Dei, that one, I think, will govern the Abbey well!' When Sampson took office the Abbey was heavily in debt to the Jews. Within twelve years, by his firmness and excellent organisation,

BURY ST. EDMUNDS

Sampson had cleared the debts and reformed the abuses within the Abbey. He was a loyal subject to King Richard. When during Richard's absence on the Crusade, John tried to seize the throne, Sampson excommunicated those who followed him and marched with his tenants to the siege of Windsor Castle, which was held by the rebels. When news came of Richard's captivity, it was Sampson who ' started forth in his place in Parliament and said that he was ready to go and seek his Lord the King either clandestinely, by subterfuge or by any other method ; and search till he found him '. None the less, though he visited Richard in his German prison and helped raise his ransom, he refused to allow the gold from St. Edmund's tomb to be taken for the purpose. Richard on his return made a thank offering at the shrine and it was at this time that the tomb of St. Edmund was opened and the body, in a perfect state of preservation, was viewed by some of the brethren.

King John also visited the shrine, but the Chronicler remarks bitterly that ' all he offered was one silken cloth, which his servant had borrowed from the sacrist and to this day have not paid for '. Sampson died in 1211 during the Interdict, brought on the country by John's misdeeds, and so was buried silently in unconsecrated ground. Later his body was reinterred in the Chapter House, in whose ruins it was recently discovered. It was in the Abbey Church, four years after Sampson's death, that the Barons met to listen to Langton reading the Magna Carta. One by one the barons then advanced and, placing their hands on the altar, swore to fight

BURY ST. EDMUNDS

until their demands were satisfied. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, however, the Abbey was regarded by the people of Bury as an oppressor rather than a defender of their rights. In 1327 very serious riots broke out in which the Abbot was seized, the Abbey plundered and much damage done to monastic property. The King was obliged to send down a commission under the Bishop of Ely to make the peace. Following this the walls and the great gate-houses were built. Later in the century the rebels under Jack Straw, assisted by the townspeople, murdered the Prior and plundered the Abbey to the extent of £1,000. The Abbey, however, remained as powerful as ever. Henry VI held Parliament there and to accommodate him much beautifying of the Abbey buildings took place. It was at this time that the Church of St. Mary, with its wonderful angel roof, was rebuilt. The Tower of the Abbey fell in 1465, but before its rebuilding was completed the Abbey had been surrendered to the King in 1539. The townspeople joined eagerly in the ensuing destruction, only to find that, with the Abbey, much of their prosperity had departed.

After sinking into comparative unimportance in the sixteenth century, Bury revived once more. But according to Defoe the prosperity of the town, which he calls 'the Montpellier of Suffolk', was not now derived from her trade but from 'the number of the gentry who dwell in and near it . . . and the affluence and plenty they live in'. Bury Fair, though still popular, was regarded as a diversion rather than as serious business. In fact, until the late nineteenth century, Bury led

L A V E N H A M

the life of a county town at a time when such towns were provincial capitals. In the absence of industry, Bury was but mirroring the life of the county. Suffolk's cloth trade, which had formerly occasioned the growth of numerous busy towns, had declined and the towns were fast becoming villages again with only their large churches and fine houses as reminders of their past.

Of all these 'decayed towns' none is more beautiful than Lavenham, seven miles from Bury. The wool trade from Norwich, which spread there in the fourteenth century, was responsible for the rise of the town, which once was numbered among the seventy large towns of England. Lavenham was famed for its blue cloth and later for says and calimancoes. Though, since Domesday, the land was the property of the de Vere Earls of Oxford, the government of the town was in the hands of the Clothiers' Guild, whose fine timbered Hall still stands. The magnificent church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the Perpendicular style, was the work of two clothiers, Thomas Spring and Simon Branch, who combined with the Earl of Oxford to build it. Without are displayed their coats of arms and within are their finely carved chantries. The streets of Lavenham, sloping steeply from the market-place and climbing up again to the church, are lined with fifteenth-century houses, some colour-washed pink with the fleur-de-lis of the Flemish weavers or the mitre of St. Blaise, their patron saint, on their plaster walls; others with silver-grey half-timbering and projecting first storeys. A few houses have Georgian bow windows thrust into them, and graceful doors with classical

L A V E N H A M

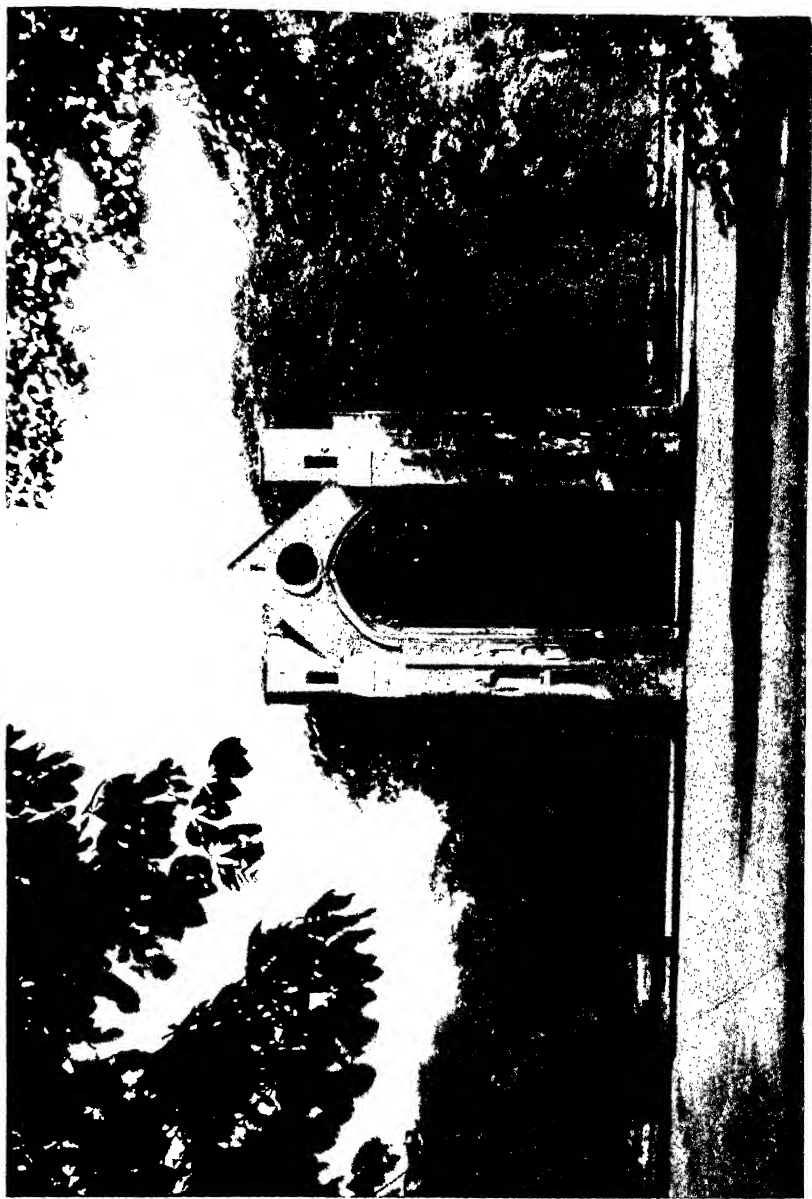
oversills are neighbours to heavy nail-studded oak doors set in fifteenth-century arches. The mansion of the de Veres has gone, the clothiers sleep in the churchyard, many of their houses stand empty, but the town remains an unspoilt picture of an industrial community of the golden age of the Guilds.

WALSINGHAM

The Priory of St. Mary the Virgin at Little Walsingham

Very little remains of what was once a centre of pilgrimage second only to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket in its popularity. So many pilgrims thronged the roads to the shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham that the Milky Way in the heavens was called the Walsingham Way. The road from the south by way of Newmarket and Fakenham is still called the Palmers' Way ; on all routes were pilgrims' chapels, while the hospital at Bec kept thirteen beds always ready for pilgrims. At the Shoe House at Houghton-le-dale pilgrims cast off their shoes before approaching the shrine. So rich was the shrine in gold, silver and jewels that it was said, ' The three Kings be not so rich as Our Lady of Walsingham.' From Henry III to Henry VIII nearly every English king visited Walsingham with prayers and gifts until its dissolution in 1538. Now only the framework of the east front, the west gateway, part of the refectory and two wishing-wells are standing.

The Augustinian Priory was founded in 1149, and its growth was due to the wealth derived from offerings laid on the Virgin's altar. It was believed that the wooden structure of the shrine had been built by angels under the direction of the Virgin herself and was a copy of the Santa Casa in Nazareth. Later the belief was accepted that the actual Santa Casa had been trans-



WALSINGHAM

ported by angels from Nazareth to Walsingham. Many miracles were associated with the shrine. Through the little gate in the outer wall, which was so low that a man must stoop to enter it, an armed knight on horseback escaped from his pursuers by the Virgin's aid. Its relics included the middle joint of St. Peter's finger, of which Erasmus remarked that ' St. Peter must have been a lusty man of great size ', and a phial containing the milk of the Virgin Mary.

In 1486 Henry VII, having spent Christmas at Norwich, ' went from there in manner of pilgrimage to Walsingham, where he visited Our Lady's Church, famous for its miracles, and made his prayers and vows for help and deliverance.' Having won the decisive battle of Stoke over the Pretender, Lambert Simnel, he sent his banner in gratitude to Walsingham. Catherine of Aragon, on her way to Walsingham, received the news of the victory of Flodden and wrote joyfully to Henry VIII. Henry himself walked barefoot from the chapel in Houghton-in-the-dale to offer a necklace to the Virgin, though this did not deter him from dissolving the Priory a few years later. Erasmus, who made the pilgrimage from Cambridge in a somewhat sceptical spirit, wrote an account of the shrine in his *Colloquy of the Religious Pilgrimage*. From this it would appear that there was some justification for the charges which were brought against the Priory at the time of the Dissolution. It certainly seems to have been corrupted by too much wealth.

None the less there was great lamentation in the county of Norfolk when the Priory was destroyed, the shrine stripped and

WALSINGHAM

the statue of the Virgin taken to London. A Protestant account says, ' This day Our Lady of Walsingham was brought to Lambithe where was both my Lord Chancellor and my Lord Privy Seal with many virtuous prelates, but there was offered neither oblations nor candles. What shall become of her is not determined.' In fact the effigy was burnt at Chelsea. Simple country folk continued to believe in the miracles of the Virgin. One such old woman was made to sit in the stocks at Walsingham as ' a reporter of false tales ' with ' young people and boys of the town casting snowballs at her '. Popular feeling found expression in a ballad called ' Lament for Walsingham ' which concluded with these verses,

' Levell, levell with the ground
The Towers doe lye
Which with their golden glittering tops
Pearsed oute to the skye.

Weepe, weepe, O Walsingham
Whose dayes are nightes,
Blessings turned to blasphemies,
Holy deeds to dispites.

Sinne is where Our Lady sate,
Heaven is turned to Hell ;
Satan sits where Our Lord did swaye,
Walsingham, Oh, farewell '.

BOSTON

In Roman times the River Witham was the chief route by which vessels importing wine and exporting corn reached the important town of Lincoln. Boston was still a salt marsh at that time, but with the coming of Christianity Lincolnshire became the home of saints and monks. Churches were built, monasteries were founded and the land was reclaimed by the abbots, among them St. Botolph to whom the town of Boston owes its name. This saint came to East Anglia in the seventh century and, 'in a certain untilled place where no man dwelt,' founded his monastery, where he died in 680. Though the Danes destroyed the monastery the bones of the saint were carefully preserved at Ely and Thornby and at the Conquest his monastery was refounded. It is not, however, till the twelfth century that anything is heard of Botolphstow, but by then it was already a busy port. Its rise was due to the existence of the great wool-growing monasteries of Crowland, Revesby, Swineshead and Spalding in the neighbourhood, and to its situation opposite the Flemish and German ports. A bridge had been built over the Witham near the Church of St. Botolph and by the reign of John the town was paying second only to London in the amount of its tax on merchandise. The decline of Lincoln as a port, owing to the silting up of the river, further favoured the growth of Boston.

B O S T O N

It was from John, whose financial needs made him prodigal of such grants, that Boston received its first charter, for which it paid £100 and two palfreys. From this century dates the eight days Fair of St. Botolph at Midsummer. To this Fair, which was one of the great events of the medieval year, came the officials of the King and of the great monastic and baronial establishments to buy their supplies of wine for the year, and English merchants came to exchange their goods with the Venetians, the Flemings and the men of the Hanseatic League. By the end of the thirteenth century Boston was a Wool Staple, the Hansa had built a steelyard there and many foreign merchants from Caen, Ypres, Ostend and Cologne had houses in the town. There were numerous religious communities, in particular the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the Dominicans and the Franciscans, the latter being very popular with the foreigners. A contemporary chronicler says, 'the merchants of the Steelyard were wont greatly to haunt Boston, and the Grey Friars took them in manner for founders of their house and many Easterlings were buried there'. As always, the townsmen were jealous of the foreigners and there were frequent riots. In one such riot in the fifteenth century a Boston merchant 'did kill one of the Easterlings, whereupon rose much controversy, so that at last the Easterlings left their course of merchants at Boston'. By that time, however, the trend of world trade had changed as a result of the discovery of the new continent to the west and the great days of both Boston and the Hanseatic League were over.

As might be expected in a town of merchants, there were



BOSTON

many guilds, of which the most notable were the guilds of Corpus Christi, of St. Peter and St. Paul and the guild of St. Mary, whose hall is now the Guildhall of the town. These guilds played an important part in the religious and social as well as the commercial life of the town, and it is to them that we owe the present Church of St. Botolph, which is the glory of Lincolnshire.

This church, which replaced the Norman structure, was founded on the Feast of St. John the Baptist in 1309. It is said that Dame Margaret Tilney, a merchant's wife, whose effigy is in the church, laid the first stone and placed on it £5, assisted by the Rector and another merchant who each gave £5. The Tower, the famous 'Boston stump,' was built a hundred years later. Whether it is true or not that the steeple was founded on woolsacks, the church is certainly a monument to the piety and prosperity of the merchant guilds of Boston. The great Perpendicular Tower, higher than that of any English cathedral and comparable only to that of Rouen in design, rises from the bank of the River Witham and dominates the green levels of the Lincolnshire landscape for miles. On entering the church the first impression is of its great spaciousness, which makes credible the story that it was built round the older church which was then demolished. Its chapels were the centres of the religious life of the various guilds, who each possessed their sacred relics, their rich altar vessels and mass-books and who maintained their own priests. One of these chapels, after being used as a school for a time, has been restored in memory of the famous Puritan Vicar, the Rev. John Cotton, who sailed

BOSTON

for Massachusetts with many of his congregation in 1633. Leland, writing in Tudor times says of the church :

It is now so risen and adorned that it is the chiefest of the towne, and for a paroche chirche, the best and fayrest in all Lincolnshire, and served so with singing and that of cunning men as no paroche is in all England.

The Reformation and subsequent Dissolution of the Monasteries fell hardly upon Lincolnshire, where there were 'more of great houses than in England besides.' The Pilgrimage of Grace, which was a protest against the destruction of the monasteries, began in this county and Boston was fined £50 for her part in it. The town, however, seems to have been soon reconciled to the Reformation and by the seventeenth century to have assumed a definitely Puritan attitude in religion. Serious damage was done to the rood-screen, the windows and the vestments of the church, and one Puritan churchwarden broke the mitred figure of St. Botolph because he thought it looked like the Pope. When James I decided to make the Puritans conform or 'harry them out of the land', it was from Boston that members of the Puritan congregations of Scrooby and Gainsborough attempted to escape to Holland in 1607. Their first attempt was a failure; the Dutch captain sailed off without them and they were lodged as prisoners in the cells under the Guildhall. Their second attempt the following year was successful and they reached Delft, where they lived for eleven years, until they obtained a charter enabling them to settle in New England. Puritanism retained its hold on Boston

B O S T O N

in spite of the efforts of Archbishop Laud to impose uniformity. Boston in America owes its name to the settlement there of Cotton and his Boston congregation in Charles I's reign. It is not surprising that in the Civil War we are told that 'the whole body of that county stand very well affected to Parliament and notwithstanding the King's warrants, the Cavaliers dared not enter Boston'. Fairfax called Boston 'the Key of the Associated Counties' and Cromwell and his forces were entertained there during their campaign of 1643. The iron rings which are attached to the pillars in the church are a reminder of its use by Cromwell as a cavalry stable.

The prosperity of Boston suffered a decline in the sixteenth century. While the ports of the west of England were busy with shipping setting sail for the New World and returning with their rich cargoes, Boston was numbered among the 'decayed ports'. In the eighteenth century, however, the draining of the Fens brought about a revival of the town, which became the market for the shipment of grain to London and the centre of an agricultural district. Defoe refers to the richness of the surrounding country, and Cobbet, writing in 1830, gives a cheerful picture of 'a very fine town; good houses, good shops, pretty gardens about it, a fine open place, nearly equal to that of Nottingham, in the middle of it a river and a canal passing through it, each crossed by a handsome and substantial bridge, a fine market for sheep, cattle and pigs, and another for meat butter and fish; and being like Lynn a great place for the export of corn and flour and having many fine mills, it is altogether a town of very considerable importance;

B O S T O N

and, which is not to be overlooked, inhabited by people none of whom appear to be in misery '.

It is still possible to recapture the Boston of the past by walking from the church through the busy open market where quantities of crabs remind one that Boston is a fishing as well as a county town, past the timbered Shodfriars' Hall, the Guildhall with its stepped gables and the lovely Queen Anne house of Mr. Fydell the mercer, to the eighteenth century warehouse quays, where the masts of the ships rise from the river. Boston still preserves the flavour of an ancient town of merchants whose slightly Flemish atmosphere is enhanced by the character of the surrounding landscape.

LINCOLN

The hill which is now crowned by Lincoln Cathedral was successively the site of the important Roman town of Lindum Colonia, of a Saxon township whose church dated from Paulinus' mission in 627, of one of the five independent Danish Burghs and of a Norman stronghold whose Castle was built by William the Conqueror. It was to this commanding situation, combined with the fact that the tide reached the city walls, that Lincoln owed its great importance in the Middle Ages when it was not only a cathedral city but also the chief seaport of the county. Each layer of civilisation has left its mark on Lincoln ; the Roman arch of Newgate ; the Saxon towers of St. Mary-le-Wigford and St. Peter at Gowts ; the Danish street names of Hungate, Danesgate and Saltergate ; the remains of the Norman Castle and the work of Bishop Remigius in the Cathedral ; the medieval houses and gates and the final glory of the Angel Choir.

William's Castle, built to overawe the surrounding countryside, was twice the centre of fighting. In 1140 outside its walls Stephen was defeated and taken prisoner by Matilda, while in John's reign a determined old lady called Nicolaa de la Haya twice held the Castle for the King until the French were finally defeated in the Battle of Lincoln Fair in 1217. Meantime in 1072 Remigius, ' small in stature but great in heart ', who had

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been appointed Bishop as a reward for his valour at Hastings, transferred his see from Dorchester to Lincoln. There he built a Church 'to the Virgin of Virgins, strong as the place was strong, beautiful as the place was beautiful, that it might be as pleasing to the servants of God, as, according to the necessity of the time, it should be invincible to their enemies'. The simplicity and fortress-like strength of Remigius' work can be seen in the west end of the Minster, but the greater part of his Cathedral was destroyed, first by fire and then by earthquake. The rebuilding at the end of the twelfth century, whose record is the Early English nave and transepts, was begun by the most famous Bishop, St. Hugh of Lincoln.

Hugh of Avalon, a Carthusian monk, was appointed by Henry II, who came to Lincoln for his second crowning. In an age of insensitive cruelty, Bishop Hugh was remarkable for his gentleness, his kindness and his love of all wild creatures. But though he was gentle he was indomitable in defence of the right. He dared to denounce to Henry II's face the cruelty of his forest laws, saying, 'When the poor whom they torture enter Paradise, you will stand outside with the foresters'. He even protected the hated Jews from the violence of the mob and when he died, they followed his procession weeping and beating their breasts. When Richard I's Justiciar demanded money for the war with France, St. Hugh led the resistance. None the less he crossed to France and compelled the angry King to give him the Kiss of Peace, and it was he who buried Richard at Fontevrault in 1199. The following year he died and was buried in his Cathedral, King John himself acting as

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a pall-bearer. In 1220 he was canonised and it was to form a fitting setting for his shrine that the choir was taken down and the Presbytery enlarged by five bays to the east.

This, one of the chief glories of medieval architecture, is the Angel Choir, so called from the thirty figures of angels with outspread wings, which adorn the triforium arches. The tower, which is said to be the loftiest medieval square tower in the world, was completed in the early fourteenth century, its predecessor having fallen in a sufficiently dramatic manner. During a quarrel between Bishop Grossetête and his Chapter, one of the canons who was denouncing the Bishop from the pulpit declared, ' if I was to keep silence the very stones would cry out.' At this moment the tower fell, burying the people beneath it.

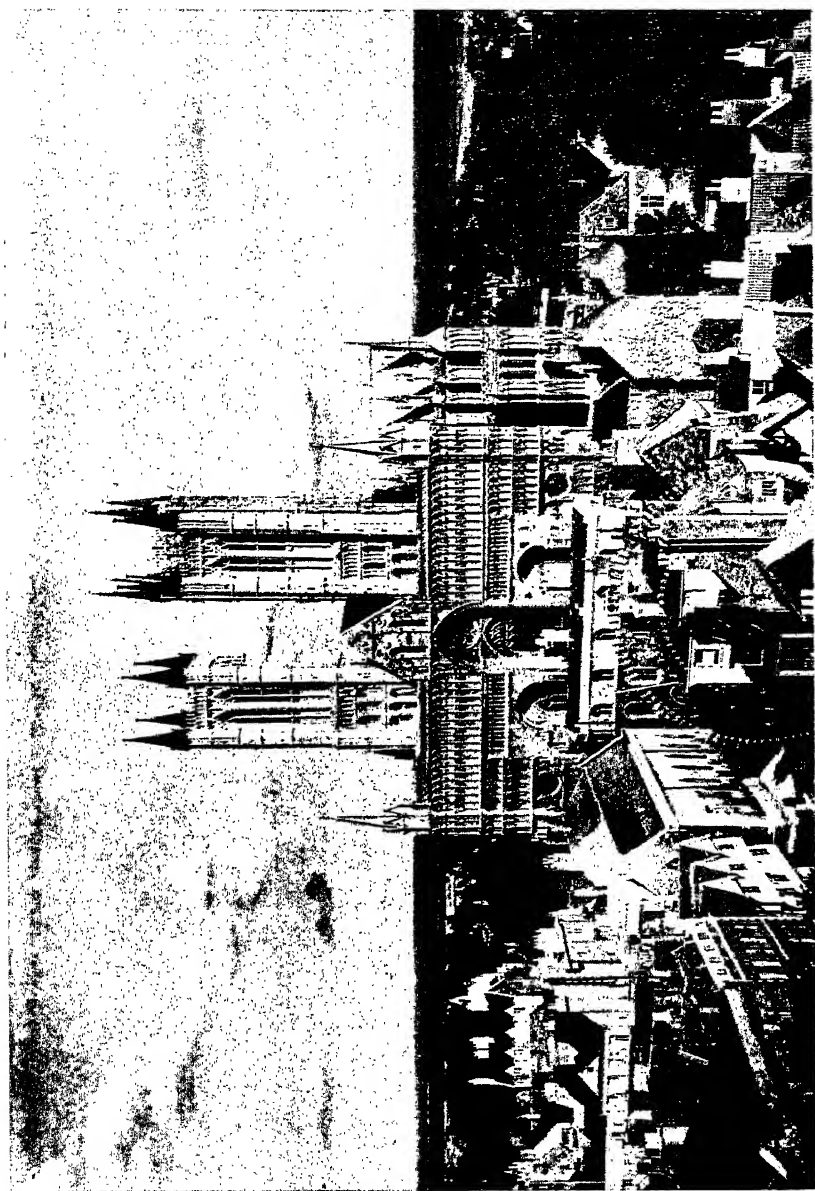
St. Hugh is not to be confused with the ' Little St. Hugh ' whose legend formed the subject of Chaucer's Prioress' Tale and of so many medieval ballads. The story was that a boy was murdered by the Jews and his body thrown down a well. The discovery of the body and its enshrinement in the Cathedral was followed by one of the periodical attacks on the Jews, which were caused by jealousy of their wealth. The Lincoln Jews seem to have been a large community and the House of Aaron which is still standing was once the property of one of the richest medieval financiers whose money had built sixteen abbeys and cathedrals. When he died his wealth was confiscated to the Crown and an ' Exchequer of Aaron ' had to be set up to deal with his debtors.

Throughout the Middle Ages Lincoln was famed for her

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scarlet and green cloth. Her prosperity is attested by the number of her Craft Guilds, of whose Halls that of St. Mary's Guild still survives. Kings several times held Parliaments at Lincoln in the Chapter House and John of Gaunt built himself a palace in the city. But like other east country ports, Lincoln's prosperity declined in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Further, the county was specially affected by Henry VIII's religious changes which occasioned in 1536 a revolt known as the Lincolnshire Rising. Sixty thousand men assembled outside Lincoln with banners on which were depicted the Five Wounds, the Host and a plough. Henry VIII proceeded with severity against those whom he described as 'the rude commons of one shire and that one of the most brute and beastly of the whole realm' and the revolt was put down. Henry seems, however, to have forgiven Lincoln for he visited it with his bride Catherine Howard a few years later.

Although in the seventeenth century Puritanism grew in Lincoln, it was not so strong as in Boston. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Charles I visited the town and received a great welcome, but in 1643 the Earl of Manchester occupied it for Parliament. The castle changed hands several times, the Close being stormed by the Parliamentarians in 1644 with great damage to the Cathedral. Evelyn's diary records: 'The soldiers went in with axes and hammers and shut themselves in till they had rent and torn off some barge loads of metal, not sparing even the monuments of the dead, so hellish an avarice possessed them.' The Bishop's palace was destroyed in 1648 in the course of a Royalist rising against the Parliamentary



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garrison. This destruction, combined with the decline of Lincoln's trade, accounts for Defoe's description of it as 'an ancient, ragged, decayed and still decaying city'. He further comments on the steepness of the main street which obliged coaches 'to fetch a compass another way'. By the end of the eighteenth century, however, Lincoln's prosperity revived as a result of the drainage of the Fens which made her the centre of a rich agricultural area. This was followed by the development of steam power in industry, which created Lincoln's present position as an important town for the manufacture of machinery. Prosperity does not usually add to the beauty of a town, but industrialism has not touched the old part of the city on the top of the hill. There, looking from the Castle Square, where the Middle Ages rubs shoulders with dignified Georgian houses, through the Exchequer Gate to the twin towers of the west front of the Cathedral, one can step back easily into the past.

YORK

Within the walled city of York, successor to the Roman Eboracum, the story of an ancient town, 'the Capital of the North,' can still be seen pictured in its buildings more clearly perhaps than in any other city in England.

Nearly a century after Julius Caesar landed in Kent, the Romans made contact with the northern tribe of the Brigantes and about 79 A.D. the site of Eboracum became the base camp of Agricola in his operations against the Scots. Lying on a tongue of land between the navigable Ouse and the smaller Foss, it quickly grew into an important military town, to become under the Emperor Hadrian headquarters of the famous Sixth Legion. Traces still remain of the Roman fortifications and one of the four wall-towers, the Multangular Tower, has been preserved by inclusion in the medieval walls. The town was the residence of Emperors, whose palace was on the site of the present King's Manor. Here Constantine the Great, first Christian Emperor, was proclaimed and it is to his mother that St. Helen's Church in Stonegate is dedicated. As early as the year 314 there was a Bishop of York, but with the final withdrawal of the Roman eagles Christianity lapsed until its reintroduction in 627 by Paulinus. Edwin, King of Northumbria, urged thereto by the prayers of his wife, a Christian princess from Kent, was baptised in a wooden church on the site

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of which the Minster was built. It was outside York that the scene, described by Bede, took place, in which Coifi, high priest of the heathen gods, carried away by zeal for his new faith, mounted the King's stallion and rode away, spear in hand, to destroy the altars of his former gods.

In the eighth century the library and school founded by Alcuin were centres of Christian culture. They acquired a European reputation and it is said that even in the eleventh century no one place in Britain or France possessed such a store of books, while the school, of which St. Peter's School is in some sense the descendant, might have been the foundation for a medieval university, had events proved otherwise.

The terrible 'harrying of the north' by William the Conqueror, in the course of which the Minster, library and school perished, destroyed the Saxon civilisation of the Northumbrian kingdom. Thomas of Bayeux, the first Norman appointed to the see, began in 1070 the task of reconstructing the Minster, whose site had already seen two and possibly three pre-conquest churches. By 1181 the church consisted of nave and transepts, choir and crypt. The present building, which arose during the next two and a half centuries, was built by degrees round the older church which it displaced. Beginning with the Early English transepts, whose famous 'Five Sisters' Window' is still filled with its exquisite contemporary grisaille glass, the Decorated nave and Chapter House followed and by 1405, the Perpendicular eastern arm and lantern tower were completed. On 3rd July, 1472, the western towers having been added, the re-consecration of the

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whole building took place. One of the chief glories of York is the abundance of medieval glass both in the Minster and in many of the twenty-one old parish churches. The glass of the Minster mercifully escaped the ravages of the Puritans and the later restorers. Although some damage was done during the siege of York in 1644, Sir Thomas Fairfax, after the capture of the city, ordered that the Minster and parish churches should be spared. A century and a half later, when the wave of restoration was having such disastrous effects on the glass of other churches, that of York escaped the hands of Wyatt and received sparing and enlightened treatment.

The Archbishops from Thomas of Bayeux onwards had played a great part in the building of the Minster, with the exception of two of the most famous of them, Scrope and Wolsey, who were both too closely involved in the politics of their times. The well-loved Scrope, descended from a family prominent in the history of Yorkshire, joined in the Northumberland rebellion against Henry IV and in consequence was executed. Thereafter his tomb in the Minster became the centre of pilgrimage and the story that Henry IV was smitten with leprosy while riding past Bishopthorpe on the day of Scrope's execution was regarded as a fitting judgment on him. Wolsey, who never visited his diocese at all until exiled there after his fall in 1530, spent the last months of his life near York, lamenting to the King that he was now 'but a poor vicar'—though in fact his income was still five times that of the present revenues of York. He was destined never to enter his Minster, for at Cawood, on his formal progress to York, he was arrested by



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the King's orders and turning his steps south to stand his trial he died at Leicester.

The massive gates and walls, developed by enlargement from the Roman nucleus, are a perfect example of the fortifications of a medieval town. The four great gates or bars—Bootham, Monk, Walmgate and Micklegate—are the most striking feature, while in Lord Mayor's Walk can be seen a section of the ditch which formerly ran outside the walls. In the nineteenth century the walls were restored to what was believed to have been their original state and their rampart walk can still be traversed for nearly the whole circuit. Of the medieval town enclosed by these walls there are still many traces. Nothing remains, however, of the two castles of the Conqueror except Clifford's Tower, erected in the thirteenth century on the site of one of them. The earlier wooden castle was the scene of the terrible massacre of the Jews in 1190. Hundreds of terror-stricken Jews, carrying their treasures with them, had taken refuge in the Keep, where they were besieged by the mob. At length the walls were battered down and those who did not save their lives by apostacy were massacred. The name of Jubbergate recalls the former Jewish quarter of the city until their banishment in the thirteenth century.

The more pleasing side to the medieval character is illustrated in St. William's College, founded for chantry priests; in St. Anthony's Hospital, now the Bluecoat School; and in Merchant Adventurers' Hall, bearing on its front in Fossgate the arms of the company with their motto, ' Dieu nous donne

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bonne adventure.' Of the many guilds that formerly flourished in York three still exist—the Butchers, the Merchant Tailors and the Merchant Adventurers.

With the accession of the Tudors the north once again was in disfavour with the Crown as the stronghold of the old order in both Church and State. The Pilgrimage of Grace convinced Henry VIII of the necessity of replacing the influence of the feudal nobility of Yorkshire by royal officials and so led to the establishment of the Council of the North. York thus became a seat of government and from the King's Manor, formerly the house of the Abbot of St. Mary's, was wielded its authority until the abolition of the Council by the Long Parliament in 1641. Above all the King's Manor is associated with the Earl of Strafford, 'Black Tom Tyrant' to the Puritans, who left his architectural mark in the massive doorways emblazoned with his coat of arms.

In spite of the unpopularity of the Council, York, which had been Lancastrian in the fifteenth century, was Royalist in the seventeenth. In the Civil War it was garrisoned for the King by the Marquis of Newcastle and for the first time in its history underwent a siege of prolonged severity. Prince Rupert, hastening north to the relief of York, encountered the Parliamentarian army at Marston Moor, eight miles from the city. There in the dusk of a summer evening the Royalists were defeated, the victory being principally due to Cromwell's Ironsides. Cromwell gave thanks to God who 'made the enemy as stubble to our swords'. York surrendered to Parliament on honourable terms.

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After the abolition of the Council of the North, the political importance of York declined, but not her ecclesiastical or social consequence. The reign of Charles II saw the building of the lovely Treasurer's House, while the eighteenth century is represented by the beautiful town houses of the Yorkshire gentry, such as St. George's House in Castlegate and those in Bootham. Defoe refers to the 'abundance of good company and the abundance of good families' living in York and says that 'no city in England is better furnished with provisions of every kind, nor any so cheap, in proportion to the goodness of things; the river being so navigable, and so near the sea, the merchants here trade directly to what part of the world they will'.

It is easy to reconstruct the York of the past. The Roman remains speak of the Imperial City; Clifford's Tower and the walls, of the days of warfare; the Shambles is still the street of butchers as in the days of the Guilds; the Minster speaks of the age of faith and the King's Manor of the days of royal autocracy; while the Treasurer's House and the later Georgian street fronts reflect the days of peace and the quiet dignity of an ecclesiastical city, whose Minster, now as then, is the heart of the county.

WHITBY

The ruins of Whitby Abbey, towering on their wind-swept cliff above the red-roofed fishing town, are unique in their situation among monastic buildings and have been called 'the nearest in grandeur and picturesqueness to Monte Cassino'. The Minster rises 250 feet above the sea, and its tower must have been visible for miles at sea. But beautiful though this Benedictine Abbey must have been, its history lacks the interest of its Saxon predecessor on the site—St. Hilda's Monastery of Streaneshalh, whose story belongs to the golden age of Northumbria.

In 655 A.D., Oswy of Northumbria, attacked by the heathen king Penda, vowed to found twin monasteries and to consecrate his daughter to the religious life in the event of his victory. Having defeated Penda at Winwaed, Oswy fulfilled his vow, sending his daughter Elflaeda to be brought up by the Abbess Hilda at Hartlepool. Two years later, Oswy gave St. Hilda the land of Streaneshalh to found a combined monastery for monks and nuns, over which she was to preside. St. Hilda, according to Bede's history, was a woman of such wisdom that kings and bishops came to her for advice and 'all that knew her called her "mother" for her singular piety and grace'. Certainly for nearly a hundred years her monastery produced



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some of the most remarkable men of the age, among them Caedmon the poet and St. John of Beverley.

The story of Caedmon, the cowherd in the service of the monastery, has often been told. Bede tells how 'being sometimes at feasts, when all agreed for glee's sake to sing in turn, he no sooner saw the harp come towards him than he rose from the board and turned homewards. Once when he had done this and gone from the feast to the stable where he had to take care of the cattle that night . . . there appeared to him in his sleep one who said, saluting him by his proper name, "Caedmon, sing some song to me." He answered, "I cannot sing, for this cause left I the feast and came hither." The other replied, "However you shall sing." "What shall I sing?" rejoined he. "Sing the beginning of created beings," said the other. Hereupon he began presently to sing verses to the praise of God . . . the purport whereof was thus : We are now to praise the Maker of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and his counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory.' When Caedmon awoke, he remembered all he had sung in his dream and being brought before the Abbess Hilda and the brethren, he repeated the verses to them. 'They all concluded that heavenly grace had been conferred on him by Our Lord.' Caedmon was given a passage in holy writ to put into verse. 'Having undertaken it he went away and, returning the next morning, gave it to them composed in most excellent verse, whereupon the Abbess, embracing the grace of God in the man, instructed him to quit the secular habit, and take upon him the monastic life.' Thus, until his death in 679, Caedmon

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lived in the Abbey, singing his songs of creation, Heaven and Hell.

In 664, there took place in the Abbey the famous Synod of Whitby at which the differences between the Celtic and the Roman Church in such matters as the date of Easter were discussed. There were present King Oswy and many of his court, Bishop Colman and the Celtic party of whom St. Hilda was one and the Roman party whose spokesman was Wilfrid. Oswy opened the Synod by urging the necessity for a uniform observance 'since all expected one kingdom in Heaven'. Colman next spoke, 'The Easter which I keep, I received from my elders, who sent me Bishop hither.' But when it was Wilfred's turn to speak, he poured scorn on 'these and their accomplices in obstinacy, I mean the Picts and the Britons, who foolishly, in these two remote islands of the world, and only in part only of them, oppose all the rest of the universe'. He concluded with these words, 'If that Columba of yours . . . was a holy man and powerful in miracles, yet could he be preferred before the most blessed prince of the Apostles, to whom our Lord said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and to thee I will give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven?"' When Oswy heard these words, he asked Colman if any such power had been given to Columba. Colman answered, 'None.' Then said the King, 'As Peter is the door-keeper, I will not contradict, but will as far as I know and am able, in all things obey his decrees, lest when I come to the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven, there shall be none to open them, he

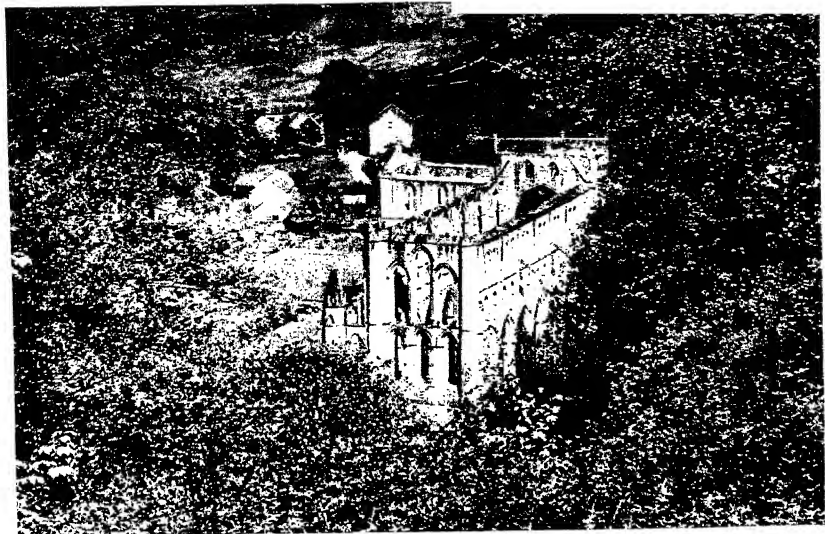
WHITBY

being my adversary who is proved to have the keys.' The Synod then agreed to follow the King in acknowledging the Roman use.

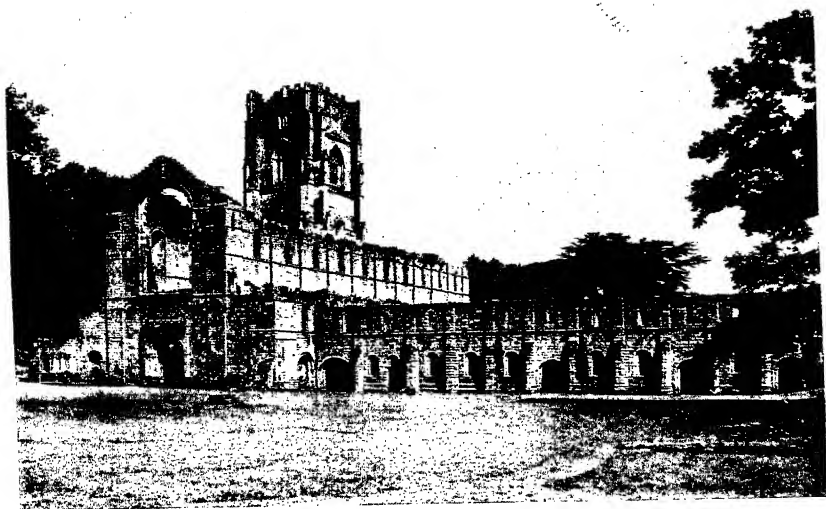
After St. Hilda's death in 680 she was succeeded by Elf-laeda, Oswy's daughter, the friend of St. Cuthbert, under whom the Abbey prospered greatly. Then there is a blank in its history until its total destruction by the Danes in 867, after which it lay desolate for 200 years. Its resurrection was due to Reinfrid, a Benedictine monk from Evesham, who in 1074 set out with two companions to restore the lost monasteries of Northumbria. With the help and patronage of William de Percy, Reinfrid was able to refound Whitby as a Benedictine house. By the end of the twelfth century, a splendid Abbey built in the Early English style crowned the cliff. Its history was uneventful till its Dissolution in 1540, when the lead was stripped from its roofs with the eager assistance of the fisher-folk who do not seem to have loved the Abbey. The actual buildings, however, were not destroyed until the eighteenth century. Now the weather-beaten ruins of the Church stand in splendid isolation, while below them, the life of the fisherman goes on in the picturesque harbour and the steep winding streets of the old town.

RIEVAULX AND FOUNTAINS

In the year 1130, St. Bernard of Clairvaux sent some monks of his order on a mission to England, for the English Benedictines had departed from their original simplicity and needed the example of greater austerity. Although there was already a Cistercian monastery at Waverley in Surrey, it was to the wilds of Yorkshire that the monks turned their steps. Land was given to them in the lonely valley of the River Rye, near Helmsley and there they built Rievaulx Abbey. Their benefactor was a valiant soldier, Walter Espec, Lord of Helmsley, who later laid aside his arms and entered the Abbey as a monk. Rievaulx prospered and within six years was able to found a daughter house at Melrose, while another Cistercian Abbey, separated from Rievaulx only by a hill, was founded at Byland. By the end of the twelfth century, Rievaulx was one of the largest and richest Cistercian Houses in England. The church, begun in 1145 and completed in the thirteenth century, contains in the choir and refectory some of the finest Early English work in the country. In the time of Abbot Ailred there were 140 monks and 600 lay brothers so that at festivals the church 'was so packed with brethren as to resemble a hive of bees'. Few events from the outside world disturbed the quiet valley,



RIEVAULX ABBEY



FOUNTAINS ABBEY

Church, Tower and great cloister from the south-west

RIEVAULX

though after Bannockburn Edward II lay hidden there while the Scots ravaged the surrounding country. The Dissolution, which destroyed Rievaulx, has still left it one of the most beautiful of ruined abbeys because of its incomparable situation.

The example of Rievaulx fired some of the monks of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary's, York. Their life seemed to them too full of ease compared to the austerity of the Cistercians. Accordingly thirteen of the brethren, numbering among them their Prior Richard, begged permission from the Abbot to withdraw in order to follow the Cistercian rule. The Abbot, feeling that their action would reflect upon the reputation of his own House, indignantly refused. The Prior, however, appealed to Archbishop Turstin, the friend of St. Bernard, who in October 1132 arrived at St. Mary's with his retinue to decide the matter. At the door of the Chapter House the Archbishop's entry was barred by the Abbot and a crowd of excited monks. When Turstin threatened their church with an interdict he was answered with shouts of 'Interdict it for a 100 years for all we care!' A riot ensued in which the monks tried to carry off Prior Richard and his companions to prison, but the Archbishop succeeded in making his way with them into the church, where they remained in a state of siege. At length, the excitement having died down, the Archbishop returned to Ripon taking with him the seceding monks.

In December, the Archbishop set out with the monks to the lonely valley of the river Skell, which, with the neighbour-

FOUNTAINS

ing hamlet of Sutton, he gave to them for their new home. This valley, which looks so beautiful now, was then 'a place remote from all the world, uninhabited, set with thorns, amongst the hollows of the mountains and prominent rocks, fit more, as it seemed, for the dens of wild beasts than for the uses of mankind'. Here, in the place which they called De Fontibus, the monks took up their abode in midwinter, 'their only shelter being a thatched hut round the stem of the great elm, their bread being provided for them by the good Archbishop. During the day, some occupied themselves in weaving mats, others in cutting twigs whence an oratory might be built. During the following summer a great famine visited the district, and they were reduced to such straits that they cooked the leaves of the elm which had given them shelter.' It is said that a beggar came to them for bread at this time and the Abbot gave him a loaf, leaving only one for the monks, saying, 'Let God provide as He will for us.' No sooner had the beggar gone, when a cart drove up from Knaresborough, laden with loaves sent by Eustace FitzJohn.

After two years the monks appealed to St. Bernard of Clairvaux for help and he sent to them a monk called Gregory to teach them how to build. Even so, their lives were so hard that they were planning to emigrate to Clairvaux when the Dean of York died, leaving them all his possessions. This was the turning point in the history of Fountains. From that time the Abbey increased steadily in numbers and in wealth. Within a hundred years there arose the most magnificent monastic buildings of the order in England. The great Church, whose

FOUNTAINS

simplicity and noble proportions are characteristic of Cistercian architecture, was built in the transitional Norman style ; the choir, Lady Chapel and the Chapel of the Nine Altars were added in the Early English style in the years 1220-1247. Although stone towers were forbidden to the Order, the four-storeyed tower which still stands was built just before the Dissolution. The very extensive remains of the conventual buildings, some of which span the river, and in particular the unique Great Cloister 300 feet in length, make it possible to reconstruct the appearance of Fountains in the days of her greatness. It is estimated that at the time of the Dissolution the Abbey owned 600,000 acres, which included lead mines and fisheries as well as agricultural land, while its income was £1125 a year. Fountains had in addition eleven daughter houses.

By Henry VIII's reign, the numbers both of monks and lay brothers had decreased and it is probable that the discipline had also been relaxed. In any case, Thomas Cromwell received with pious indignation the news that the Abbot had secretly taken some of the treasures from the sacristy and sold them to a London jeweller. Lest anything else should escape the King's hands, another Abbot was appointed, who, in 1539, surrendered the Abbey. Meantime his predecessor expiated his sins by taking part in the Pilgrimage of Grace and dying at Tyburn. The usual destruction took place in the Abbey, great bonfires of the woodwork served to melt down the lead of the roofs ; a courtier bought the land and in 1597 the buildings were pulled down to provide material for Fountains Hall.

ALNWICK CASTLE AND WARKWORTH CASTLE

The history of these two castles, the one an imposing feudal stronghold converted into a mansion, the other a ruin since the seventeenth century, is the history of the Border at its most romantic period. Both castles belonged to the Percy family from the fourteenth century onwards ; Alnwick was the home of Hotspur's father, the first Earl of Northumberland, Warkworth, of Hotspur himself from the age of fifteen. The story of the Percies, of their chivalric rivalry with the house of Douglas, of the battles of Otterburn and Homildon Hill, of the tragedy of Shrewsbury, is the theme of the most famous of the Border ballads and of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. The ballads, no less than the castles themselves, speak of a period of constant warfare with the Scots :

And they have brent the dales of Tyne,
And harryed Bamborowe shire,
And the Otter Dale they have brent it hale
And left it a' on fire.

Percy and Douglas were the protagonists of this warfare :

There was never a time on the Marche-partes
Since the Douglas and Percy met,

ALNWICK CASTLE

But 'tis marvel an the red blood run not
As the reane does in the street.

Yet when Douglas is slain, Percy can say :

To have saved thy life I'd have parted with
My lands for yeares three,
For a better man of heart nor of hand
Was not in the North Countrye.

Alnwick, a Norman castle formerly belonging to the family of De Vesci, was granted to Henry Percy in 1309, as a reward for his services in the Scots wars, while Warkworth became a Percy castle in Edward III's reign. The Percies well repaid their King's favour. In 1346, when Edward III's army was in France and

At home was not left a man
But shepherds and millers both,
And priests with shaven crownes,

a Scots invasion took place. Percy, with local levies in four divisions commanded respectively by the Archbishops of York and Canterbury and the Bishops of Durham and Carlisle, took the field at Neville's Cross. The valour of the Church is commemorated in the ballad :

Five hundred priests said Mass that day
In Durham in the field
And afterwards as I hard say,
They bare both spear and shield.
The Bishop orders himselfe to fight,
With his battle-axe in his hand :
He said : ' This day now I will fight
As long as I can stand.'

WARKWORTH CASTLE

The Scots army was defeated and the King taken prisoner to London, where King Edward, on his return from France, asked him,

‘ How like you my shepherds and my millers ?

My priests with shaven crowns ? ’

‘ By my faith, they are the sorest fighters

That ever I met on the ground.’

The famous Harry Hotspur, the idol of English youth, began his military career at the age of twelve when he led the assault in the retaking of Berwick by his father. At the age of fifteen he was placed in command of Warkworth Castle. In 1388 he fought against Douglas in the Battle of Otterburn, which has been immortalised in the ballad of Chevy Chase. This battle, which was in reality a Border foray on a large scale, began with a skirmish outside Newcastle, which Hotspur had been sent to defend from the Scots. In the fight Percy’s pennon was taken. Douglas called to Percy, ‘ I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from afar.’ ‘ By God,’ replied Percy, ‘ you shall not bear it even out of Northumberland ; be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of.’ ‘ You must come this night and seek it then,’ answered Earl Douglas. ‘ I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away.’

The Scots and English trysted to meet at Otterburn in the Cheviots and there the fight, vividly described by Froissart, took place. He says of it that it was ‘ the hardest and most



ALNWICK CASTLE



LANERCOST PRIORY CHURCH

ALNWICK AND WARKWORTH

obstinate battle that was ever fought . . . for the English and Scots are excellent men-at-arms and never spare each other when they meet in battle, nor is there any check to their courage as long as their weapons last'. The Earl of Douglas, who had 'advanced like another Hector, thinking to conquer the field by his own prowess', was borne to the ground, still fighting desperately, with three spear wounds. He bade his kinsman, Sir John Sinclair, raise his banner and continue to shout, 'Douglas,' lest the enemy should know of his death. In another part of the field Sir Ralph Percy, 'so weakened by loss of blood that he had scarcely power to avow himself to be Sir Ralph Percy', was taken prisoner. At length Hotspur himself was forced to yield after a desperate fight with Sir Hugh Montgomery. In the ballad, Montgomery calls on Percy to yield to the 'bracken bush', behind which lay the dead body of Douglas. And so, with very heavy losses on the English side, the battle ended with victory to the Scots.

This fray was fought at Otterburne
Between the night and the day
Earl Douglas was buried at the bracken bush
And the Percy led captive away.

The Percies' revenge for Otterburn was the Battle of Homildon Hill in 1402. There the Scots, returning from a foray to Newcastle, found their way barred by Hotspur with a considerable force of Welsh archers. This battle was an archers' victory. Eight hundred Scots were killed on the field of battle, five hundred were drowned in the Tweed and Lord Archibald

ALNWICK AND WARKWORTH

Douglas and many Scots lords were taken prisoner. Yet the outcome of this victory was disastrous to the Percies, for it led to the quarrel with Henry IV and to the fatal rebellion which ended in Hotspur's death at Shrewsbury. It is Warkworth that Shakespeare makes the scene of Hotspur's parting with his wife, and to Warkworth that the news is brought of his death in battle. Henry IV came north and took Warkworth after a short siege but the castle was eventually restored to Hotspur's son.

Few of the succeeding Earls died in their beds, for the family were prominent supporters of the Lancastrian cause, the second Earl being killed at St. Albans and the third at Towton. The fifth Earl, who is nicknamed ' the Magnificent ', entertained Princess Margaret Tudor at Alnwick on her way north to marry the King of Scots. But the Percy family was soon to fall into royal disfavour. The Tudors distrusted ' the over-mighty subject ', and the county of Northumberland which boasted that ' it knew no king but Percy ' was severely repressed after the Pilgrimage of Grace. The seventh Earl was executed after the Rising of the North in Elizabeth's reign, while the ninth Earl spent many years as a prisoner in the Tower for supposed complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. Possibly for this reason and because of the heavy fines imposed on them, the Percy influence declined for a time. Alnwick was one of the few great castles to play no part in the Civil War and to that fact the complete preservation of its walls is due. Warkworth, however, was allowed to fall into ruins in the middle of the sixteenth century.

ALNWICK AND WARKWORTH

Warkworth remains embalmed in its past. The fine Edwardian keep with its high look-out turret is, within, a perfect example of medieval domestic architecture, for it has undergone no alterations since the fifteenth century. The medieval Percies had preferred Warkworth to Alnwick as a home ; in the seventeenth century both were neglected for their estates at Petworth in Sussex ; but in the eighteenth century the first Duke decided to make Alnwick the chief residence of the family. In the nineteenth century the medieval domestic apartments of the castle were transformed into a ducal palace though the main lines of the older castle were preserved. Little of the Norman castle, that withstood William the Lion, remains, but the fourteenth-century walls, crowned with strange warlike effigies, the massive gate-house and barbican are still as they were in the time of Hotspur. On the walls is Hotspur's Chair, commanding the view over the river and meadows to the north whence the Scots might be seen approaching. Below, on the bridge across the river, the Percy lion faces the same direction. Even now, ' the days of her warfare accomplished ', it is easy to understand why Alnwick was never taken by an enemy.

LANERCOST PRIORY AND NAWORTH CASTLE

Lanercost Priory and Naworth Castle are linked together by reason of their situation near the Wall, in the valley of the Irthing, and also because Robert de Vaux, the founder of Lanercost, was lord of the land on which Naworth Castle now stands. The Priory, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, was founded in 1169 for the Augustinian canons. De Vaux and his family were generous patrons and Lanercost, in the first century of its existence, was a very rich priory. Its fine buildings of red stone arose during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but its undefended state, so near to the Border, proved disastrous when once the Scots wars of Edward I had begun. The Chronicler of Lanercost describes in terrible detail the destruction of his Priory, in 1296, by the Scots returning from the sack of Hexham. King Edward, who in happier years had stayed at Lanercost to enjoy the hunting of the Forest of Inglewood, now used the Priory as a base of operations against the Scots. In 1306, carried there in a litter, the aged King spent the last winter of his life planning his campaign and executing vengeance on his foes. The captured Thomas de Bruce he sentenced to be dragged at a horse's tail from Lanercost to Carlisle, where he was beheaded.

LANERCOST PRIORY

The canons complained bitterly of the expense of entertaining Edward and his followers, but a few years later they had an even more unwelcome guest in Robert de Bruce, who encamped there with his army for three days. The final blow from which Lanercost never recovered came in 1346 when David II, with a Scots army drunk with victory, desecrated the Church and plundered the Priory, even stealing the plate from the altar. From this time Lanercost existed in an impoverished state until the Dissolution in 1537 when it passed into the hands of the Dacre family. Part of the monastic buildings were turned into a mansion by the Dacres, but the nave and north aisle of the Church remain to-day as the parish church. The west end, with its fine lancet windows surmounted by the statue of St. Mary Magdalen and a kneeling canon, is approached through a ruined archway across a broad stretch of grass, shaded with sycamore trees. This setting and the well-preserved ruins of the monastic buildings make Lanercost one of the most picturesque of the northern abbeys.

Before the decline of Lanercost, its neighbour, Naworth Castle, had been built in the fourteenth century by Ranulf de Dacre, sheriff of Cumberland. Its strong fortifications came into being as a defence against the Scots, following the raid of Douglas in 1336. Set in an angle of the river, defended on three sides by a deep ravine and on the fourth by a moat and drawbridge, Naworth was one of the strongest of the Border fortresses. The Dacre family played a great part in the history of the north; at one time their estates were confiscated as a result of their support of the Lancastrian cause, but they

NAWORTH CASTLE

were reconciled to Edward IV and Lord Dacre of the north became Lord of the Marches. His son increased the family fortunes by his elopement with the heiress of Greystoke, whose wealth enabled him to build the Great Hall of the Castle and adorn it with painted panelling.

In Elizabeth's reign Naworth passed to the Howards by the marriage of Elizabeth Dacre to Lord William Howard, famed in Border legend and Scott's novels as 'Belted Will', the terror of the moss-troopers. Until his death in 1640 he kept a garrison of 140 men at Naworth and executed summary justice there. His tower with its formidable dungeons also contains his oratory and his library where he found, in study, the greatest of his pleasures. Hutchinson, the eighteenth century historian of Cumberland, relates that Lord William was once deeply engaged in his studies when 'a servant came to tell him that a prisoner had just been brought in and desired to know what should be done with him? Lord William, vexed at being disturbed, answered peevishly, "Hang him!" When he had finished his study he called and ordered the man to be brought before him for examination, but he found that his order had been instantly obeyed.' The writer adds, 'he was a very severe but most useful man at that time.'

From Lord William Howard, Naworth descended to its present owner, the Earl of Carlisle. The third Earl, who built Castle Howard, employed Vanbrugh to make certain alterations at Naworth, including the building of the music gallery, but the plan of the castle remained unchanged. Hutchinson, viewing the castle with eighteenth-century eyes, speaks of it as 'a

NAWORTH CASTLE

specimen of ancient inconvenience, of magnificence and littleness ; the rooms numerous, accessible by sixteen staircases with frequent ascents and descents into the bargain ; . . . the doors almost wholly cased with iron, many with ponderous hinges and with massive bolts which make a harsh and horrid clang that echoes in the winding passages '. Much damage was done by a fire in 1844, but none the less Naworth to-day remains one of the most architecturally interesting castles of the north country.

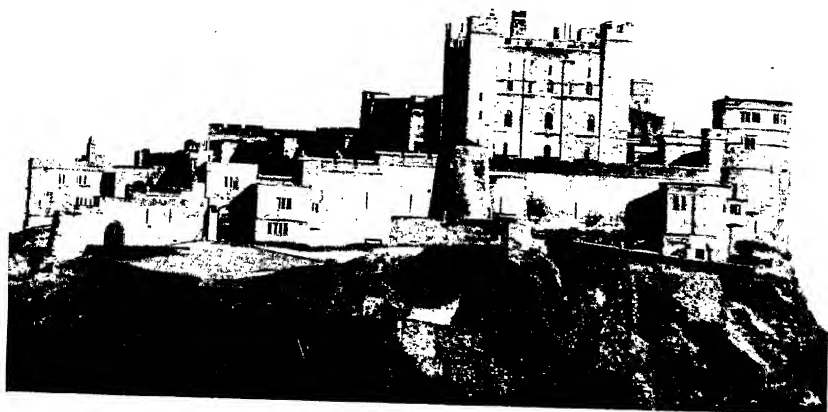
LINDISFARNE

The seventh century A.D. was the golden age of Northumbria, the kingdom which stretched from the Humber to the Forth and whose capital was Bamburgh. There the castle of the Northumbrian kings on its huge whinstone crag looked across the sea to Lindisfarne, the Holy Island whence Christianity spread through Northumbria. To Bamburgh in 635 King Oswald summoned Aidan from Iona to convert his people. Perhaps it was its resemblance to Iona that led Aidan to choose the island of Lindisfarne as the seat of his Bishopric. But though an island Lindisfarne was not isolated for it could be approached across the sands at ebb tide and was in sight of the royal town of Bamburgh. From this island monastery the missionaries went forth among the wild Northumbrians. There is on Lindisfarne a Saxon tombstone whose carvings symbolise the triumph of Christianity, for on one side the Northumbrians are portrayed fighting with battle axes and on the other kneeling in adoration before the Cross.

As long as Oswald lived the cause of Christianity prospered, but in 642 he was slain in battle by Penda of Mercia, the champion of the old gods. But so strong was the influence of the monks of Lindisfarne that the Northumbrians would not abandon their faith in spite of the onslaughts of Penda. Bamburgh itself was attacked. Aidan from his island saw the castle



LINDISFARNE PRIORY CHURCH
The Castle is seen in the distance



E. Chambré Hardman, F.R.P.S.

BAMBURGH CASTLE

LINDISFARNE

surrounded with piles of wood with which Penda intended to burn down its walls. 'See, Lord,' he prayed, 'what ill Penda worketh.' Whereat the wind changed and blew the clouds of smoke and fire into the faces of the enemy. But it was not till Penda himself was killed in battle that Northumbria had peace.

Aidan died in Bamburgh leaning against the western wall of the church which he had built. That night, Cuthbert, a shepherd boy on the Lammermoor hills, saw in a vision Aidan's soul being carried to heaven by angels. Forthwith he rode to the monastery of Melrose to offer his life to God's service. It is with St. Cuthbert even more than Aidan that Holy Island is identified. For when, at the Synod of Whitby, the Celtic monks agreed to accept Roman obedience, it was Cuthbert who was sent to Lindisfarne to teach them the Roman usage. For twelve years he worked on the island and was much loved by the monks, then, as though that life was not sufficiently austere, he withdrew to one of the most lonely of the Farne islands, now called by his name. There with no companions save the sea-birds, he lived as a hermit for nine years, while the fame of his sanctity spread through Christendom. Then, yielding to the entreaties of the King, the Archbishop and his former brethren, he accepted the See of Lindisfarne, but after two years, worn out by his life of self-mortification, he returned to Farne to die, saying, 'I would fain rest in this spot where I have fought my little battle for the Lord.'

St. Cuthbert's body was not left to rest in Farne. It was brought back to Lindisfarne and buried in the church, where it was the most treasured possession of the monks. When, in

LINDISFARNE

875, the Danes ravaged the island for the second time, the monks fled, taking with them the saint's body. From place to place the body was moved for safety, once returning to Lindisfarne for a year, until it found a permanent resting place in Durham Cathedral.

Of the Saxon church and monastery of Lindisfarne nothing remains save fragments of stone and grave slabs, but a wonderful monument of the piety and artistic genius of the period exists in the famous Lindisfarne Gospel. This lovely illuminated manuscript, comparable only to the Book of Kells, was probably begun in the seventh century. At the end is a later note which has been thus translated : ' Eadfrith, Bishop of the Church of Lindisfarne, he at the first wrote this book for God and for St. Cuthbert and for all the saints in common that are in the island. And Ethilwald, Bishop of those of the Lindisfarne island, bound and covered it outwardly as well as he could. And Billfrith the anchorite he wrought as a smith the ornaments that are on the outside and adorned it with gold and gems, also with silver overgilded, a treasure without deceit. And Alfred, an unworthy and most miserable priest, with God's help and St. Cuthbert's, overglossed it in English.' When the monks, fleeing from the Danes, took ship for Ireland they took the Gospel with them. A storm arose in which the manuscript was washed overboard, but to their great delight when they reached the shore they found that it had been cast ashore unharmed in its box.

After the Conquest the Bishopric was transferred to Durham, but Lindisfarne Priory was rebuilt for Benedictine

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monks. The ruins of the massive red sandstone pillars of the nave of the Priory Church show clearly the influence of Durham Cathedral upon its builders. The Priory was fortified for fear of the Scots, but it was never attacked. When, however, it was dissolved by Henry VIII it was felt that the island needed some defence, for the Scots were in alliance with the French. When Hertford was planning his first expedition against the Scots in 1543, English battleships landed troops in Holy Island and from the ruins of the Priory they built the little fortress that crowns the strange whinstone outcrop on the south side of the island. After Elizabeth's reign the castle ceased to have any military importance and a survey of the island in the seventeenth century paints a sad picture of desolation. The island, once a prosperous market, was inhabited by a few poor fisher folk ; the Priory, for so many years the home of learning and the resort of pilgrims, was used as a storehouse for the garrison of the castle. The castle itself fell into decay until it was beautifully restored in the present century.

Though no building remains from St. Cuthbert's time, the character of Lindisfarne is such that it is not difficult to imagine it as it was in the days of the saints. Nor, looking across the sea to Bamburgh, is it hard to believe, with Mallory, that on the rock, where now stands the Norman castle, there stood once the Joyous Gard, to which Lancelot prayed his fellows to bear his body. For the subtle alchemy of sky and sea obliterates from both the traces of the modern world.

BEVERLEY

Beverley, now a quiet market town famous only for the beauty of its two churches, was in the early days of its history a far more important place than its near neighbour, Kingston-upon-Hull. As late as Edward VI's reign, it could be described as 'a market town and the greatest within all Estryding of your Majesty's county of Yorke.' The size and splendour of the Minster and St. Mary's Church, the dignified houses, the spacious market place, all point to Beverley's past greatness.

The town has no history before Christianity and it is to one of the great saints of Yorkshire, St. John of Beverley, that it owes its origin. This saint, who was born in the East Riding, was educated first at Canterbury and then under St. Hilda at Whitby. In 687, he became Bishop of Hexham and such was the fame of his sanctity and his miracles that he was made Archbishop of York. It was on one of his episcopal tours that he passed through Indrawood (Beverley), then a lonely swamp surrounded by the forest of Deira. Finding a small church already in existence, he acquired the land, enlarged the church and founded a monastery for monks and nuns. To this monastery he retired some years before his death in 721. After his canonisation his body, which had been buried in the church, was placed in a magnificent shrine and became one of the most popular centres of pilgrimage.

BEVERLEY

The church and monastery founded by St. John were destroyed by the Danes in 866, but the monks who ventured back a few years later were to find in the next century a new patron in King Athelstan. On his northward march in the year 937 Athelstan met a band of pilgrims from Beverley and hearing of the miracles wrought there, he determined to visit the shrine himself. There he prayed for victory over his enemies and drawing his dagger from its scabbard, he placed it on the High Altar, promising that if he returned alive to claim it, he would favour the church. The King then rejoined his army in the north where he won the great victory of Brunanburh. Faithful to his word, Athelstan gave liberal grants to the Abbey, including the lordship of Beverley and the right of sanctuary. The frith-stol in the Minister, which formerly stood before the High Altar, was the centre of a sanctuary a mile in radius. Athelstan's grant is commemorated by a painting on wood in the Minster in which the King is giving a charter to St. John of Beverley with the words :

Als fre make I the
As hert may thyne or Eyh may see.

Later kings added to the privileges of the Minster, now a Collegiate Church. Even William the Conqueror, encamped near Beverley on his terrible 'harrying' march to the north, confirmed its rights. It is said that Beverley was spared because of the miraculous intervention of St. John. According to the story, William's men, hearing that the country people had taken their valuables into the Minster for safety, made their

BEVERLEY

way there, bent on plunder. Their leader impiously entered the Church on horseback, sword in hand, but on the threshold his horse fell dead and he was stricken with paralysis. His followers, filled with superstitious dread, hastened to tell the story to William, who thereupon to placate the saint's wrath gave a charter to the Minster under the royal seal.

By the twelfth century, Beverley had become a free borough and an important trading centre. Later, it became a staple for cloth and the Flemish weavers who settled near the Fleming Gate made Beverley dyed cloth famous. The town was never walled, but it had several gates, of which North Bar Gate is the only survival. Kings frequently visited Beverley; Edward I, in 1299, had the banner of St. John of Beverley carried before his army into battle. Meantime the rebuilding of the Minster had taken place in the years following the great fire of 1188, which destroyed all but the nave of the old Church. To-day the fact that the Minster is crowded up to its walls with houses makes it difficult to appreciate to the full the beauty of its exterior. Its most remarkable feature is the appearance of unity which has been achieved in spite of the fact that it is the work of three periods, ranging from the Early English of the east end to the Perpendicular of the west front. In its perfect proportion, as in the extreme beauty of its parts, it challenges comparison on the one hand with Salisbury and on the other with York and Lincoln, while in the Percy Tomb it contains the finest Decorated monument in the country.

St. Mary's Church, founded as a chapel of ease to the Minster, became a separate church in the fourteenth century,

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when its rebuilding began in the Decorated style, to be completed in the Perpendicular. One of the most fascinating features of the interior is the Minstrel's Pillar, whose capital, adorned with a group of players of musical instruments, recalls the fact that from the time of Athelstan, Beverley was the meeting place of the Guild of Minstrels. This carving like that of the misericords of the Minster is typical of the homely humour of the medieval craftsman.

By the close of the Middle Ages, Beverley had begun to suffer from the growth of Hull. In Henry VIII's reign, Leland remarks 'ther was good cloth working at Beverley, but that is now much decayed'. Henry VIII's bridge across the River Hull impeded the Beverley shipping, but in any case the superior position of Hull made its use as a port inevitable. At the time of the Civil War, Hull was one of the most important military strongholds in the north. In April 1642, King Charles with his followers appeared outside the gates of Hull, to be refused admittance by the Governor, Sir John Hotham. The King retired to Beverley, and there he held court while laying siege in vain to Hull. Beverley, however, was untenable from a military point of view, and the King retired to York. By 1643, the Royalist garrison had been expelled and Beverley was held for Parliament. Meantime Sir John Hotham, indignant that Parliament had promoted Fairfax above him, determined to hand over Hull to the King. His plot, however, was discovered and he fled to Beverley, where he made a desperate appeal to the troops to follow him. While he was still addressing them, his nephew, who had ridden after him, ap-

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peared in the market-place and said ; ‘ Sir John, you are my prisoner.’ Sir John attempted to escape, but was felled by a blow from a musket and taken prisoner to Hull. The next year he was executed in London.

After its brief prominence in the Civil War, Beverley, though still the capital of the East Riding, settled down to the life of a market town whose chief annual excitement is its race meeting.

THE ROMAN WALL AND HEXHAM

Of all the evidences of Roman imperial power in Britain none is more impressive than the Wall from the Tyne to the Solway. For while the villas and cities of southern Britain reveal the civilisation of Rome, the Wall shows the means by which that civilisation was maintained. The Wall with its 'vallum', its forts, mile castles, military roads and bridges was part of the frontier system of Rome by which the Pax Romana was preserved in the south and a watch kept for the attacks of the Pictish tribes to the north. Except for fifty years when the wall from the Forth to the Clyde was in existence, it was the front line defence of a hundred miles of fortified territory with Corstopitum (Corbridge) as its headquarters. Begun after the conquests of Agricola in 80 A.D. the major part was built during the reign of Hadrian, whose name it bears. It was the work of three legions, from Chester, York and Caerleon-on-Usk, with the assistance of some of the British tribes. Following the line of the country, making use of such natural defences as the whin-sillcrag, the Wall extended for seventy-three miles, its probable height being fifteen feet and its width seven feet six inches.

From the turrets and mile castles sentries kept watch, but when the enemy was sighted, the legions would march out

THE ROMAN WALL

from the north gates of their forts to give battle in the open. In 197 A.D., however, the Picts broke through the Wall and destroyed the Roman sites in the north. Repaired by Severus, the Wall was twice broken through, in 297 and 367. Its garrison, drained off to defend other frontiers of the Empire against the Germanic tribes, held out gallantly till it was relieved in 383, when the known history of the Wall ends. For by then the front line of defence in Britain was the south coast, where from forts such as Reculver and Rutupiae, the Counts of the Saxon Shore watched the seas for the new enemies of Rome.

Over 200 years after the departure of the legions a battle was fought on the Roman Wall, which changed the history of Northumbria. At Hevenfield in 634, Oswald, a Christian prince, fought against the Welsh prince Cadwallon, the most powerful enemy of Northumbria. Before battle Oswald set up a wooden cross and said to his men, ' Let us bow the knee and together pray the Almighty God, living and true, that He will in His mercy save us from the proud and savage enemy as He knows we have undertaken a just war for the salvation of our nation.' Cadwallon was defeated and killed and the Northumbrians, who had been wavering between Christianity and paganism, eagerly embraced the faith of their king. Thus the battle resulted not only in the end of Celtic aggression, but also in the re-christianisation of Northumbria. The chapel of St. Oswald-on-the-Wall, built on the site of the battle, became the centre of pilgrimage. ' Thither also the brethren of the church of Hagulstad (Hexham), which is not far from thence,



BEVERLEY MINSTER, NAVE LOOKING EAST

HEXHAM

repair yearly on the day before that on which King Oswald was afterwards slain, to watch there for the health of his soul, and having sung many psalms, to offer for him in the morning the sacrifice of the Holy Oblation.' For with the conversion of Northumbria Hexham, four miles from the Wall, rose to importance because of its famous church, built by St. Wilfred in the years 674-678.

While Lindisfarne was the home of Celtic Christianity in Northumbria, the Church of Hexham was intended by its founder to be a monument to Latin Christianity and a centre of Roman influence. Wilfred, who as Abbot of Ripon had championed the Roman obedience at the Synod of Whitby, had been made Bishop of York. Familiar with the churches of France and Italy and their splendid ceremonial, he was a great builder of churches and monasteries in his own country. In 674, Etheldreda, Queen of Northumbria, gave him the lands of Hexham that he might build a monastery there. Wilfrid, who had already collected skilled workmen for his churches at York and Ripon, brought them to Hexham. It is probable that he used the stone from the decayed Roman town of Corbridge, for, built into the crypt, are stones bearing Roman inscriptions. But of Wilfrid's church, dedicated to St. Andrew, nothing remains but the crypt and the frith-stool or chair of sanctuary. From contemporary accounts it was evidently a splendid building in the style of a Roman basilica, richly adorned with carvings and painting. Prior Richard says of it, 'Among nine monasteries in which the aforesaid bishop, father and patron presided, and among all others throughout

HEXHAM

England, this one excelled them in the ingenuity of its construction and its surpassing beauty.'

Wilfred's career was a very eventful one, for when his patroness Etheldreda left her husband to enter a nunnery, Wilfred was out of favour at court. Further, his power was so great that it aroused the hostility of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury. Suddenly his diocese was divided into four, he was deprived of office and a new bishop was appointed to Hexham. Wilfred's subsequent career, his successful appeal to Rome, his missionary work in Sussex, his second deprivation and his final restoration to Hexham cannot be told here. He died at Hexham in 709 and for over a hundred years his church remained a centre of religion, learning and music.

In the ninth century Hexham ceased to be a bishopric and its church was destroyed by the Danes. After passing through a time of desolation, the church was restored and was served by a succession of priests. The church was regarded by the townspeople as a place of refuge when Scottish raids took place. On one such occasion when Malcolm, King of Scots, was marching on Hexham, the priest Eilaf had a vision in which two radiantly clothed strangers appeared to him. One of them, whom he recognised as St. Wilfrid, said, 'Fear not, behold in the early twilight I will stretch out my net from the source of the Tyne to its mouth so that no one can cross it or do you any harm.' Next morning Malcolm's army, which had encamped overnight on the north bank of the Tyne, found itself enshrouded in a thick mist in which they dared not cross the swift-flowing river. After waiting three days for the

HEXHAM

mist to lift the Scots took it as a portent and left Hexham untouched.

In the twelfth century, Hexham had a renaissance, for the Archbishop of York made it into a Priory for the Austin Canons, who held it until 1536. The present magnificent Abbey Church, whose great transept is regarded as one of the finest examples of Early Gothic in the country, is their work. Little remains of the monastic buildings, though one is reminded of their former existence by the broad night-stair from the canons' dormitory into the transept. The canons had built a gatehouse and a precinct wall to enclose their Priory, but this did not save them from the fury of the Scots in 1296. In that year, after destroying Lanercost, the Scots attacked Hexham and amid scenes of appalling savagery, burnt the Priory, carried off its treasures and destroyed its library. After this disaster only three canons were brave enough to return. The following year another Scottish force under William Wallace appeared in Hexham. His followers broke into the sanctuary and demanded, on pain of death, that the canons should hand over their treasures. To this a canon boldly replied that the Scots, if anybody, should know where their treasures were. Wallace himself entered the church at this moment and, calming his men, asked for Mass to be said. Even the presence of Wallace, however, did not prevent the Communion plate from being stolen during the service. These years of hardship continued until the battle of Neville's Cross in 1346 brought peace to the north.

By the reign of Henry VIII, Hexham Priory had an income

HEXHAM

of over £200 ; none the less it was listed as one of the lesser monasteries for the Dissolution. But the canons of Hexham did not meet their fate tamely. When the King's Commissioners arrived they found the streets of Hexham full of armed men from the countryside who had thronged in to defend the Priory ; the town alarm bell was ringing and that of the Priory, while on the wall stood one of the canons in armour with a bow in his hand. To the Commissioners' demand of surrender he replied, ' We be twenty brethren in this house and we shall die all ere ye shall have this house.' The Commissioners retired and wrote to the King for instructions. Meantime the north had risen in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and it was not until that revolt had been suppressed by the Duke of Norfolk that Hexham Priory was finally dissolved. All the monastic buildings except the church were destroyed.

Until the sixteenth century the history of Hexham was the history of the Priory, though its situation at the junction of the north and south Tyne frequently involved it in the wars of the period. In 1464, a battle was fought on Hexham Levels between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians. There the Lancastrians, fighting with their backs to the stream, were disastrously defeated, the Duke of Somerset being taken prisoner and executed in Hexham. Margaret of Anjou and her young son escaped from the field of battle only to lose themselves in Dipton wood. It was here that occurred the well-known story of the Queen and the robber. The Queen is said to have confided herself and her son to the mercy of a robber encountered in the wood. A cave above the stream is said to be the place



HEXHAM PRIORY CHURCH, THE NIGHT STAIR



E. Chambré Hardman, F.R.P.S.

THE ROMAN WALL NEAR HOUSESTEADS

HEXHAM

where they were hidden by their strange protector, who, faithful to his trust, led them to safety. In the subsequent Tudor risings in the north as in the Civil War and the Jacobite rebellion of 1715, Hexham, although no battle took place there, occupied a strategic position and its citizens seem to have been of a warlike disposition. By the end of the eighteenth century, however, it had settled down to the life of a country town, whose attractive pillared market hall bears witness to the importance of 'Hexham market'. But close by the market, the Moot Hall and the Manor Office remind one in their architecture of the days when the town alarm bell might summon the citizens to arms against the Scots.

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